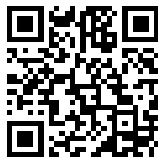

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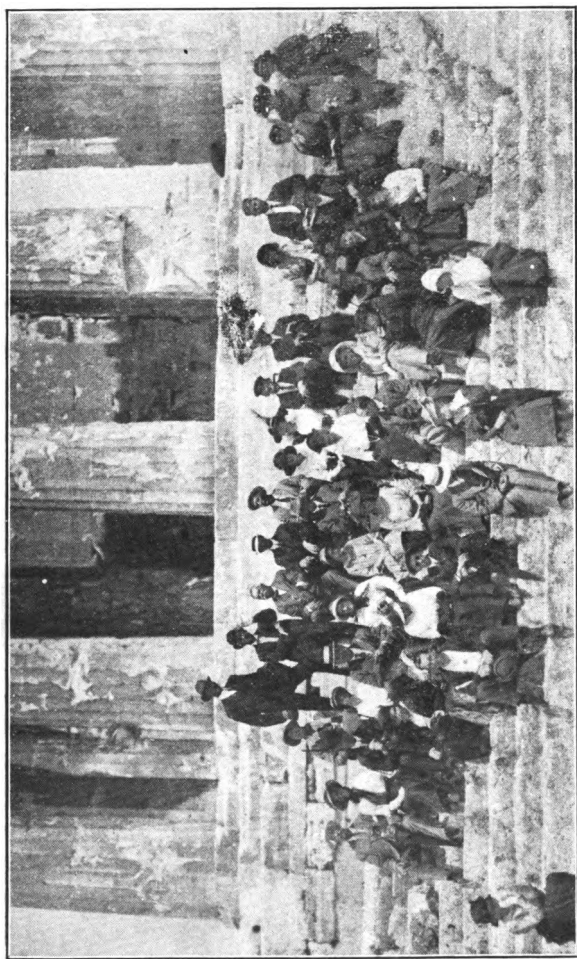
A PILGRIMAGE TO PALESTINE

JOSEPH M.
ROWLAND



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Our Party at the Acropolis in Athens.

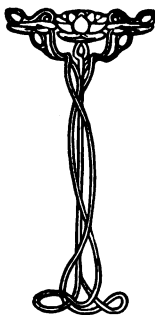
A PILGRIMAGE TO PALESTINE

BY

REV. JOSEPH M. ROWLAND

Of the Virginia Conference of the
Methodist Episcopal Church, South

Illustrated



1915

Acme Printing Company
Richmond, Virginia

(RCPPA)

DS49

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1915

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By
J. M. ROWLAND,
Norfolk, Va.



DEDICATION.

To my wife and my friends of Laurel Street Church,
Richmond, Va., whose efforts made my journey
possible.

1509 83079

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**FAREWELL SUPPER ON GERMAN STEAMER "PRETORIA,"
JUNE 23, 1914.**

Abschieds. Essen.

Oshsenschweifsuppe.

Huhnerkraftbrue mit Reis.

Lachs a la Bismark

Contrafilett auf Gartnerin Art.

Madeirasauce.

Junger Puter.

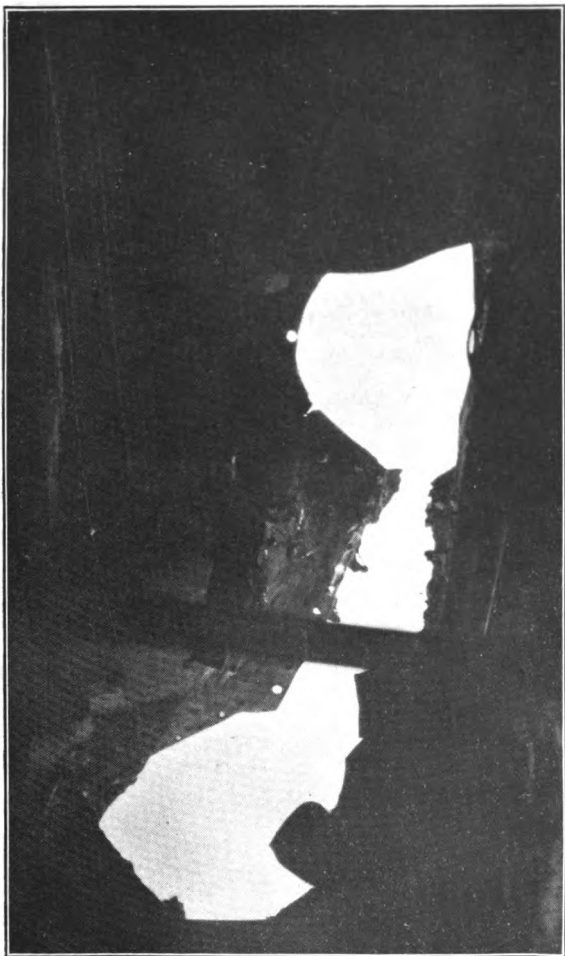
Kronsburen. Kohlsalat.

Sochsenhauser Stangenspargel.

Zerlosse Butter.

Germischtes Eis Makronengebask.

Kase Frucht. Kaffie.



Hole torn in our boat, The Pretoria, by collision with the New York in a fog the night of June 13, 1914. The hole was ten feet long and four and a half feet wide in the widest place. The picture was taken from within, looking out.

DINNER AT OUR HOTEL IN CAIRO, EGYPT.

Consomme Aux Vermicelles.

Tillets de Ombre ala Italienne.

Jommes Nature.

Long de Veaux Bouguetiere.

Salad.

Courgettes a la Creme aux Gratin.

Pouding Diplome.

Sche Sabagon.

Fruits.

Cafe turc.

Le 24 Juillet, 1914.

OUR PARTY.

Rev. John J. Wicker, D. D., Leigh Street Baptist Church, Richmond, Va..

John J. Wicker, Jr., lawyer, Richmond, Va.

Rev. W. R. Cullom, D. D., Professor Wake College, N. C.

Rev. T. W. Sloan, D. D., Pastor First Presbyterian Church, Greenville, S. C.

Rev. H. R. Best, D. D., Pastor City Temple Baptist Church, Souix Falls, S. D.

Rev. . S. Dill, D. D., and wife, Pastor First Baptist Church, Gaffney, S. C.

Rev. J. T Henderson, D. D., and wife, Baptist Secretary Missions, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Rev. W. E. Gibson, D. D., Broadus Memorial Baptist Church, Richmond, Va.

Rev. L. T. Williams, First Methodist Church, Charlottesville, Va.

Rev. J. M. Rowland, Park Place Methodist Church, Norfolk, Va.

Rev. Paul B. Clark, Pastor Baptist Church, Covington, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bryant, merchant, Franklin, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Crocker, farmer, Orlando, Tenn.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Crocker, banker, Franklin, Ky.

Mr. W. L. Crocker, piano dealer, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerard Strode, financier, St. Louis, Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Massey, merchant, Hot Springs, Ark.

Miss Annie R. Storts, teacher, Arkadelphia, Ark.
Mrs. E. M. Blake, teacher, Arkadelphia, Ark.
Mrs. L. W. Macklan, teacher, Richmond, Va.
Mrs. Mamie Norris Tillman, Edgefield, S. C.
Mrs. Samuel Lumpkin, Atlanta, Ga.
Mrs. L. A. Covington, Monroe, N. C.
Mrs. L. C. Bickett, Newton, N. C.
Mrs. I. H. Goodnight, Franklin, Ky.
Miss Lessie Covington, Monroe, N. C.
Miss Mary Covington, Monroe, N. C.
Miss Helen Tillman, Edgefield, S. C.
Miss Daisy Belk, Monroe, N. C.
Miss Mabel Belk, Monroe, N. C.
Miss Harriett Gwinn Massey, Hot Springs, Ark.
Miss Gladys Crocker, Chicago, Ill.
Miss Helen Crocker, Orlando, Tenn.
Miss Kate Richardson, Washington, Ga.
Mr. Gwyn Massey, Hot Springs, Ark.

A FOREWORD.

There is no reason why this book should be written. Perhaps my friends should have secured a restraining order from the courts to prevent my attempt at a forcible entrance into the Literary World, but they did not, and the book is from the press. A book without a demand! It is true three friends have said they would buy it, but that was before they saw it.

I read the other day the Introduction to a Book of Travels by a lady. She said her reason for printing the book was self-defense. She had given the travels to the papers in a series of articles. The people had urged her to put it in book form, but she declined. Then the people were in the act of committing bold trespass and printing her writings whether or no. So to keep the people from forcibly publishing it in undesirable form, she had, after long and careful contemplation, decided to publish the book herself; not because she wanted to, but because she was forced to.

When I read this, I waited patiently for developments. I had given a number of articles on my travels to the papers, and I had lectured in a number of places. So I waited for a deputation of aroused and enthused citizens to come in great zeal and determination, demanding that I write a book; but they have not come. A number of publishers and book men have been to see me, but they did not come with a pistol in their hand to force me to publish a book. They all seemed to have more books than they could manage already. Their offer usually sounded something like selling me "Kilpatrick's

Universal Encyclopedia and Compendium of Science and Literature," illustrated, with index, and covering every phase and form of life from how to raise babies to how to become President of the United States (neither of which the agent could do). This wonderful set, which was endorsed by Dr. C. W. Elliot and W. H. Taft, they would sell me for five dollars a month—for nine hundred and ninety-nine months (my main reason for not buying things this way is it makes time fly so fast)—and throw in a lot in San Diego, California, and a new war atlas.

They came with such offers as these, but never to try to make me write a book. And I never dreamed I would write a book of my travels, until awhile ago in reading that admirable book, "Out of Doors in Palestine," by Dr. Henry Van Dyke. In giving his reason for writing it he said he knew many books had been written on Palestine and people might say there were no more needed, but he thought there were flowers enough on the Holy Hills for every one to come back with a bouquet. So here I come with these pages—flowers in a little bouquet which I place in the hands of my friends.

I know some of them are wilted flowers, and in some of them there are thorns. I know some of them are such common-place blossoms that many people will cast them aside as unworthy to be put on their table. But if any of these pages should chance to be a flower that brings any beauty or fragrance to the heart of any of my friends, my heart will be glad and my labor will be rewarded.

No attempt at scholarship has been made, and no effort at literary attainment has been undertaken.

These pages are rather the plain musings of a humble soul and the impressions of a heart that has been touched. It is written in that heart's own way, with nobody for a pattern and no other hand guiding the pen. It is withal the plain, frank words of a heart that believes and feels, and therefore speaks.

Perhaps more space is given to those lands outside of Palestine than seems in keeping with the title of the book, but these other lands are so closely linked with Palestine and the Bible, that it seems only fitting to give them space in this volume. Of course this book is necessarily fragmentary and brief. No one volume could satisfactorily cover the ground of such journeys. It has been a question of what to leave out.

My heart-felt appreciation is expressed to my friends and former parishioners of Laurel Street Church, Richmond, Virginia, whose interest and efforts made this trip possible, and whose love and prayers followed me in all my journeys, and whose hearts gave me such a welcome when I returned. No man ever had better friends. Their gifts of money and devotion, and their attention to my family in my absence, will never be forgotten. It seems fitting that to them and to her who bore the burdens of my absence these pages should be inscribed.

I am also indebted to Mr. W. L. Crocker, of Chicago, for the pictures that appear in the book; to Mrs. E. H. Burrus, of Norfolk, Va., for faithful and tireless work at correcting and proof-reading; and to Rev. R. C. Gulley and Mr. C. W. Davis, of Richmond, Va., who managed the publication.

JOSEPH M. ROWLAND.

Norfolk, Va.

MY PILGRIMAGE.

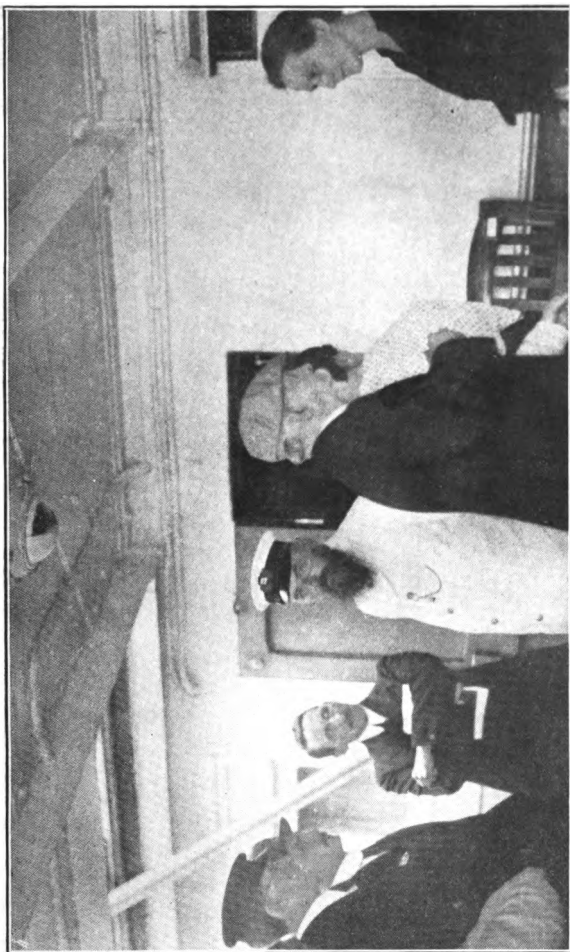
In the far-away land of Egypt
I gazed on the setting sun,
As I stood on the sand, with my staff in my hand,
At eve when the day was done.

I stood in the courts of Rome,
And thought of her days so great,
When in her gold and her glory she wrote her own
story
In the sin that sealed her fate.

I walked through the city of Zion,
So hallowed in life and in lore,
Where her priests and her king made all her hills
ring
In praise to the God we adore.

I walked where the Master went
By the side of the far-famed sea,
As the winds blew o'er the wave-washed shore
Of beautiful Galilee.

I walked in the Garden of God,
That men call Gethsemane,
And the moon shone bright, that beautiful night,
Where Christ won Heaven for me.



A snap shot of J. M. Rowland and L. T. Williams talking to Capt. Dugge on the Pretoria the day after the accident. He was saying he felt safer out there than in New York, dodging automobiles. Dr. J. S. Dill, in the center of the picture, telling a joke to Miss Jackson, of Atlanta, Ga.

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I

OUTWARD BOUND

For me to write of travels seems a bit presumptuous. Many hunters, far more trained, discreet and wise, with eyes quicker to see, have sought these fields. They have poured into the columns of the press the rich gleanings of their wide experience from their wide gathering on many seas and many lands. For me to follow them seems folly, but I have a mind to shut my eyes to the folly and send some notes along.

Ever since my earliest childhood studies in the Bible I have had a desire to one day visit the lands where this sacred history was made, and on those hallowed spots study the meaning of it all. As the years have gone on and my study has increased, this desire has increased. From a faint and far away dream it has grown to be a passion. A little while ago some friends began to urge me to go. Now was the time. A party in my city was being formed. One of my best friends was going and wanted a travelling companion. I decided to have a talk with the official board about it. With a big membership and many responsibilities it seemed hard to be away for the summer. New plans were on foot, new burdens to be borne. Some of the stewards would object, or at least hesitate. But as talk went on, one after another the dozen and a half men spoke out saying how glad they would be to have their pastor go. It would be an honor, an inspiration, a profitable move for the church, and to a man they

A PILGRIMAGE TO PALESTINE

voted the pastor a leave of absence and employed a supply.

Then the Epworth League took it up. "We are so glad you are going," said the young folks with a smile and presented the pastor with an elegant travelling case. From dinner one day a friend rose up and spoke some words. "We are so glad you are going," said he, and he passed the preacher a beautiful steamer rug to make ocean travel pleasant. A young man who had done much courting called the preacher off. "Ah, here is a marriage," thought he. The young man opened a nice jewelry box and said: "I am so glad you are going," as he handed over a nice four-leaf clover gold watch charm with name, etc., and "Bon Voyage" written on it. The Sunday school superintendent asked to make an announcement and handed over a purse of gold to take me far and wide. As he handed it over he echoed "We are so glad you are going." At the close of that last service a crowd gathered to say good bye, all singing the chorus, "We are so glad you are going," until I began to wonder if after all they were not a little too glad. Then my railroad friends handed me a letter with a pass as far as they could give it and a "gentle reminder" besides.

So yesterday a friend's auto sped me stationward and at night I was doing some pastoral visiting in Philadelphia. A pleasant night was spent in that old city with friends. It seems strange to behold the life of our modern cities. I struck the heavy travel in the evening. The streets were full. I went down in a hole in the ground to get the subway

A PILGRIMAGE TO PALESTINE

train. The first story down found several tracks of electric trains, sometimes five cars speeding like the wind in their dark caverns. Another descent and more trains in all directions—and people, people, people! There seemed to be more folks under the ground than above it. Stores, shops, offices—the city was in the ground as well as on it.

Early this morning the Pennsylvania Express brought me speedily to New York, our big old sinful city. It also being short on land, goes deep down in the ground and high up in the air. Everything on earth you can imagine is here and much your imagination could not invent. Sin, sorrow, poverty, business, love, hate, life, death—who but God could count it all!

For over fourteen years I have averaged over four services per week. Through these years God has been so good to me. The travel has been sweet. The struggle has been a joy and my church and my friends have been so indulgent and so kind I can never repay them. They have been far better than I deserve—now a long cherished dream is about to come true. I pen this hurriedly in the Chelsea Hotel in New York, where, with my good friend, Rev. L. T. Williams, pastor of Park Place Methodist Church, Norfolk, Va., and forty-five others, I await the sailing of that great ship, Pretoria. We have engaged passage through Germany, Turkey, Austria, Palestine, Syria, Egypt and Italy, and if God wills a safe journey, after some time you will hear from me again.

II.

ON THE WAVES OF THE DEEP

We finished our visit to surging, teeming, rushing, swarming New York, with its moving, never ending streams of humanity flowing through all its underground tunnels, surging along its many crowded streets and jostling one another in its great number of overhead electric trains. Crowds of people from all the nations of the earth scramble here for a little bit of life. Could one imagine there were so many people in the earth as have gathered here? You can travel for miles on miles with the speed of the winds and it is people, people, people, everywhere! Go down in the thousand underground holes and these are full, move along its streets and they are all full, ride on its electric trains one after another coming like winds, and they are full, look up in all its tenements and they are full. The only playground many tots have is the fire escapes.

How do all these people live? Alas! crowds on crowds do not get enough out of life to call it living. You can but think how much better many of them would be out in God's big fields. Yet with all the rush of this army I was struck with the extreme courtesy every citizen we approached showed us as they endeavored to give directions. They seemed especially anxious to make a sacrifice to help us. The same, barring some exceptions, could not be said of the officers.

The religious and moral life of this great city is sickening. One can hardly fail to feel that the

A PILGRIMAGE TO PALESTINE

righteous Lord is holding in his hand a burning torch for all such places, as he did in Sodom's day. I attended mid-week prayer-meeting in one of the big Presbyterian churches. The preacher and seventeen people made up the worshippers. The night was hot to be sure but was that reason sufficient? Doubtless the saloons, numbering nearly ten thousand, which nearly always have the best corner locations with a big sign "Family Entrance," on the side for ladies and children, are doing more work than the thousand churches. One church to ten saloons! What a comment on American civilization! But in a few years even in New York those places will be used for better things.

We passed through the tunnel under the East River, that wonderful piece of engineering brought to pass by Mr. W. G. McAdoo, the President's son-in-law, to the Hamburg-American docks in Brooklyn, and boarded the Pretoria for the long trip across the Atlantic. There we saw that touching scene of an outgoing ship. What a different look upon those faces—joy, glee, anxiety, dread, sorrow, pain! Many eyes were wet. Some were going to come back no more. Some were going back home to their loved ones and their native hills, while others were going out from their native hills to try new lands. While the band was playing and the crowd ashore exchanged good-byes with those aboard, out from the dock steamed our ship. Down the shore of Long Island, dotted with elegant homes, off from Sandy Hook, she moved, her nose to the wide stretches of the open sea. As we sat us down

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to supper the sun was sinking in the ocean and the shore line of our native land was fading from our vision!

It is a German ship, the entire crew and many of the passengers being of that nation. The life aboard is intensely interesting. The band gives music, games are engaged in and much time is spent in reading and writing, but the chief employment seems to be eating. We have breakfast from 6:30 to 9 A. M., another lunch of coffee, tea, cakes, etc., from 10 to 11 A. M., dinner from 11:30 to 1:30, afternoon lunch from 3 to 4 P. M., and supper from 6 to 7:30 P. M. The Germans seem to believe in eating. Much of the diet is strange to some of us, but it is excellent and abundant as well as of great variety. The appetizing nature of the meals along with the crispness of the ocean air seems to keep the people hungry all the time (the reason there is so much eating is because you can't always keep what you eat).

The Germans are very interesting. Few of the women have any sign of beauty, but both men and women are very quick in their movement and speech. They do a great deal of jerking their heads and bodies when they talk and gesture very much, especially by suddenly pointing their index fingers up. They seem to be quarreling all the time when they talk to each other and seem constantly on the verge of explosions. However, they do not seem to mean it, but on the other hand, seem to carry underneath this brusque, boisterous manner a kind and serene spirit. I noticed a waiter with a large tray

A PILGRIMAGE TO PALESTINE

of dishes hurrying along the hall, the chief behind him spluttering as though he intended to flay him. The boy slipped and fell with the dishes, smashing them into a thousand pieces. The chief, instead of shaking the boat with an explosion as I expected, quietly stopped and helped clear up the wreck.

This morning I noticed a German mother with a young baby. She was busy talking "baby talk" to the little one. It sounded very familiar and seemed to be the same language I had heard American mothers pour out to their babies. An American lady stopped to admire the baby. As the two women, one American and one German, poured their mother-talk upon the little one, you could not tell which was speaking English and which German. Presently the American said, "She was a sweet little ting." "She vast a he," quietly replied the mother.

We have decided to call for things on the bill of fare that are strange to us and thereby learn what they are. Today after we had waded manfully through a long menu, we decided to try a new dish appearing in the dessert. When it came it was a dish of greasy sardines pickled as they were caught.

One striking thing about the Germans is their genial disposition. The men try to be very courteous and polite and the women seem happy all the time. They sing a great deal and are nearly always smiling. I have never heard such laughing as these women do. It sounds like the sweetest strains of silver music. None of it harsh or boisterous. It lingers in your heart and makes you happy.

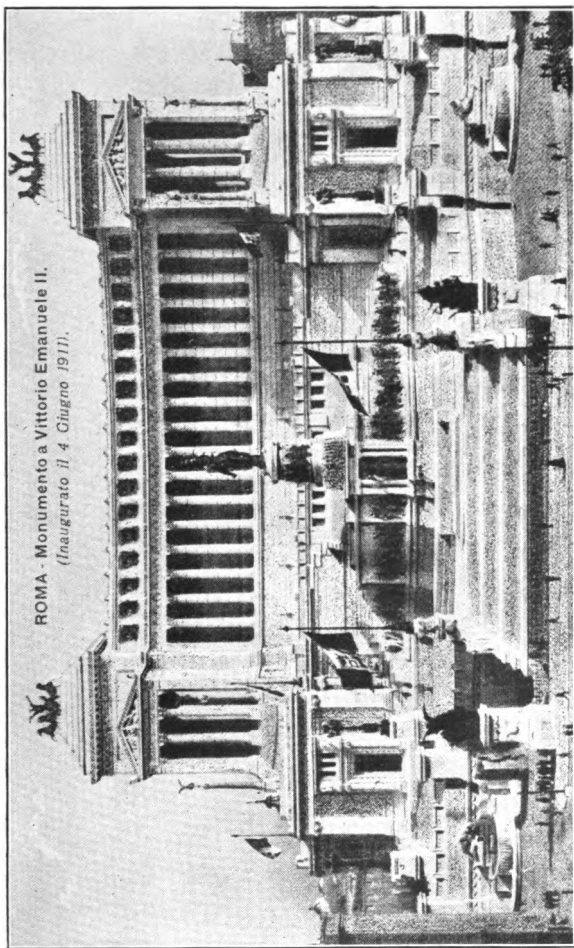
A PILGRIMAGE TO PALESTINE

The first Sabbath was as fine a day as ever blest the old Atlantic. After breakfast we assembled in the dining room and held a service both in English and German. It was very impressive and spiritual. Two Catholic priests are on board. They, of course, did not join us.

Yesterday we had a very amusing experience with a German lady. My room mate, Brother Williams, took my laundry and his to the laundress. In order not to be bothered with much baggage we took a very small supply of clothing which could be placed in a suit case. A trunk is an ever present (or absent) nuisance and never ending expense, so it is not best to have one. Since everywhere on sea and land it is not difficult to get laundry done; you can get along with a limited supply and when you can't get it done, such things as you need can often be bought at trifling cost, and if you get in a tight place as is not infrequent, you can do your own washing. But on the boat we met with no such trouble. A thrifty, smiling, and with all, stout German woman presided at the laundry room, ready to take in washing out there on the ocean as she had been on land, so we put our garments in a bundle together and Brother Williams smiling, kind and courteous, as he always is, and as becometh the big church he serves, took it down. When he returned to our state-room he said:

"I don't know whether we will ever get that laundry or not, for that woman can't speak a word of English and I thought I would never make her understand any thing."

I assured him he need not fear. I was sure if



ROMA - Monumento a Vittorio Emanuele II.
(Inaugurato il 4 Giugno 1911).

Monument to Victor Emanuel, grand-father of the present king. This is one of the greatest monuments ever erected to the honor of man.

A PILGRIMAGE TO PALESTINE

she could not understand him from the words he spoke, she would from the signs he made, for I defy any man who ever sailed the seas, to beat him making signs when he tries to talk to a lady in an unknown tongue. So yesterday he went down to get the laundry and when he came with it my shirt was missing. I told him he would have to go back and get it as she would not know I had anything to do with it, and my going would only confuse matters more. Being one of the most obliging friends I've ever found, he went. I was sitting in our state-room, not far from the laundry room, where I could hear every thing that went on. I soon heard a conversation between the preacher and the German woman that soon merged into a dispute and rapidly assumed alarming proportions. He talked louder and faster in English and she talked still faster and still louder in German (why is it that when people of different languages try to talk and cannot understand each other they always talk faster and louder?) As I was on the point of going to my friend's rescue I heard him coming. He entered the room—not in full retreat—followed by an excited German woman. I at once rose to assist my friend and meet this alien Teutonic-femine invader of my domains. With politeness but firmness, I informed her we meant no offense, but as free-born American citizens on the high seas, were merely claiming the rights vouchsafed unto us by our constitutional rights, for which our fathers died, and rights Germany could not ignore. The issue was so plain and simple no diplomatic entangle-

A PILGRIMAGE TO PALESTINE

ments or International contentions need arise. It was simply this, I had lost my shirt and as it had been put in her hands in the laundry room and failed to return, she must have it. It ordinarily would not make so much difference but on this occasion I needed that shirt badly as I didn't have any to spare. I didn't suppose she could wear it and I could. If she could wear it and had it on I must insist that she surrender it to me as I needed it. Brother Williams endorsed and emphasized every thing I said. When I had finished my speech, her aroused spirit seemed to somehow put English on her tongue and shaking her big Germanic fist perilously near my nose and looking at Williams in a way to wilt him, she informed us she was not a laundry woman but a passenger on the boat and she was just as good as we were. We had hold of the wrong woman.

Our chairs on the deck are near a company of Germans who were returning to the Old Country. They were very genial and friendly. We talked with them frequently, employing an interpreter, a charming German-American lady from San Francisco, who is en route home to see relatives. Her first name is Marie and the last name sounds like some new kind of sausage with herbs in it. To-day we tried to talk to a lady about her dog, she seemed to be a lady of leisure and wealth, but very anxious to talk with all about her. She knew few English words. Like many of our American society women, her only child was a poodle with a chain about his neck. They were very much devoted to

A PILGRIMAGE TO PALESTINE

each other and the favor was striking. We learned through Miss Marie's assistance that she paid one hundred and fifty dollars for him when he was a pup and we got his name and pedigree. We asked her many things about him, for there is nothing that pleases a woman like talking about her child. We asked her if he would bite; even Miss Marie could not make her understand what we meant; my friend tried signs and putting his finger on his lips he made as though he would put it on the dog's mouth. At once a flood of understanding light swept over her face. She caught up the dog and thrust his face into the preacher's, thinking all the time he had been seeking permission to kiss the pup.

We are now in the English Channel. To our left we can see the Chalk Cliffs of Dover. To our right the shores of France and Germany. This is one of the world's most renowned channels, connecting the Atlantic Ocean with the great North Sea. It is so narrow boats cross it in less than an hour. The channel is one of the roughest places for travelers to be found on the seas, caused by the surging waters of the Atlantic and the North Sea meeting in its narrow confines, where they seem to fight like animals. Many who stand the trip well, go down with seasickness here.

Our party has stood the trip well and few of us have been afflicted with this awful malady which an old sea doctor once informed me was, "a conglomeration of all the ills that human flesh is heir to." It is not so prevalent at this season as it is in the

A PILGRIMAGE TO PALESTINE

winter. One of the officers told me yesterday that in the winter storms the waves rolled entirely over this monster boat and that the folks got sick then. No doubt they do.

There comes to us a peculiar feeling as we near the shore—a strange shore—we feel a little reluctance to leave the ship. It has been a delightful twelve days' cruise. We have seemed like one big happy family—and yet there comes a thrill of joy at the sight of hills once more. How the heart of Columbus must have leaped for joy when, after his long and stormy trip over unknown seas to lands he knew nothing of, his eyes fell upon the green shore line.

III.

A COLLISION AT SEA.

When the Titanic and the Empress of Ireland met their fate and went their watery way along with many others, I spoke of the horrors of such an experience and tried to enter with sympathetic feeling into the troubles of those awful hours. It did not occur to me then that I would ever know what it was to be suddenly aroused from my berth by the crash of two mighty steamers in the midnight hours, as they plunged into each other's sides, while the night was dark and the waters rolled around and land was very, very far away.

It occurred at 3 A. M., June 13th. All day long fog lay heavy on the Atlantic and the shivering blast of the fog horn sounded out in the mist every five minutes. We did not feel much uneasiness, though we realized fog was the worst monster of the seas. We felt the great old ocean was so very wide two ships could hardly hit each other if they tried. So we ate, we talked, we laughed, we prayed and into our berths we climbed with tender thoughts of home, while the water at our boat's sides helped to lull our hearts to slumber like the lullabies of a mother bringing her care-free children their sweet and pleasant dreams. The old fog horn sent out its blast shrill and melancholy, the pilot watched from the wheel and the captain on the bridge tried to make secure the thousand lives intrusted to his care. But the fog was dense, so dense no light could be seen and so heavy no sound could be heard very far away.

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About 3 A. M. there came a crash, a fearful crash, and a grinding and scraping followed quickly by orders ringing along all the hallways of the boat, "Collision! All passengers on deck with life preservers on." Dazed, we scrambled from our berths and quickly dressing made our way on deck. It would be impossible perhaps for any person on board to clearly and correctly express his feelings. It was strange, everything was strange. There was no great excitement, no hysteria. The most pitiable thing was the heart-rending, plaintive cry of the women and the children. It was not loud nor hysterical, "What is it;" "What's the matter?" "Are we sinking?" "What shall we do?" "Where is mamma?" "Lord, help us." As long as memory runs the cries of that awful hour will ring in our souls.

In a few minutes all were on deck with life preservers, waiting in the darkness for, none but God knew what. Faces were white, lips moved in prayer, while eyes looked out through the fog, toward home. How good the land would have seemed if we could have seen it. Beside us lay the New York. In the darkness of the fog as the boats crept over the waters they had crashed into each other's sides leaving a hole in our boat nine feet long and three feet wide, while the one in the New York was 35 feet long and 4 feet wide. The iron sides of the big boats were crushed like paper. Both of the holes were just above the water line. Had the point of collision been below the water line or had the boats been going faster, another would be telling this tale

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and another tragedy added to the list of ocean horrors and many more be buried in graves where hands could raise no stone, and hearts could plant no flowers. . Into the gaping holes of those boats the old ocean would have rushed with such force and volume that in spite of life boats and belts and well-drilled seamen, large numbers on both boats would have been caught in their state rooms or the hallways, and perished like rats in traps.

No soul on board either boat will doubtless forget the hours of that morning. Vivid is the picture—dark night, roaring waters, heavy fog, crying children, waiting people, waiting for whatever the old ocean might give us, waiting to know what the damage was, waiting for the coming of the day. But as we waited our hearts went out and up to God. Yet, we felt in a peculiar sense the presence of the One, who stilled troubled Galilee, on board our boat.

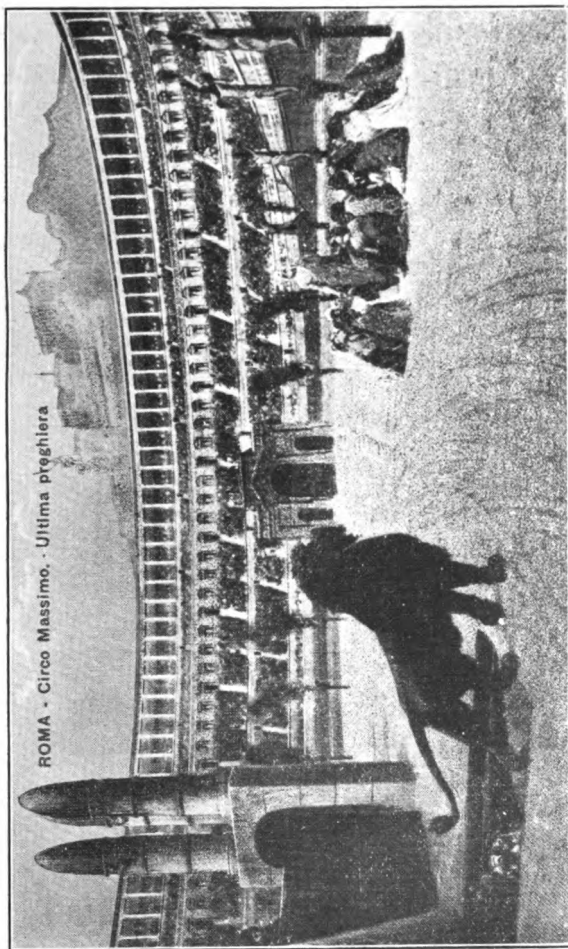
The fog faded before night and the following morning—blessed Sabbath morning—dawned clear and bright and poured out its golden sun on the rolling sea. We gathered in the dining room for a Thanksgiving service. A Methodist from Ohio spoke in English. He made a rousing, touching talk about Jesus asleep in the boat. A German Lutheran made a talk to the German people on the same theme. It was one of the most impressive services of our lives. Many of us understood not the words of the German preacher, nor did the German people understand the words of the American preacher, but all seemed to read humanity's language of the

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heart and we listened and shed our tears together.

Notwithstanding the dangers of sea travel, it is the safest travel of the earth. Last year it is estimated five million people crossed the oceans and, of this vast number, only a few hundred failed to reach their destination. The railroads of the country could not give such a good report of the people they handled. The Hamburg-American Line never before had a collision in open sea. Our captain said in forty years' experience his boat had lost only one person and he committed suicide. He said he would rather cross the ocean a dozen times as far as safety was concerned than to cross Broadway in New York once. Another gentleman said he felt safer in the perils of the deep than he did dodging automobiles at home. He was at least free from them in mid ocean.

People dread water, have horrible thoughts concerning it, and when an accident occurs on the ocean they remember it long after they have forgotten the constant death toll of the railroads. The danger of sea travel has practically been eliminated, where proper precautions are used. There is danger of fire, and a burning boat in the ocean is awful. But a fire seldom occurs and so well trained are the men that when it does occur it amounts to little. There is some danger from explosions but they are very rare. Boats are so well built that storms are now little feared. It is the fog, the treacherous fog, the seamen dread most to see. They can't see through it nor can they hear signals very far, and when heard they are hard to locate. The only thing that can be done is to stop or proceed very slowly,



Taken from a painting of the interior of the Coliseum in the days of Nero. The lion has just come from his den to prey upon the Christians huddled together praying. The immense galleries are filled with people.

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constantly sending forth the loud blast of the fog horn.

There comes to my heart as I write these lines that beautiful old hymn which has so often rung through my soul since the 13th of June :

“As a mother stills her child
Thou canst hush the ocean wild,
Boisterous waves obey thy will,
When thou say'st to them be still,
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus Saviour, pilot me.”

In dangers on land or sea, He is our only hope and His hand was on the pilot wheel and His eye upon the flood.

IV.

AMONG THE GERMANS.

There comes to you a strange feeling as you first put your foot upon the shore of a strange country, and realize all about you, people, government, language and all else that is strange. You feel lonely as you think how far away your country is—your loved ones, friends, and the hills of your nativity, while the wide old sea rolls between. And you appreciate your country more when among the foreign rags you see your own great Flag flying from the window of your country's ambassador or from a ship from home in the waters of a far away harbor. You feel like yelling with the voice of the storm:

“Let music swell the breeze
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song.
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong!”

You soon conclude we are the only folks that have a country anyway, and surely the only ones that have any language with which to communicate. All this other goose-quacking, pig-grunting, guttural glubbering, parrot-squalling way of communicating your complaints isn't talking. You get disgusted with it all, but you fall in with it very soon. It is surprising how soon you can learn to talk in a foreign language. You can soon catch on. Sit down

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at a table, rattle your goozle with a rapid repetition of guttural sounds like you were gargling your throat for tonsilitis and then point at what you want.

But after a while you meet some American. You are gladder to see him than if he had been Roosevelt or Santa Claus. You can't describe the sensation when, in the midst of all that foreign rabble, you run across a fellow from home. In the crowds of one of the German art galleries I butted into a black American South Carolina negro professor. It was all I could do to keep from falling on his neck and weeping for real joy. Never in my life did I know how good a genuine old black South Carolina negro looked.

But of Germany I set out to write. We landed at Cuxhaven. It was the longest day in the year. The sun set at nearly 10 o'clock that night, just after we got away from the gurgling, sputtering acrobatic performances of the custom house. We thought perhaps the sun put off setting in order to welcome us, but we were told this was because we were so far north. We had a feeling of sadness at leaving our boat and our new-made friends. Some of them were very gracious to us. Two German ladies who sat by us were as pleasant as they could be. They informed us every name in Germany meant something. One of their names meant wooden shoe and the other sour pie. We told them we would never have thought it from their looks.

It is not my purpose to "write up" Germany. That is being done by experts. I do desire to mention

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some personal impressions and some pertinent facts which may be helpful to those who chance to read this, especially just at this time when this little country is holding such an important position on the stage of the nations. We will first look at some favorable impressions and then at those unfavorable.

The first thing that impressed me was the love for beauty and cleanliness that seemed to be imbedded in this nation. It was the neatest, cleanest, most beautiful country we ever saw. Their homes, farms, streets, public buildings—every thing is made as beautiful as they can make it. You see no trash, dirt or filth; no waste or ragged land is anywhere in sight. Fence corners, ditch banks, roadsides—all vacant spots—are filled with grain or beautiful flowers. They seem to love flowers more than any other people. They seem to think flowers are live creatures. All houses—even of the poorest—are beautifully surrounded with lovely flowers.

In the cities the parks, public buildings, nearly all the windows of homes, are filled with a mass of flowers. Nearly all houses have yards all full of flowers, and the yard is as much a private place as the chambers of the house. The gate is locked and you must ring the bell at the gate and wait to be admitted. Names of residents appear on the gates with mail boxes. The beauty is carried into their farming. They alternate with little patches of different kinds and colors of crops in such even and artistic designs that the whole landscape seems to be a big

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crazy quilt Nature has drawn up about her for a quiet nap.

They carry this sense of the beautiful into their public buildings. Architecture is charming. Public buildings, inside and out, are made as attractive as can be made not to be gaudy or too gorgeous. There is something that seems pleasing and appropriate about the general appearance of everything. There are not skyscrapers, all city buildings being of uniform height.

I was also impressed with the thrift and energy of Germany. I learned they had very few criminals and paupers. Everybody seemed to be busy with a soul set on fire to do something. They are not afraid or ashamed of toil. Consequently they have developed their nation to a degree that is far ahead of what the average person thinks. They are far ahead of us in many lines of business and enterprise. Many of our finest articles come from them. Their country is full of factories. Their railroad system was the finest we saw.

The government owns the railroads, telegraph and telephone systems. Trains make splendid time and are very rarely late. The coaches are divided into compartments with glass doors and windows, the aisle being on the side of the coaches. In the compartments passengers face each other. As soon as a compartment is full a register at the door so states and no one is allowed to enter. Your door is locked and you are no more disturbed. You can see through the glass what is going on outside. When every seat is taken no one else is taken into a

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coach. The train is required to furnish seats for all who travel. The sleepers are somewhat upon the same plan—nicely furnished with basin, washstand, soap and towels. All crossings are guarded and accidents are practically unknown.

In education Germany is also ahead of us. The universities have long been known as the most famous of the earth. The most of the world's most renowned scientists are coming from these walls. But Germany's public school system is great also. She has had compulsory education for sometime and has put the ban on ignorance before other nations were waking up.

Another thing worthy of note is the preservation of forests in Germany. In this she leads the world. Her forests are under strict government control. A man is not allowed to cut trees on his own land until the government inspector has designated ones that should be cut and the ones that should not. All land owners are required also to plant trees each year.

Another favorable impression I received was the recognition and appreciation that is shown to all who perform any service for the nation or contribute anything to the welfare of their fellows. All service seems to be remembered. Streets, towns, public buildings, are named for their prominent citizens, and on all sides are seen monuments, statues and tablets in their honor. Thus they keep before their people the deeds of their men and inspire the rising generation to attempt like deeds.

There were some things, however, that were very

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unfavorable about this great nation. One was the way it looks upon its women. To an American eye the German woman seems to be classed with the beasts of burden. The fields were full of women working. Women were working on the railroads, sweeping streets, tending parks, driving drays and doing all kinds of menial labor done by negroes in our country. Their idea of woman's place in civilization is far lower than ours. Her business is to serve, that is all.

A strange mode of conveyance was carts pulled by dogs, much of the hauling being done in this way. Usually the dog cart was a "two horse" arrangement with men, and very often a woman hitched beside the dog to pull with him as well as direct his going. While it was shocking to see such a level for woman, it was another example of German thrift. They make everybody work, even the dogs. I did not see any dogs that were not working except a few poodles, and I felt sure that even German ingenuity could not get any service out of them. We could not but think if in our American cities we could find employment for our stray dogs and then beat the Germans one by getting our stray cats to work, we could become a great nation.

Another stain on Germany is its drinking. While the Germans drink very little whiskey, and think little of the man who does, they do drink great quantities of beer. It is consumed by all classes and both sexes, of all ages and at all times. You very seldom see a drunken man, but the long and constant use of beer is adding to the coarseness of the peo-

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ple, both in body and mind, and doing much to steel them against spiritual impressions.

Another deplorable thing about this nation is the decline of its religious life. Germany is far from being a Christian nation. Nearly half of it is Roman Catholic, and Rome is doing every thing she can by intrigue and influence, private and political, to make it entirely Roman. The State Church is German Lutheran but the church generally is spiritually dead and dried up with ritualism and worldliness. The government taxes the people to keep up the church. A great movement of rationalism and religious freedom has swept the country and the government has given all who desire to do so the right to go before an officer and file petition under oath to sever their connection with the church and avoid its tax. Many are doing this. It is putting a premium upon non-church life. Thus many are finding themselves out of the church.

Another stain upon this nation is its military drunkenness. I know our President has ordered us to be neutral. This is something I have never been able to be very long. If neutrality means not aiding and abetting either side I am neutral. No inducement could make me enlist on either side. But if neutrality means not having any feeling or convictions, and keeping from expressing yourself, I am not neutral. I can hardly see a dog fight and remain neutral. I tried to be neutral while I was in the war zone and in reach of German gun boats, but when I saw the American shore I shook my fist at the German Emperor and told him what I



Some of our party starting to the the Pyramids on camels. From left to right, Miss Lessie and Mary Covington, Dr. Gibson, Mrs. Bickett, Miss Gladys Crocker, J. M. Rowland and Mrs. Tilman.

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thought of him. All my blood and feeling went against him.

He has been training his army for years for such an hour, and he had walked around Europe with a chip on his shoulder waiting for somebody to knock it off. He did not think England would enter the war but if she did he felt he could deal a quick blow against France, overpower her after he had ground his iron heel in the blood of prostrate, bleeding Belgium to do it. This could be done before England could land her forces. If he once occupied Paris he could deal with the English and also meet Russia as she came down from the far north. He counted on a hard, quick blow, for that is his method. His dream was to annex France as he has annexed Belgium, then move on until he was Lord of Europe, and later on, of the world. I do not forget that he refused England's demand to postpone hostilities until it could be settled by arbitration.

Whatever blame there is on others—and there is some—the Kaiser can not justify himself before the court of the world or the Bar of Almighty God for the part he has played in what his own son calls the silliest and most useless war the world has known. It does not lessen the condemnation because he goes forth calling upon God. His prayers are blasphemy in the sight of starving Belgium. Because he is the Kaiser he thinks he can manufacture a God to suit himself. No, I am not neutral. I don't want to see the English defeated and crushed by Germany. For if in this struggle Germany wins it will be the worst day

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that has dawned for English and American civilization.

"O land of music and of dream,
Your songs are dead!
O morning-rose, O twilight-gleam,
Forever fled!
Now, through your thunder-cloud of wrath
We see but frenzy's aftermath—
Stark ruin following every path
Your legions tread

Was this your dream—a baleful light
In stormy space?
Your soul—a threatening shape of blight,
With hate-wrung face?
What madness moves you to rejoice
In women's wo—in terror's voice?
Is this the music of your choice,
Your song of grace?

Now from your shattered flutes we hear
A long, harsh cry,
The note of passion and of fear,
That will not die:
And ever, on the desolate sea,
Your shamed and haunted ships must flee
Child-faces, floating silently
Under God's sky."

If Germany could be put down upon us here it would cover Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia. It would take fourteen such countries to make one as large as the United States. This is the size of the little country that has thrown half the earth into war and stunned the entire world. The population is nearly seventy million, about two-thirds as many folks as we have. The population per square mile is ten times as great as ours.

The German navy is second in the waters

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of the world and at the beginning of this war she had a trained army of over five million soldiers or more than ten times the size of the army of the United States, counting every trained soldier we could possibly muster. This shows that you cannot say there are no germs in Germany if you mean war germs. Our wealth is seventy billion dollars more than the wealth of Germany and our expenses thirty-two million dollars less. At the beginning of the war the national debt of Germany was nearly two billion dollars, with an interest of fifty-five million dollars yearly or nearly a dollar yearly for every man, woman and child in the empire. It is estimated that the first year's war will add an expense of twelve dollars upon every man, woman and child besides the awful damage to property and the destruction of human life.

The salary of the German Emperor is \$3,698,260, besides income from vast estates belonging to the crown, which would doubtless run his pay up to the enormous sum of six million dollars a year. In other words every time the President of the United States draws one dollar for administering the duties of his office, the Kaiser draws sixty dollars for running a country fourteen times smaller. These facts will give some idea of the burdens that autocratic government puts on a people. The marvel of it is, they submit to it.

In addition to the crime of Bleeding Belgium, which history and the Judge of the earth will lay at the door of the German Emperor, if it is possible he is guilty of worse things than prostrating

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this innocent country and conserving the powers of his kingdom for years in such a way as to cause this most bloody and senseless war the world has known. He has gone forth with his drawn sword and engines of hell, his garments streaming in blood of his fellows, representing himself as the agent and representative of Almighty God. He is the leader of the hosts of God. It is, "me and God," but mostly "me." He makes God a bloody murderous German, under the dictates of the German army, instead of the merciful Father of us all. If he had left God out of it we might respect him more.

Another crime just as great is the part he played in bringing Turkey into the war. When he made the proposition to Turkey he well knew that it would rise to slay all foreigners, including the missionaries, their wives and little children. This is just the reason he made the compact. He hoped when the devil was turned loose in Turkey, England would be so busy looking after the helpless foreigners there that he could have a better chance to grind the bodies and souls of men in his war machines further north. This man is drunk on blood and military power and it will be the darkest day the history of modern civilization has known if he wins, but he will not win.

We recall something years ago, told on the German Emperor when he was a boy, notwithstanding the fact his mother was a daughter of the good English Queen Victoria, he despised England and his English kin. One day he cut his finger and was watching it bleed. When asked why he did not tie it up his reply was he wanted it to bleed until all

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the English blood had run out of him. From his present actions he not only succeeded in spilling all the English blood in his own veins but seems determined to spill all English blood he can.

Before we leave Germany for that eventful trip through the south of Europe there are a few things more pleasant than the above, I desire to say. I was greatly impressed with a sign I saw in Hamburg as we were leaving that city. Over the home office of the "Hamburg-American Steamship Line" I read their motto: "The World is My Field," and was told they borrowed it from John Wesley who said "The World is My Parish."

We visited the Emperor's palace, for which we paid 12½ cents. It was rich and beautiful. Upon its walls we read a welcome sign, to the effect that servants and employees were not allowed to accept tips. The palace was arranged with a Red Room, Blue Room, etc., as our White House is, but had a more kingly appearance.

We found Dresden not so large a city as Berlin but even more attractive and beautiful. Here we saw the Green Vault, so named because of a rare stone, a green diamond, the only one in the world. The collection of crown jewels is valued at twelve million dollars. A royal stove is shown that cost twelve thousand dollars, along with many trinkets, wine cups and gems running into millions of dollars, which gives you a good example of how the babies of royalty spend the people's money for their toys. We beheld one piece of statuary which, ac-

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cording to the guide, required seventeen men seven years to finish.

The most interesting thing here, however, was Martin Luther's communion cup. When we thought of the inspired lips that touched that cup all the crown jewels, wine bowls and trinkets became indeed the toys of children. You cannot think of Germany without thinking of Martin Luther. And when you look upon that black spot on the wall of his room and are told that it was caused by his throwing his ink bottle at the face of the devil who was there to dissuade him as he wrote the declaration of freedom from the oppression, you are prepared to believe it. His disciples have somewhat forsaken this great old saint like the disciples of Wesley have done, but his footprints are on the sands of time and will be until the last gust of eternity's wind has blown those sands away.

Beyond a doubt the most interesting thing I saw in Germany was Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," the greatest and most famous picture the hand of man has ever produced. Long had I hoped my feet might some day come this way and let me stand before this picture. The children of men throng the art galleries of the world and jabber and sputter over articles of "art" that ought to be destroyed from among men, but they come at last to the top of the hill and stand enraptured, thrilled, softened, overpowered before the modest picture of the mother and her child. They are noisy and garrulous before many of the other scenes, but, when they come to this picture, without being told, they stand

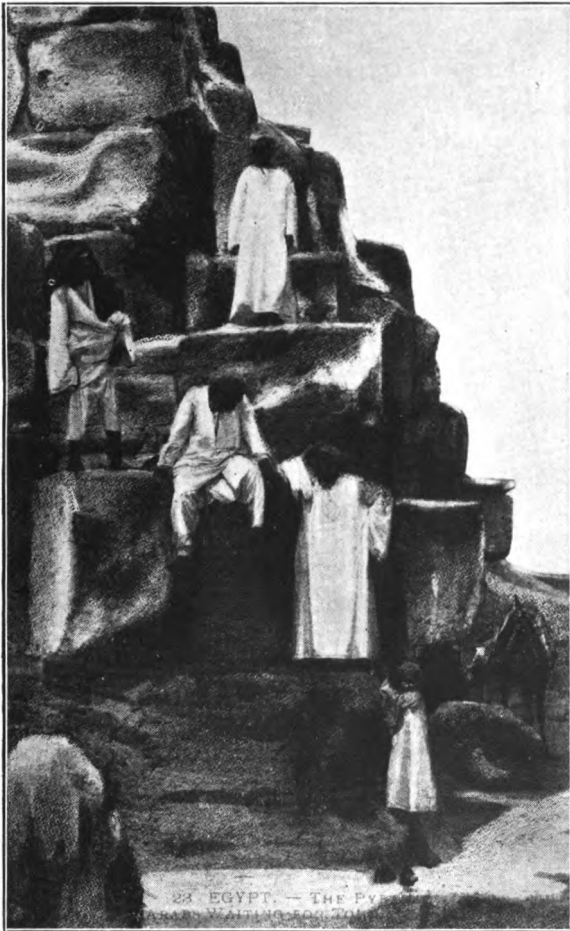
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with heads bared and bowed, their movements soft, their voices hushed, and the feet of the multitude come this way, and stand longest here.

People of every station and class in life are coming, rich, poor, old and young, wise and ignorant. Day after day, year after year they come. They stand, they sit about the little chapel and look and look and look. Few speak, many let unhindered tears flow down their cheeks, many tremble. The hope of the human heart is in that something, that selects from all the pictures it ever sees, the mother and the child, to hang the highest on the walls of the soul. No one could describe that picture, though many try. You must see it to know it. The light of heaven falls on it. The mother's feet are on the clouds with all things of earth underneath. In her face is the glorified, immortalized life and light of motherhood. Her arms are clasped about her little child. His little white hands are on hers; his little innocent face is resting against his mother's face. Beneath the clouds, looking up as you are looking up, are two cherubs, while over the faces of Mary and the little child Christ, falls the heavenly light of redemption and the Fatherhood of God. In this scene heaven and earth are meeting together, the hand of man and God clasp each other. It is a great hour for a soul that has any art in it to stand before that picture, not to worship it, but to look beyond it to that which it pictures. It is on wood and covers the side of a room. Rockefeller has offered a fabulous sum for this picture, but it is not for sale. This picture is four hundred years old

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and in perfect condition. Raphael was a young man when he turned from his hand this picture that has given him a fadeless name. He died in 1520 in Rome at the age of thirty-seven.



Climbing the Pyramid of Cheops.

V.

THROUGH AUSTRIA-HUNGARY AND THE BALKAN STATES.

For a long time we will not forget that fifteen hundred miles from Dresden, Germany, through Southern Europe to Constantinople. We were on the train, the Continental Express, which is a good train, for two days and nights. Our party numbered fifty and we were unable to secure but twelve berths in the sleeper. We adopted a rule that only the older ladies would be entitled to sleep, and never in my life have I seen ladies age so rapidly. We finally modified the rule by allowing men who were both old and infirm a few hours in bed. The rest of us sat up with the corpse.

And well we might sit up for there was no sleep on that trip. We were passing through countries, recently shaken by war, with battle-fields much in evidence, while seething, surging all about us the caldron of the nations was about ready to boil over again. It seemed a shame that a section of the world so rich in possibilities, wide and fertile fields, hills heavy laden with boundless ore, should be settled by a people so restless and so turbulent. Such a nervous condition would be hard to equal. Soldiers and guards were everywhere. We had to snatch a little nap beside a soldier whose form was decked with guns and swords and whose eye watched your movements. At every little thing he would start and his hand would seek his gun.

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At every turn guards and officials of vicious mein and piercing eye came stalking through the train in gaudy uniform and clanking steel. They overhauled us, scrutinized us, looked at our passports, fumbled through our baggage, examined our eyes and talked to one another about us in words we could not understand. They gesticulated over us and made many signs and motions. They looked through the car to see if we had anything concealed. They would leave us for a while and go off only to return presently with others more vicious looking than the first and men of higher rank who wore more things on their bodies and carried longer swords. Again they would gather about us, jabber, and motion, looking first at us and then at one another. At every station crowds of soldiers and citizens of every kind and shape and style would gather about the car windows looking in and likewise talking about us, expressing their opinions of us in a language like the barn yard. Often they would bring their friends to peer at us and say what they thought about us. Sometimes we dozed from sheer exhaustion soon to be aroused by approach of armed guards and heathen hands upon us and we started over the routine we had dropped but a while ago.

One night at two o'clock they stopped the train and examined the wheels. We learned they proposed to put off our car and leave us with it in the heart of the Balkan mountains for there was no room in the rest of the train for us. We pleaded but it did no good. The leader,

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being inspired by a Methodist impulse to get out of a tight place by taking a collection, raised a few dollars and handed it over to the heathen. They smiled, and after examining the wheels again, reported that three more francs would make the train in condition to travel. They got the money and we went on. After that when language failed us and our country's flag was of no avail, we passed the hat and money talked us through. After all, there is no language like that of silver and gold.

We passed through the town in which the Austrian prince and his wife were murdered the very day of the crime. Little did we think what a great matter a little fire would kindle. But the fire was already there and it took only that to fan the flame. From what we heard of the man we do not think he was worth what he has cost the world.

During this trip we had time to stop for a short visit to Vienna and Budapest. We found these cities far more beautiful and attractive than we had expected. We knew Vienna was called one of the most beautiful cities of the world, and it sustained its reputation. The capitol and royal buildings were indeed attractive. Many of the people made a fine appearance, some of the women being the most beautiful we saw. Constantly we observed ever changing costumes, both of men and women, but none were more marked than those of the young ladies at Budapest. Their feet were bare and their skirts reached their knees. Such skirts we never saw before. Some of them were twenty-five feet around and they wore many skirts one over an-

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other. They were of various shades all ruffled and arranged so when they walked it looked like the whirl of the rain bow. Some of them must have had on two dozen skirts. The social rank of a lady is shown by the number of her skirts and on that count I think we butted into an international ball of the royal swells.

We were greatly impressed with the names of some of the people and the places of these countries. I copied in my note book some of the merchants. It may be in order to recommend to the mothers who read these lines the advisability of keeping their children out of mischief by having them pronounce these names. These are some of them, noted citizens of Vienna and Budapest; Zum Zuckerkonig, Mr. Puperkoniggim, Mr. S. Tibersversicherung, M. Schrierbmosher, T. Schrunmachiermeister, C. Wasserlolanger, T. Sputuosenschonk, Z. Vizzygyintzete, V. Gyogykisyeltetnek, A. Zcegtulodonos, M. Meghoditotluk, S. Arczfinomitoers, and Zim Zuckerbuckeri. How would you like to do business with men of such names in the rush of this fast day? How would you like to be secretary of a Conference over there and try to call the roll? I met some of these gentlemen and when I introduced them I said, "Allow me to present Mr.," and then I sneezed. The allies will have a time taking places and people with such names as these.

I dare say if some of these folks come to our land we Americans will treat them like a certain section of North Carolina once treated a son of Italy who came in their midst to settle, with a hand organ, a

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monkey and a name as long as the monkey's tail. Not being able to call the name with much speed or satisfaction, the Tar Heels called him Old Man Turney because he turned the organ for the monkey to dance and Turney it had to be. He raised a big family and the people called them "The Turney youngens." In the public school they registered as Joe Turney, Jim Turney, Pete Turney, etc., and the last time I was in the town I heard Joe stand at the window of the post office and ask if there was any mail for any of the Turneys. I doubt if Joe knows that awful thing the priest called his daddy back in Sunny Italy, when he made the cross and put the holy water on his head in that far off day before North Carolinians brought his family through the reformation.

On this trip we first met a certain brand of European cheese that, like some fish markets, needs no sign to advertise itself. It was at breakfast, tired, sleepy, nervous and with no appetite and a home-sick taste in our mouths, we made our way to the dining car. The first thing the waiter did was to bring a bottle of wine and open a little box of cheese and when he opened it I could but wish he had buried the corpse without opening the coffin; I ate some by holding my nose; its taste is like its smell. We thought they did it to drown our troubles and take our minds off of what they had been on. It could not be described not to say exaggerated. We raised the windows and some of the ladies nearly fainted. We were told it was recommended to shield you from all germs and disease. Yellow fever trembles when it meets it and the

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deadly germs of Asiatic cholera will take to their heels at the first breath of it. It will even balk appendicitis and run rheumatism out of the country. This may be one reason you are advised to eat it, but it seemed to be very valuable in another way. When a box was opened or the waiters came near you with its odor on their breath as they so often did, it greatly decreased the consumption of rations at that time and thereby added to the income of the hotel keeper.

Through fertile valleys, well watered and rich, we made our way to the south. In the valleys we found it hot while high up on the peaks of the Balkans we saw, in mid summer, mantles of snow. Our hearts grew sad as all about us we saw unnumbered hosts of men, women and little children bereft of all that makes life worth living in home and human society, subjects of a tyranny and despotism that knows no bounds, torn by ceaseless wars and internal strife, cursed by a religion far worse than darkest heathenism. The number of souls in these countries seems without number. Their lives are pathetic beyond the power to tell. What could they do in this great country with our civilization and religion?

Did ever a brighter day dawn for the race than when God guided Columbus to our shores? Should any people be more happy than we whom the Lord has so richly blessed and so tenderly cared for? These nights about our firesides with our loved ones, surrounded by peace and heaven's blessings of a Christian home and the gos-

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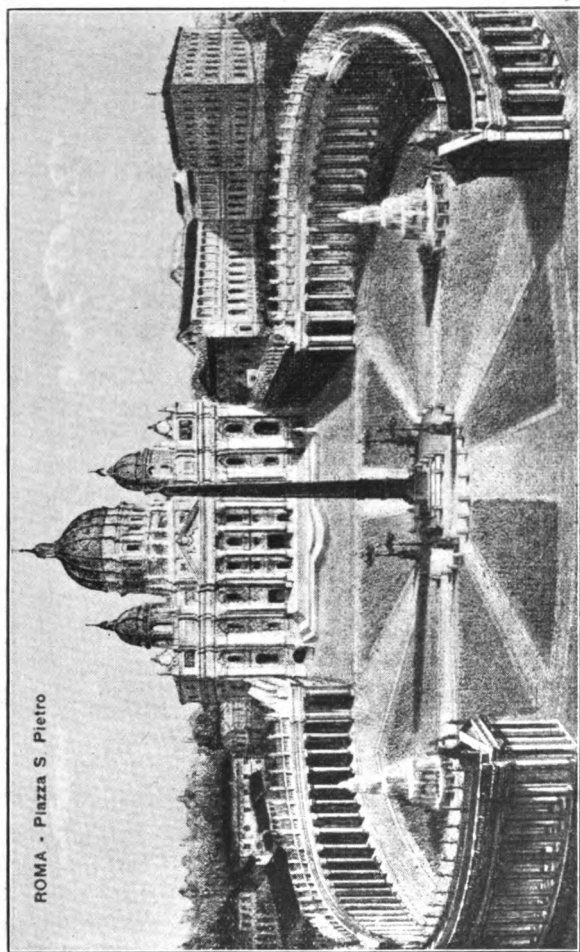
pel of Jesus as we think of the horrors of war, famine, pestilence, superstition, heathenism and sin that sweep the hills of Europe and Asia, let us kneel and thank our God for our lot. It requires an effort to keep the troubles of these souls from taking the pleasure out of our trip.

VI.

AMONG THE TURKS.

The sun was rising from over the cliffs of Asiatic Turkey and flooding the blue waters of the Bosphorus with a bright and welcome light as our train came into the station of Constantinople. A strange feeling came to us as we realized where we were. This great old city, capital of the Ottoman Empire and one time capital of the world lay about us, teeming with its more than a million souls. The uncanny and treacherous looking Turks moving in every direction about us, strange, varied and hideous costumes, seas of bobbing red fezs (all the Turks wear the little rimless red cap with the black tassel in the blazing sun), create an atmosphere heavy with history and many odors. These and other feelings came to us when we entered this land of prejudice, passion and darkness. If you were to travel the world over you would not feel just like you do in Turkey.

We had often heard Constantinople was the most charming city of the earth from a distance but the dirtiest and most repulsive when you were within its gates. We were not there long when we found it even so. As we beheld the city that morning in the golden light of the southern sun, with its houses stretching for a great distance along the front of the beautiful Bosphorus whose waves lapped the steps, it looked like a necklace of pearls about a fair lady's neck, but once beyond the border and into the city of the Turks, we felt we were in the



Front view of St. Peters in Rome. The Vatican is seen on the right.

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garbage can of creation with somebody sitting on the lid.

The Bosphorus is a wonderful body of water, very narrow, separating the continents of Europe and Asia, connecting the Black Sea up near Russia with the Sea of Marmora. It is twenty miles long. Along its European shore almost to the Black Sea are rows of beautiful houses intermixed with luxuriant gardens and old towers from the time of Constantine, within whose walls men, women and little children have so often paid the price of being Christian with the warm blood of their loyal hearts.

On this shore is the palace of the old Sultan where, with his many wives (though it is said the new one has only one) he lives in splendor and shame, drawing a salary of sixty million dollars a year from the brawn and blood of his ignorant, suffering subjects. Out there in the Bosphorus old Abdul Hamid used to sink a wife now and then with a rock tied to her neck like an undesirable cat because he tired of her. He would watch from the porch of his mansion while the boatman took the unfortunate woman out upon the moonlit water. When the old fiend was ready he would raise a light and at that signal the boatman would drop his charge into the water, while the Sultan in his palace, with a smile, would go on his Satanic way. The rising of the young Turks banished old Abdul a few years ago. When he left he sold some of his wives to settle a few debts; others he gave as presents to his friends, while to his island of exile he carried the four that remained

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after he had in a fit of jealous rage murdered the youngest and fairest of them all.

Sixty million dollars a year this old fiend received for the place he held among the rulers of the earth so long. The highest paid sovereign of the world. Twelve million dollars a month. Four hundred thousand dollars a day! Nearly three hundred dollars a minute! When the President of the United States received one dollar old Abdul Hamid got six hundred, and then had to give some of his wives to pay his debts. He must not have been wise in his expenditures. But his day is done. On his little island he is waiting the time when his blackened soul will be consigned to the lowest depths of an orthodox hell. The above facts were told us and vouched for by prominent Turkish officials we met.

The Bosphorus has made much history along its shores. Many Christian martyrs were faithful unto death beside its waters. Here Xerxes undertook to build a bridge and cross from Asia into Europe on a mission of conquest. The sea became rough and tore his bridge away, whereupon he had the builders killed and ordered the waters lashed for their bad behavior, showing what a fool he was. Here Xenophon crossed on a pontoon bridge with ten thousand men, as many youngsters have tried to translate from that Greek book he wrote, as in sweat and toil they expended more strength than did old Xenophon in doing the deeds they tried to read about. Here Jason came in 1400 B. C., rejoicing with the Golden Fleece.

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The Golden Horn is the bay running from the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora where they meet back into the city. It gets its name because of its horn shape, being large at its mouth and curving to a point like a horn back into the heart of the city. The sun shining upon its waters gives it the name "Golden Horn." Also its name comes because it is the meeting place of the nations on the highway of the seas and into its horn-shaped mouth the nations of the earth pour their golden treasures. When the power of the Turk is broken and civilized nations get this country it will indeed be the Golden Horn and the greatest harbor of the earth. A bridge crosses the Golden Horn connecting Stamboul, the old section of the city, with the new city. Over this bridge daily moves the greatest mixture of mortality the world can show you. Every class and clan, creed and crowd, color and costume pass before you. It is interesting to watch as far as your eyes can see the stream of red fezs with black tassels mixed in the mass of other things. This is a toll bridge and yields a tremendous revenue to the government.

It is impossible to realize the living conditions of Constantinople. It must be seen to be understood. The poverty, filth and degradation is beyond the telling of tongues. The streets are full of filth. Thousands of dirty dogs are sleeping on the sidewalks or lazily pursuing their canine way as though they owned the town. In returning to our hotel one day we counted ninety-nine dogs in a few blocks, and as we started in the door the hundredth one trotted by. These dogs are full of fleas and are

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very generous in distributing them. A Turkish official informed us that when the young Turks came into power, among other reforms they had a dog killing and dispatched thirty thousand canines to the "happy prowling ground" in one day. He also added with a smile that sausage was cheap the next week. All we said was, "there certainly must have been a few dogs in town before the killing time." These dogs belong to nobody. They are looked upon as sacred animals and are revered and protected. They are called the Sultan's street cleaners and perhaps is due to them some credit for keeping down some of the filth that might otherwise entirely destroy the people.

The town is full of beggars, dirty and ragged to a degree beyond description. Donkeys, camels and goats are everywhere in sight. The streets are full of venders of every class and kind, calling, crying, moaning out their wares. All these strange weird sounds pouring into your ears in the early morning when you awake make you feel you are surely in a strange land.

One very noticeable thing through all the Turkish realm is the burdens the people bear. Instead of having drays for hauling, the people become the beasts of burden. Men, women and children are seen carrying loads on their heads and backs that it seems impossible to carry, and it seems only exaggeration to tell it. When we landed men carried our suit cases to the hotels. They were big double suit cases and certainly some of the women had theirs full. I could carry mine but a little way.

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These men strapped seven and eight of these heavy cases on their backs and went several blocks to the hotel with them. Constantly this stream of burden bearers goes by you, men with loads of lumber, rocks, trunks, barrels of vegetables and every conceivable kind of burden; women with loads little lighter; children heavy laden, the great stream of burden bearers goes on.

Often did we think of that beautiful verse of the Master's we had told to many troubled hearts, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." But Jesus has not yet had the chance to lift the burdens from the bodies or the souls of Turkey's millions. It seems strange it has never occurred to them to harness their donkeys and haul these burdens instead of carrying them. As they have done through centuries they go on with pack saddles on their backs and heavier loads on their souls.

One of the most interesting objects to the tourist is the mosque of St. Sophia. It is imposing and beautiful, but its interior decorations are rather gaudy. This building, now the most noted Turkish temple of the city, was a Christian church built by Emperor Justian who cried when it was complete, "O Solomon, I have surpassed thee." In the fifteenth century it was captured by the Turks and turned into a Mohammedan Mosque. The Christians, a hundred thousand of them, fled to this their place of worship for refuge when Mohammed rode triumphant into the city. He charged upon them and many thousand of them were killed. Over their

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dead bodies he rode his horse into the building and striking his hand dripping red with the blood of the Christians he had murdered, upon the side of the wall, he cried, "There is no God but Allah and Mohammed is his prophet." For five hundred years millions of deluded mortals have sent on that cry echoing over their deeds of blood and shame.

We were shown the bloody print of Mohammed's hand upon the wall. We were not supposed to notice the print was so high on the wall that a man would have to sit on the head of a giraffe to reach it and that the hand was no larger than that of a very small child. We were also shown the holy carpet and the prayer rugs which are carried on long and arduous pilgrimages to Mecca, where, by touching the grave of Mohammed they received the magic power to heal and save all who kneel upon them for months following. We also looked upon the precious Mecca stone which fell down from heaven to Mohammed. To touch this stone and rub your finger on any diseased part of your body will surely work a cure. The constant rubbing of a ceaseless stream of superstitious fingers for five hundred years has worn great grooves in the stone.

Many pigeons—sacred birds—were roosting and nesting in the temple. Many of them were very busy tearing up the sacred carpets to get material for their nests. A number of boys sat on the floor crooning out their lessons from the Koran in weird sounds that made a cold shiver steal up your back. Numbers of dirty, ragged Turks moved carpets to different places, unrolled them and fixed them for

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services we could not understand. In the midst of their work they wrestled, played leap frog and rode about on one another's backs, notwithstanding the place was very sacred and we poor Christian dogs had to wear their holy dirty slippers about the temple while they followed to see that our unhallowed heels touched not the sacred carpets.

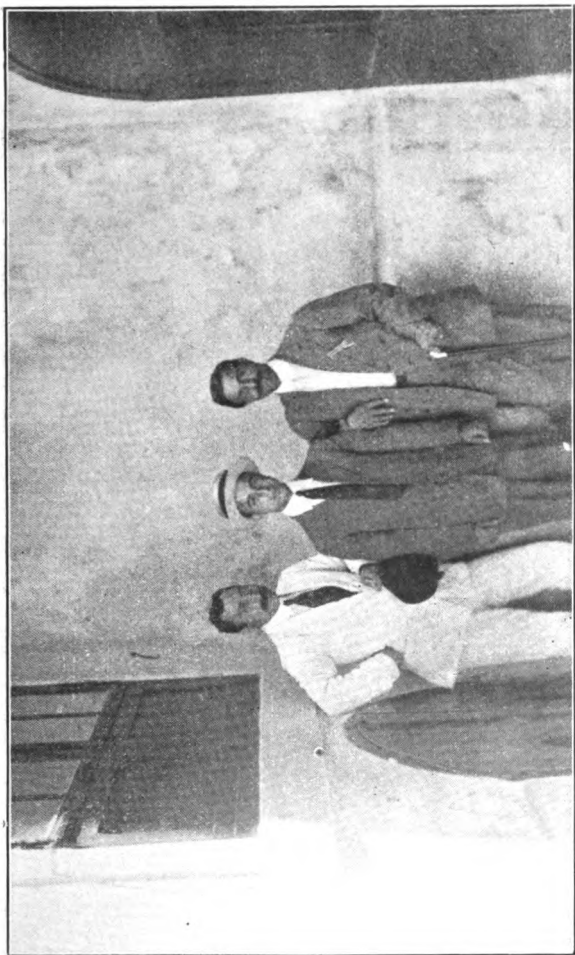
Just to see what would happen I quietly slipped my foot from the slipper and went on without it, soon to be followed post haste by several outraged keepers of the temple who jabbered, sputtered, harangued and spit at me in great excitement, punctuating their deliverances with a multitude of gymnastic exercises as they told me how I had insulted the holy name of Mohammed. I quietly raised my foot for them to tie on another slipper and went on my way, through the midst of temple beggars and men prostrate in prayers, who, with one eye on Allah, kept the other treacherous, gleaming orb fixed on us in a way to make us feel how readily the Turks can mix religion and other things. Thus passed our first visit to a pagan house of worship. The feeling that sweeps down on your soul on such a visit your tongue can't tell. How far away from God religion so often is!

In the Royal Museum we saw many things of interest recently brought to light by British and German excavators. Among them was the skeleton of the king of Tyre (?) with a hole in his head made by the work of the murderous axe; bracelets, breast pins and many other articles of dress and ornament said to be 3,000 years B. C., a beautiful sculptured

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sarcophagus with many figures of weeping women, no two of them in the same position; an elegant sarcophagus of Alexander the Great; but the most interesting thing was a gold spoon the Sultan always takes with him on his annual pilgrimage to Mecca. As he comes in contact with the masses he is liable to find upon his body some of the multiplied millions of vermin that go with the worshippers. These insects being sacred animals even the Sultan is not allowed to remove them with his hands but must use this gold spoon for the purpose. What the common folks do who cannot afford gold spoons for such work, we were not told. Perhaps the Sultan passes the spoon around or more likely the masses consider it a great honor to furnish hospitality to these sacred animals and go their way rejoicing with them. We were not so pious on this score nor did we confine ourselves to gold spoons in seeking relief.

Constantinople has thirty times been destroyed by fire and now it seems to be a perfect fire trap. There she sits full of the heathenism, ignorance, filth and shame—the nations of the earth, all the odors of the world meeting in her streets. She occupies the greatest seat on the highway of nations waiting for civilized nations to redeem her people and give them a chance. Who can tell what the future of Constantinople will be when these war clouds roll away?



Our Guides through Palestine. The one in white is Philip Jallouk, our Dragoman, in charge of affairs. The others are his brothers, Abishiah and Charles.

VII.

THE MORAL AND RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF TURKEY.

In order to have a clear knowledge of the place Turkey holds in the world it must be remembered that it has two hundred million subjects. This vast host of human souls comprising an army more than twice as large as the entire population of the United States is under the awful grip of the Turkish Empire and the still more awful power of the Mohammedan religion which constitutes the most formidable enemy perhaps that the Christian religion has had since its coming into the world. No other system of religion has built such a bulwark of superstition and prejudice against the gospel of Christ. No other people have equalled them in the blood they have shed in their fight against Christianity.

A brief study of the character of the Mohammedan and the religion he teaches will help us to understand these facts.

One of the most prominent points in him is his lack of progress. He is the original stand-patter, opposed to advance of every kind. He is too lazy to go forward, being the most slothful mortal you can find. He has never added anything to the world's constructive life but has destroyed all he could that others had constructed. As John R. Mott has well said, "If the Turk cannot find a desert he will make one." In his restful ease he bitterly resents all interference and delights to stand or rather sit where he has been for centuries. He uses the same implements he has always used, threshing out

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his wheat by driving his cattle around on it, plowing with his same crude plows, carrying his commerce on his head, his back and the back of his donkey, never having looked with favor upon wheeled vehicles. He has no factories for he'd rather do all his work with his hands as his fathers did.

He is also the dirtiest mortal you can find. Filth is a part of his being. He is too lazy to be clean. To be clean is too much like a Christian dog or a hated Englishman; therefore filth is a virtue. Of course this is not the case with all of them but it is true with the vast majority.

And he is a fatalist of the deepest dye. It is ground into his blood and stamped upon his soul. Everything is worked out by an unchanging fate, and it is worse than useless to try to put yourself against it. Things are just as they were intended to be. His hills are full of oil and ore but he digs it not for if Allah had intended it to be on top of the ground it would be there and since it is under the ground Allah intended it to remain there and it would be the grossest insult to him to dig it up. This is the reason he resents every approach of western civilization that would change the old order of things. It is sacrilege to try to change the things fate has fixed.

He is also cursed by superstition. It haunts him, poisons him, possesses him to a degree seldom found anywhere. His religion and all his makeup is tangled with a web of superstition. He wears charms on himself and on his horses to keep off the "evil eye," believing there are people so in league

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with evil spirits that when they turn their eye upon you they bring a train of evil with that look. Several times our horses chanced to lose these awful looking beads from their necks and everything had to wait until the lost ones could be found or new ones secured, for it would have been ruin to go on without them. A king would not be more distressed over the loss of the crown than was my driver over the loss of those beads and no king could say as many awful sounding things in the same length of time. They go on long pilgrimages to their holy cities, Jerusalem, Mecca, Modena and Hebron that they may touch the sacred spots and rid themselves of all ills to body and soul as well as secure a passport to Everlasting Blessedness. Rugs and robes are placed on these holy spots and carried back that their touch may impart a magic power and work many wonders. We saw many of these pilgrims who had gone through the worst denials and privations to save means enough to take these long and arduous journeys and everywhere we went they were our fellow travelers.

The Turk is absolutely unreliable and dishonest. Nobody can beat him lying. He seems to prefer a lie to the truth. They cannot trust one another. The government has inspectors to such an extent that everybody seems to be watching everybody else. The government and the thieves are in league or rather they are one and the same. If you don't want the robbers to bother you you can pay the government for protection and the government will divide with the thieves. Everybody is open to bribes and often this is the only passport that will get you through.

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We were charged an entrance fee of two dollars each as we entered Turkey; another sum to get through the Balkan mountains; another to get out of Constantinople; a medical fee to enter Alexandria, and a fumigation fee to get out of Beirut. We would not have objected to paying the last if they had fumigated themselves, but the rascals took the fee and fumigated nothing. You can't trust them. They will rise from their prayers and kill you if they get a chance, and they will steal anything from anybody.

The Mohammedan is on fire with hatred toward all foreigners, especially Christian. His Bible enjoins it upon him. His religion excites him to holy wars to exterminate by the bloodiest methods all who do not believe as he does. His country has run with blood in many massacres and if they do not again flood their hills with foreign blood before this war is over it will be because they fear England and America too much. Their missionary propaganda is one of bloodshed; it was the way their founder won his victories; it is their future hope, and woe to the foreigners who fall into their hands when the Holy War begins.

They are cruel and heartless despots to their own people. The burdens their state and church put on them is hard to realize. The government sells the tax-gathering privilege to the highest bidder. He pays the government whatever is agreed upon and grinds out of the people in the district he covers whatever he chooses, the people having no redress whatever. Often the people have to pay over fifty per cent. of what they make for tax. One day our

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train stopped and we saw a man with a flock of sheep and goats, about a dozen in all, about two hundred yards from the track. The trainmen who were officers of the law, the government owning the railroads, left the train and had an argument with the shepherd. They took the finest lamb from the flock and brought him bleating to the train. We learned from our guide that they had a law that whenever a shepherd let his flock get in a certain distance from the train (close enough for one of the rascals to steal a sheep I suppose) they took a lamb as a fine. This poor man was unable to pay the price of two mejidos (\$1.60) to redeem his lamb and the trainmen carried it away for their dinner. This was another of their many methods of robbery. The fruit trees have been taxed until large sections once rich with fruitage are desolate for it is cheaper to have no trees at all than face the unmerciful tax of Turkey and the trees are cut down.

A very marked trait of the Mohammedan character is his attitude toward women. He professes great chivalry. He has veiled the faces of his women; not even her own household can see her face. He has private quarters for the women of his house even though he lives in poor tents. And when she leaves her shoes at the tent door as a sign that she occupies her quarters, no man, no matter how near, by family ties, can go beyond those shoes. He has been given great credit for the way he honors women because of these things, but he deserves no credit at all. He has the most degraded opinion of women. His bible teaches him she has no soul, but

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is merely a piece of property below par with his sheep or his donkey. His religion allows him to trade her for anything he chooses when he tires of her, and his bible tells him when she does not please him to take her to the tent where the cattle stay, the place where she belongs, and beat her until he is satisfied.

This bible also tells him his allotted number of wives is four, but if he really desires more "God is merciful and kind." When a girl baby is born into a home he goes into a protracted spell of mourning; his friends stop speaking to him and often he divorces his wife or sells her, all because she has become the mother of a cursed girl instead of a boy. A poor little girl is born to a life that is a curse. We saw little girls from four (not fourteen) to twelve working in the brass factory at Damascus hammering out with their little hands the fine brass ornaments we prize so highly. We saw girls hardly grown building the new Turkish railroad under guard of armed soldiers. We saw hundreds of girls and women carrying heavy pitchers of several gallons, each full of water, on their heads, many miles through the awful Syrian sun. Often we saw women walking, carrying children or other heavy burdens on long journeys, while their gallant husbands rode beside them.

What does the leaving the slippers at the tent door and the veiling of the face amount to in the face of these things? Poor woman! She is a brute and a beast of burden. She looks old and haggard before she is hardly grown. What can a people amount to who treat their women

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—the instruments of the best and the purest in the human race—that way? And after all, as much as Christ has done for men, how much more has He done for women! We feel this more in foreign lands than in our own. Our religion and civilization is the only one the world has known that has raised woman to the place where she belongs.

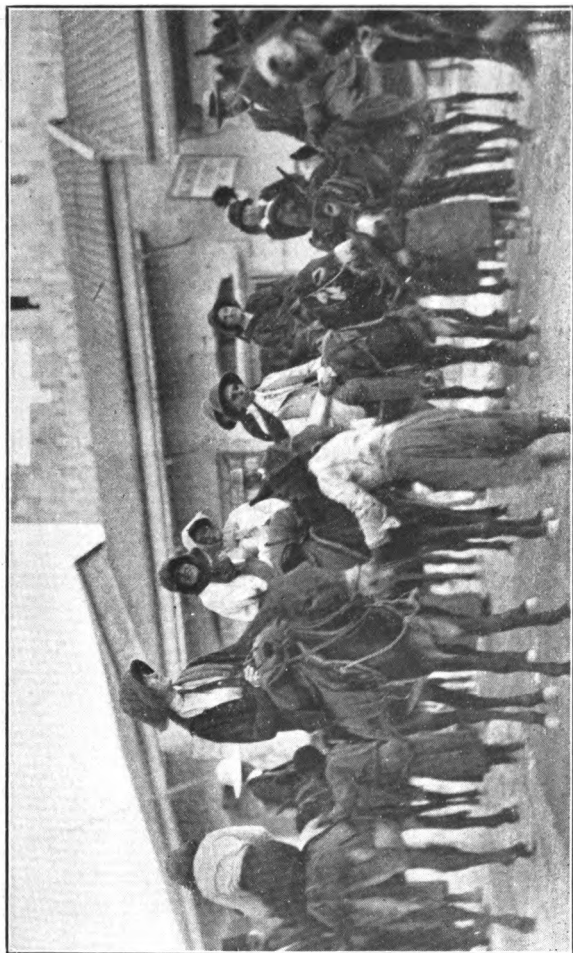
The Turk is the most religious person on the earth and yet the most non religious. He prays five times a day and yet he does not pray at all. In Constantinople alone he has five hundred and fifty mosques or churches, with many others scattered over his vast domains. Five times a day the priest mounts the stairs to the minaret or belfry, comes out of a little door upon a little porch that extends all around the tower and sends out upon the world his wierd call to prayer. He lifts up his voice in this call four times, each time standing with his face toward the four points of the compass. This is perhaps the most doleful sound that falls on the ear of the traveler in any land. At the sound the Mohammedan stops whatever he is doing and prostrates himself in prayer, first turning his face toward Mecca, his most holy city. He carefully spreads his rug, robe or kerchief upon the ground or floor wherever he is. Sometimes he is hindered for lack of room. He can't go through his performances very well in crowded quarters and often if he is on a train at the hour of prayer he will wait until the train reaches the next station and get on the ground beside the train where with one eye open on the conductor and the other closed on Allah, he prays. It

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takes him a long time to go through his prayers and the different actions, motions, postures and prostrations he goes through would run Father O'Hooligan a close race when he grinds out pontifical mass over the incensed corpse of an arch bishop. One reason the Turk takes so much time to his prayers is because it gives his lazy nature a chance five times a day to stop whatever he is doing and for a long time loll out his sleepy devotions. He does not seem to say anything, it is all motions and at times he seems to be asleep. If you are near he watches you with one treacherous eye while he keeps the other closed to the world and when he finishes his prayers you had better keep both eyes on him.

It is hard to realize how burdened the people are. There are practically no schools and the people live in an ignorance and degradation that is appalling. They haven't any home life and many of them have no homes. They live in the fields until winter comes and crowd in mud huts, dens in the ground or anywhere they can, like rats. Many of them do not get enough out of life to call it living. They can be seen often going to the shops with coins that look like tobacco tags they have begged from the travelers, stolen, worked for or gotten any way they can. Some of these coins are worth as little as one-tenth of a cent. They will pay one or two of these for a little piece of dirty bread, many months old sometimes, and a handful of pumpkin or melon seed and upon this make their meal.

Some one asks why don't they rebel and overthrow their accursed government? You might as



Our party mounted on donkeys ready for a ride. How many donkeys do you see?

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well ask why does not a team of mules overloaded and abused, rebel against their master and set up a new government. What can people so completely crushed do against the government that oppresses them? They haven't strength, brain or spirit to do anything.

Thus southern Europe, much of it Asia, upper Africa, Palestine and the vast desert lands of Arabia, have for centuries been under the power of the Turk. He holds the most strategic part of the earth, unequalled in fertility, unbounded in commercial possibility, great in historic value, and he curses it, while the civilized nations, desiring to carve the Turkey but in their jealous hunger for the biggest piece can not determine who should wield the knife. But the day of the Turk is nearly done. His crescent that has shone so long over this great part of the world in places rich and holy, is waning in the west. Faster and shorter grows the gasping breath of the sick man. Soon it will be hushed; he will be buried in the graveyard of Oblivion and upon his grave a better civilization will spring to bless the land he cursed so long.

In simple justice it should be said the Turk has one good trait. He will not drink strong drink. It is against his religion and his law. Many times we sat with him at meals in the midst of clinking glasses and flowing wine, but not once did we see him touch it. Our people drank it. Yes, our Christian folks from our Christian land, Sunday school teachers and even preachers, drank it—not Methodist preachers. The Methodists came home with

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their lips unstained and we even spoke out in meeting about how it looked for Christian people en route to the Land of the Lord to sit with Turks at their own tables and drink their wine while not a Mohammedan, on account of religious principles, will dare touch it. There were others besides Methodists who stood with us. A great many of our people when they travel through those lands do drink wine, claiming the water is very bad and dangerous, and the wine, which is very mild, makes a fair substitute. But then they are far away from home and the wine is free.

A few years ago some Englishmen offered to pay large sums of money to the rulers of Arabia for the privilege of selling their liquor for their native products. They were told England did not have money enough to buy the privilege of putting that curse to civilization in the hands of their people. Then the wily English, believing that doctrine of which you may have heard, "Prohibition doesn't prohibit," tried to smuggle it in. They were caught, their liquor burned in a public bonfire and they were beaten half to death and sent home with instructions that the next time they were caught trying to thrust their civilization on Arabia the job would be finished. So in Arabia prohibition prohibits.

One of the wonders of the human race is how an ignorant camel driver like Mohammed could arise with a perverted form of the Christian religion, mixed with the worse things of paganism, and gather about him such a powerful dominion that has blocked the march of civilization and held sway in a large part of the world for centuries.

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In the face of what we know about Mohammedanism the question naturally arises, what progress does the religion of Christ make among them? While of course it is exceedingly difficult to break through such barriers, the progress of missions has been notable. Last summer a prominent Mohammedan in Egypt was converted to Christ and was preaching his new faith in Cairo with such demonstration as to remind one of Billy Sunday. He occupied the largest house he could get in the city and so great were the crowds that surged to hear of his new faith he was forced to issue tickets in the order in which the people came. Sometimes it was three or four days before one's turn would come to get in the meeting. A lady teacher in a mission school told us there was so much interest among the girls that they walked many miles, bringing enough of their stale bread they had baked before school to last them through the entire session. Thus living in the poorest way they eagerly sought to learn all they could about our religion.

We met Rev. Mr. Forder, a Wesleyan Methodist missionary in Jerusalem. He gave twenty-five years of heroic service to the Mohammedans in the Land of Moab, working under awful persecutions, but delivered by God in ways truly miraculous. The way the country was finally opened to him and he won the hearts of the people was touching in the extreme. His baby fell sick and died. They buried the little one in that far away strange land, the father the undertaker, the mother the chief mourner. The people gathered in great numbers to see them give their

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child Christian burial, so different from that they gave their children. The people seemed greatly touched and the next day a native came to the house of the missionary bringing a little lamb in his arms, with the story that it was customary among their people, when parents lost a little one, for another mother who had a baby to lend the bereaved mother her own child, so that in her aching loneliness she might give her affection to the borrowed child and gradually accustom herself to her sorrow. As his wife had no child to send they had brought the lamb and wanted Mrs. Forder to give her time and devotion in caring for the lamb, thus easing the burden of her sorrow and loneliness. Thus the burial of the missionary's baby in that strange land opened the hearts of the people that had been sealed so hard and this beautiful instance shows that beyond the outer walls of superstition and evil there is a human heart after all that speaks the universal language of the soul. These and many other examples show that with an apostolic ministry the gospel of Christ can break even the walls of Mohammedanism and win those imprisoned souls to God.

VIII.

A VISIT TO SMYRNA.

An eighteen-hour ride on the Aegean Sea, by islands that were old before our country had written a line of history, brought us through the Dardanelles from Constantinople to the bay of Smyrna. The boat was rough, the odor bad, the food smacked too much of goat and there were too many Turks along; but above all this were the soft blue skies, below us the blue waters, and all about us that wonderful heavenly night with the moonlight upon the waters.

I shared my little room with a Methodist preacher, a Baptist preacher and a Mohammedan cat. The Baptist and the cat were very sea-sick and kept us from sleeping well. My place at the table was between two Turks, whose main diet was a big bowl of spaghetti cooked with an abundance of goat grease. There didn't seem to be any beginning or ending to the snaky looking dough. They ate it by suction. Getting their mouths near enough to the dish they guide it with a spoon and keep a perfect stream of the greasy stuff going to their mouths like cotton in the cotton mills running through the spinners, while the goat grease goes where it may. I was reminded of the Southern belle of dusky color who informed her beau at supper that she did not like to eat watermelons. When, with great astonishment, he asked the reason why, she said, "Cause I don't like to git de juice in mah years." Try our best, we could not eat spaghetti like the Turks. It is a distinct privilege, however,

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to sit between two and see them eat it, especially when you have seen the spaghetti hanging up in the back yards to dry where it is made, and the goat meat that is cooked with it, hanging in their markets. This was not the first nor the last time we had to eat what was set before us and ask no questions for conscience's sake and other reasons.

Our boat cast anchor in the beautiful harbor of Smyrna, which is also a great one, and we prepared to go ashore. Several boats from different nations were hung up at the dock and we had to stop several yards from the shore and be transferred by little row boats. It seemed that from every quarter these little boats came—about two hundred of them—with the skill and speed of birds to our boatside, while their owners set up an awful howl and jabber as they quarreled with one another for the best positions and called to us at the top of their voices for our patronage. All of this in a general mixture of broken English—badly broken—French and German at the rate of about ten per cent., with the rest in Arabic, all made emphatic with jerks and gestures astonishing to see. A crowd of hungry geese at feeding time would not have set up a more lively scramble and their talk would have been about as much understood. We were soon landed on the main street that runs along the water front, where a little car, drawn by donkeys, seemed determined to run over us. The street was crowded with camels from afar, bringing figs, rugs and other native products to the sea to exchange for other things needed. Nearby was the fish market which needed no sign to advertise itself; also the packing

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places for the celebrated Smyrna figs, and a short distance up the street the bazaars.

One of the greatest things in the East is the bazaars. No tongue or pen could justly describe the wonderful sight produced by this great mixture of men with the still greater mixture of native products, all blended in endless confusion of styles, costumes and colors, while the black men and still blacker men (for now and then among the other hues you run upon a Kafir, Nubian, or a Sudanese, black enough to make a common negro look pale), brown men and yellow men, all clattering, jabbering, sputtering, gurgling sounds at you which vary in sound from the roar of a lion to the mixing of a Seidlitz powder. To go through the bazaars of Smyrna, Constantinople and Cairo, to be pulled and jerked, sputtered and hissed at with an endless array of goods, of every color of the rainbow and several that have never been hung up in the sky, before you, while hundreds of figures of every countenance and costume known to man, on exhibit in the little half-lighted booths, with as many odors as they have colors, has the effect upon the subconsciousness something akin to the jim jams, but more pleasant. In these famous trading places you can buy the finest products of the East at almost your own price.

Smyrna is of great interest to the traveler because it has long been the second great city of the Turkish Empire. It has a fine location and from any point of view produces a most pleasing impression. Before it lies one of the greatest harbors of the earth and on beyond the blue waters of the

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Aegean Sea. The city sits upon the side of a commanding hill, while behind it are great and imposing mountains, among which old Mt. Pegasus raises his lofty head, speaking of the distant time when about him the proud old city surged, while upon his crest rested the crown of Roman life and glory. Smyrna claims an unbroken history of three thousand five hundred years, and is now one of the greatest cities of the country, pouring from the regions beyond into her harbor a wonderful stream of commerce. Another great honor claimed by Smyrna is, being one of the seven cities in which Homer was born.

But the point of greatest interest to the Christian is that Smyrna was the home of one of the Seven Churches of Asia, to which God, through Saint John, on the Isle of Patmos, not far away, sent those messages which were to come with light and life to all churches for all time. This is the only one of the seven cities in which those early churches were located that is great and prosperous, the others long ago having gone to dust through the wear of the ages and the vandalism of man. The church at Smyrna claimed another distinction in that it and the church at Philadelphia were the only two out of the seven that received only words of praise in those letters. In all the others when the good points had been recounted the Almighty voice spoke to the Revelator these awful words: "Nevertheless I have somewhat against thee." How many churches and how many souls our Lord will thus address when he writes our record it is sad to contemplate. When God spoke the good deeds of the



The Jews' Wailing Place in Jerusalem as we saw it.

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church at Smyrna there was no "nevertheless."

You surely feel linked to the past in Smyrna. The missionary links in the chain of the years gone and the Dark Ages glow with heaven's light. You are at the site of the church of Smyrna with the second chapter of Revelations before you, and the history of Irenaeus, who was bishop of Lyons at the close of the second century. He was the pupil of Polycarp, bishop of the church at Smyrna, and has written things about him that have come down through the years to us. Polycarp was the disciple of Saint John and John was the disciple of Jesus. So that morning as we stood in Smyrna we felt our hands were holding the unbroken chain of history back to Jesus, which gave us strange feelings as we looked at the links—Irenaeus, Polycarp, John, Jesus.

It was here in the market place of the city one Saturday afternoon that the great and good old Polycarp was fed to the flames when the devil and his angels tried so hard to destroy the faith of the early Christians by burning their bodies. Little did they think those martyr fires were starting a light that would outshine the stars, and that by the aid of that light that shone on the world of sin and darkness so many souls would be able to see the face of Christ. They brought more for the Lord in their death than they could possibly have done in their lives. Truly does the Scripture speak of all such "Of whom the world was not worthy." Polycarp was offered freedom if he would deny his Lord. The old saint's answer was, "Eighty and six years have I served Him and He

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has done me no ill; how, then, can I blaspheme my King who has saved me?" He fed the soldiers who came to take him and requested of them an hour for prayer. As they saw him praying a strange awe came over them and they repented they had arrested him, but led him to the Roman Court, which sentenced him to death. They burned him, and his friends gathered up the old man's ashes and buried them, overlooking the beautiful bay. Heathen Turks tramp the sacred spot, crying, "Polycarp toomba' backsheesh" (all they know of English), little knowing what that spot means to the Christian's heart.

The church of Smyrna is gone. The congregation is gone. The Turks hold forth where the glorious light of this spotless church shone long ago. But the faith they had is not dead; the flowers they planted have not withered, nor is the vine they planted by the wall of that church blighted. Across many seas and into many lands the fragrance and the fruit of that early religion has gone and lives to the glory of God. Standing in these ruins where heathenism has followed Christianity, some ask, "Isn't religion a failure?" Because the sun goes down, does it go out? It goes beyond our vision to shine on the other lands, and so the Sun of Righteousness went beyond the view of some of those people who would not open their eyes to His saving light, but the light of that Sun did not go out. On those people who opened their eyes to His light He is shining with ever-increasing splendor, and there is healing in His wings.

One of my favorite texts to preach from has long

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been Rev. 2:10, "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." My visit to the Bible lands opened many texts in ways I never dreamed of, and this was one of them. This text was to the church at Smyrna. All the commercial and social glory that crowned Mt. Pegasus in the height of her Roman splendor made Smyrna appear as the queen of the world sitting on her throne above the sea. So the ancients regarded her. They referred to her crown of life and glory. If the Roman life of that city could be called a crown, what a crown the life to come would be to those in the church at Smyrna who, in the persecutions to follow, were faithful unto death! How that life—pure, endless, sinless, painless—compares with the life of Rome at her highest! What an exchange, death for life; Smyrna for heaven! But I will just mention the fact and not preach the sermon.

Being very anxious to visit all the scenes of this sacred history in and beyond the city, we soon had a dozen carriages in line, driven by as many treacherous looking Turks, and drawn by horses small and ugly, but tough and fast. It is amazing how much hard driving and rough treatment these little horses will stand. The Turks—in fact nearly all the drivers we saw—have a recklessness and speed in their driving that would make Jehu take a back seat. Numbers of times we held our breath and closed our eyes as we furiously drove through narrow streets crowded with venders, camels, donkeys, people and dogs, and through the whole summer, with many hairbreadth misses, we had only two minor accidents. In Athens we upset a fruit

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peddler with no damages save a few split apples and lingual explosion that sounded like a pot full of Heroditus, Livy and Modern Eloquence boiling over. The other was in Damascus, in the street called Straight, where through the crowded market and hundreds of dogs, we made schedule time with no mishap save running over the left hind leg of one of the Sultan's Fidos. It should be remembered that these European carriages are the only wheeled vehicles found in Turkey and Palestine.

Up the narrow, crowded streets of Smyrna our carriages went for Mt. Pegasus. The streets are only a few feet wide and are full of venders, basket-makers, shoemakers, coppersmiths, etc., the most of whom sit flat upon the ground. Our horses dashed along, sometimes brushing against them, but they seemed too busy or too lazy to notice us. Streams of dirty beggars of every age followed us with the cry of "backsheesh," which is ever in your ears.

Deep in thought and meditation of the sacred history born here, we almost forgot the degradation about us. Higher we climbed until we had a wonderful view of the city below with the ships of many nations swinging on their anchors at her quay and the waters of the Aegean Sea stretching on until they touched the blue Mediterranean. To our left herds of goats browsed about the base of the old Roman bridge, over which the splendor of the empire went in the days of Jesus. Up ahead of us was the site of the church of Smyrna and still beyond the tomb of Polycarp. Our little horses settled down to their up-hill pull while we settled

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still deeper into meditation. The beautiful morning, and the sacred scenes made a day seldom equalled in a lifetime. But how soon were we to be served with one of those sudden changes these folks thrust upon you as they sweep you through centuries of time from the things that used to be to the things that are now.

In the midst of our deepest and most profitable meditations some of the horses balked—how many I don't know; really I am not sure that any balked at all—anyway that or something else caused us to presently be served free of charge with one of the greatest shows which in all my life I have ever seen or heard. I would give a good price if I had the power to produce with word or pen or motion picture what followed. I hesitate to try, for I know I will fall so far short of doing it justice. I am sure no member of our party can ever forget it, but all will ever consider it one of the richest experiences that was ours—something that was not on the regular program and for which there was no extra charge whatever.

Our carriages all came to a standstill, and the Turkey drivers began to gobble at one another and to make signs. At first it was mild and slow, but soon the grindings and the gratings that came from their throats grew faster and louder, while gesticulations, gyrations and contortions became more violent, increasing every second in rapidity and force. They let go their lines and stood up that they might be freer to practice their bodily and guttural performances, all of which increased in volume and movement like a gasoline engine getting

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under way. Presently they all went down upon the ground where they could have still more room and get one another better. They met face to face, and glowered at one another until their eyes, aflame with Satanic fire, seemed to bulge from their heads. Their faces were so contorted that their noses, eyes, ears and mouths seemed to rapidly change places like the letters of an electric sign on the street in the night. They trembled, stamped their feet, rubbed their fists in one another's faces. They stood straight up, with their hands and faces lifted high toward heaven, calling upon their God with more vehemence than the prophet of Baal on Mt. Carmel. Then they went down upon the earth and prostrated themselves with their faces near the earth and the palms of their hands upon the ground, and prayed. Then they rose and swore.

It will help to picture this scene when you think of the pants these Turks wear. It seems they can't be mean enough in their nature and conduct, but must add to it by the abominable clothes they wear. Their pants are full in the hips, with legs dwindling down on the mutton-leg plan, until they are tight at the ankles with a seat that bags down about two feet. It is the most grotesque costume ever designed by the children of men. The actions of these fellows in those breeches were something not soon forgotten. This went on until every condition known to the body had been gone through with, while all the time a noise as loud as lungs and throats could make it rolled from their throats with a swiftness that would make an auctioneer or a lady at a tea party green with envy. This stuff

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could not have been talk. They could not have understood one another. A cat serenade in the back yard at midnight was Shakespearean rhetoric compared to this. Mark Twain said, when he heard cats fighting at night, it wasn't the fuss that bothered him, but the fact that "they used such miserable bad grammar." If catawailing is bad grammar, I don't know what this was. It varied in sound from the boiling of mush to the grinding of glass, with constant explosions from their internal regions as though they had swallowed several packs of firecrackers each and they were going off.

Why they were thus giving their attention to one another and not to the horses, if they had balked, was strange, and led us to think the horses had not balked. And yet, if that was not the case, I don't know what it was. The whole thing will remain a mystery. Some thought it was a little side show they were serving to us with the hope of some extra backsheesh. Others thought it was a plot to get us out of the city in this lonely place and rob us, and they were merely debating how they should proceed and how they would divide us up. When this theory was advanced, some of our men became alarmed and our ladies began to cry. As for me, I did not think of danger. I forgot all about the sacred spot and its history. I almost forgot who I was and where I was. I could not even be a knight to the hysterical ladies. I sat back in that carriage, looking upon the greatest circus I had ever seen, and it was not costing me a cent.

After awhile, about the tomb of Polycarp, I tried to brush all these things away and enter into the

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spirit I expected to find up there. I often close my eyes and stand there again. I see Mt. Pegasus and the city below, the boats in the harbor and the blue sea beyond. I see the teeming life of Rome in the height of her glory surging about that proud old city. I see Polycarp going to the flames. I see the messengers coming from Patmos with John's letter to the church at Smyrna. I see the angel coming down from heaven with the crown of life to put upon the heads of those who, in the midst of trials we can never realize, were faithful unto death.

At other times in other moods I close my eyes to things about me and see that circus again, and I cannot keep from wishing I could, by tongue or pen or artist's brush, put it in a living picture. When the performance was at its height our horses started to run with all their might, without any drivers to stop them. I had listened to some strange thing they often said to the horses, and, realizing something had to be said and done, I yelled at the horses as nearly as I could that thing I had heard them say. I don't know how near I came to it. I don't know whether I was swearing or not, or whether I was praying to Mohammed, but it answered the purpose, the horses stopped, and we got the lines and held them until the performance was over.

When we reached the boat our ladies fixed their hair and otherwise adjusted their disordered looks as they almost cried again for joy, while the men smiled and sighed for the same reason. Some lady said to our guide: "Oh, wasn't it awful? Did you



Jerusalem looking from the upper end of Olivet over the Valley of Kidron. The black dome toward the left is the Temple site. Calvary is at the upper right hand corner. Gethsemane is in front of the Temple. A Shepherd and sheep appear in low left corner.

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ever see anything like it?" The guide looked at her with a smile and said, "Madam, I have been going through that every day for twenty years."

IX.

ON MARS' HILL.

Leaving Smyrna our boat turned her nose across the Mediterranean to the land of Egypt. That cruise on that wonderful body of water so rich in history; those glorious days, and soft summer nights, will never be forgotten.

We spent a day in Athens, landing in the harbor five miles away and took the car for that city—great in the days that are gone. We were struck with the difference in things here and in Turkey. We saw about us more thrift, intelligence and decency; also more kindness and friendliness toward foreigners. While the Greece of to-day does but faintly picture the Greece of old, there is not only in the atmosphere and on the breezes of sentiment an element of greatness, but it is seen both in the people and the country. It is no wonder there is no love between this little kingdom and Turkey so near by.

We took carriages from modern Athens up the hill to the site of the Athens that used to be, and it was truly an upward way. On top of these commanding hills stands the ruins of this great city of culture and learning. Even a feeble imagination can paint a thrilling picture of those people and those days as one looks from this big hill that rises above its fellows, giving a fine view of the sea and the hills behind, while all around are ruins, some crumbling back to earth while others stand, and when a multitude of generations still have come

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and gone will still be standing the dash of the winds and the roar of the storms. To look upon these massive, majestic ruins makes you feel that the worldly culture of this age is hardly standing on the same platform with those days. The Acropolis, the Stadium, the Theatre of Dionysius, the Temple of Zenus, and the Parthenon, standing here when centuries have past, are still marvelous monuments of the boldness and skill of Pericles, the builder, aided by the genius of Phideas, the sculptor, and Ictinis and Mnesicles, the architects. The ruins and the museum full of relics of the greatness of those days are so overpowering that I feel powerless to describe them, and shall not undertake the task. We looked upon the finest sculpture of the world and emblems of life thousands of years old that looked as modern as anything the world can show to-day. The dress and the ornaments of the ladies, as far as design and art goes, looked like they were just from a modern shop.

My mind and heart soon found their way through all the ruins of Grecian glory to two spots that have always stood out as the two most important places in these great ruins. One was the grave of Socrates. It makes the heart leap faster to look through the bars to the grave of that old philosopher who drank the hemlock and left this world, because long before the man of Galilee had walked the hills of earth on His mission of Gospel and Life, this enquiring mind and hungry heart had grasped, even though faintly, the life that gleamed beyond the hills he walked upon, and, single-handed, in

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that old market place, fought for his new faith, and when they had overwhelmed him, refused to renounce the new light he had seen and gave his life to pay the price of his faith, as many more were to do. Perhaps the life of Athens dropped at once into its usual channels and moved on unhindered, glad that the silly Socrates was gone; but how much greater was that idea to grow than all those philosophers had ever dreamed!

The next place my heart turned to was Mars Hill, and climbing to its crest as nearly as can be determined, where Paul stood when he made his speech to the Athenians—one of the greatest speeches the world ever listened to—with my Bible in my hand I read the seventeenth chapter of Acts. Clearly rose the picture before us. There was the market place where the gentlemen of proud Athens gathered to discuss the issues of their minds and propound questions one to another, since they had no papers and magazines to write for and to read. (This custom still exists in many places and it has some good features.) They were ever after some new thing, and every new thing in religion or anything else they could find they brought it as a trophy and added it to their collection. They had introduced all the gods they could find and had erected altars to them.

One day a little man, buffeted and storm-tossed, was conducted by some kind friends into this great city. The world had served him rough. He received no welcome on land or sea, for the waves tried to swallow him and the hills engulf him. He was a little weather-beaten, wiry, unattractive

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looking man. No, there was something so odd, unnatural and strange about him that it made him wonderfully attractive. He was accused of turning the world upside down, but he didn't look like he could do it. His hands were swarthy and tough looking, but they didn't look like they could turn a tent upside down, much less the world. But he was like old Socrates whose body went to dust just across the way, he had an idea and it was this idea that was turning the world and regions under the world upside down. It is ideas and not hands that turn the world upside down now and then. Ideas were in great demand in the market place in Athens. These gentlemen of Athens spread them out like traders do their wares and looked them over. They turned them over in their hands, mashed them to see if they were sound, smelled them and scrutinized all their fibres. They ran constantly to their bargain counters, bringing and taking away some new thing. They were afflicted with that disease that crept in Eden and has never left us. It is "Newitis," a burning fever for some new thing. Eve caught it and turned her face from the Tree of Life to the Tree of Knowledge, because already, though she had been there such a little while, the Tree of Life was getting stale, and the tree of Knowledge, which the devil had just called her attention to, was new. The child is born with this disease, and as fast as his baby hands can catch things he throws them down because they are old, and reaches up for more because they are new. So before breakfast is ready on Christmas morning all the invention of Santa Claus for a

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year has grown stale to him. Ladies have "Newitis," so they must have new clothes. No matter how good a dress and a hat may be, if they have been worn a few times and the eyes of the saints have seen them, they are old, and new ones are very much desired. If you throw pigs a thousand ears of corn they will bite each one once and hasten on the next one in search of something new. Not that I intended to put the ladies and the pigs in the same class, but that I was only illustrating the disease.

So one morning an Athenian, climbing up the shining way to the Acropolis with the fevers of "Newitis" burning in his blood, chanced to see a crowd about the Jewish synagogue, and thinking here was something to feed the hunger he had and give him a choice morsel of gossip to carry to the market place, he turned aside. He heard Paul preaching to the Jews about one named Jesus who was crucified in Jerusalem and arose again from the dead, thereby proclaiming to those who followed him that they should do the same. The Athenian threw back his head and laughed. His heart beat faster, his eyes shone, he quickened his pace up the shining way along the sculptured path to the place where ideas were exchanged, for he had one that was new, and he was anxious to get there with it before all others. When he broke into the circle of idea venders they saw from his looks and his movements he had been out on a hunt, and had made a new catch. So they gave way for him. He at once spread before them the idea he had found, and a number of them ran down the sculptured marble way on the hunt for Paul like a crowd of

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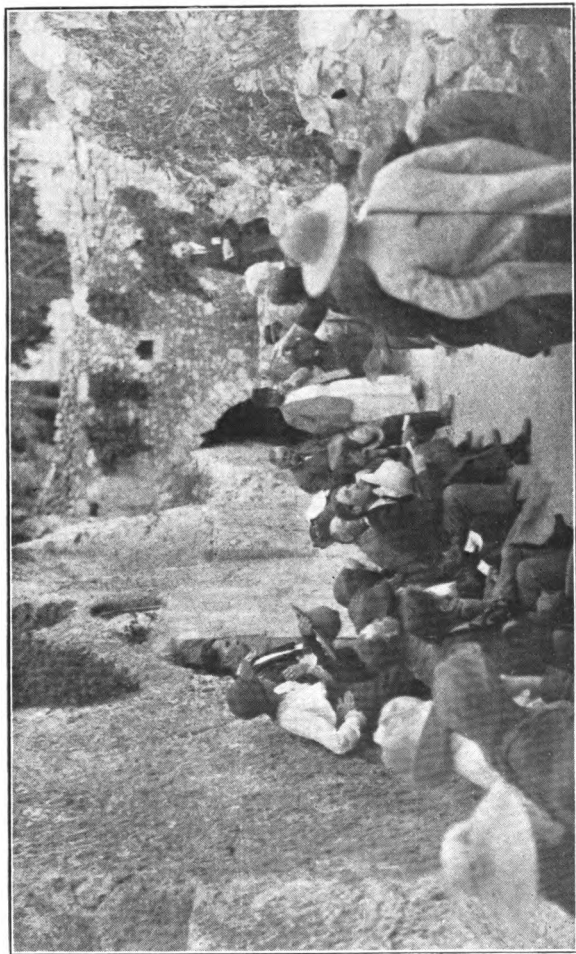
boys go out for the man with a monkey. So they got him, and as the gathering crowd grew larger they pushed him along until they reached the Areopagus, and here in this out-door court where Greece heard and passed judgment on all things, the apostle of the Gentiles got upon, perhaps, this very knoll where I stood, with his speech in my hand. The heavenly fire of Paul and the marble philosophy of Athens had met, and throughout history, when heavenly fire and marble philosophy have come together, the marble has been left in ruin and the fire has gone on.

The great speech was made. No time was lost in elaborate preliminaries or silk-spun flowery introductions. Paul went to the point. He never had time for long introductions and conclusions. He never spends any time getting ready or closing up. "Ye men of Athens," he said, "in all things I perceive that ye are very religious. For as I passed along and observed the objects of your worship I found also an altar with this inscription:: 'To the Unknown God' (How that dart of irony and sarcasm has gone home!) What, therefore, ye worship in ignorance that set forth I unto you. (Did ever a public speaker better grasp and use an incident and a situation?) The God that made the world and all things therein being Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands, neither is He served by men's hands as though he needed anything, seeing He Himself giveth to all life and breath and all things; and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth,

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having determined their appointed seasons and the bounds of their habitations; that they should seek God if haply they might feel after God and find Him, though He is not far from each one of us; for in Him we live and move and have our being; as certain even of your own poets have said. For we are also His offspring. Being then the offspring of God we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold or silver or stone, graven by art and the device of men. The time of ignorance God overlooked; but now He commandeth men everywhere that they should all repent; inasmuch as He hath appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness by the man whom He hath ordained, whereof He hath given assurance unto all men in that He hath raised Him from the dead." (Acts 17:22-31.)

How that speech must have fallen upon their proud ears; what a mighty thrust it was at all their traditions, superstitions and philosophies! Here were new ideas for them. They had something to chew over now. They could herald the new faith of this man far and wide. But strange to say they got mad. The world has always been so. When Divine Truth sweeps the foundations from devils and men they get mad. There is nothing else to do. When logic fails, wisdom answers not and the pride of the world parts not its lips, it is time to get mad. Sometimes a sage cannot answer a question, but any two-penny fool can get mad about it. No matter how cool and quiet Divine Truth is, when it comes into the presence of the devil the devil gets mad. Jesus never did an unkind, unjust



Our party at the Tomb of Christ. The entrance in the center of the wall to the left is the tomb. J. M. Rowland is sitting in front of the entrance.

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or unmanly thing. He was as gentle as a lady, as free from ill as an angel, but he made the devil's angels so mad they killed Him. The drowning of the hogs, the healing of the sick, raising of the dead, and, worst of all, forgiving sins and preaching a resurrection, made the devils so mad that the volcanoes of perdition belched forth their age-long accumulations of vileness. So Athens got mad with Paul.

A thought that overpowers you is, that while the greatness of the world goes down the light of the Gospel goes on. The old Athens has passed away, its glory is dimmed, and its sun is set. These great ruins stand as the lasting monument of the great minds of a great race, but all these things exist only as shadows. At great labor and expense they wrought to build their monuments, but they are gone. How few souls on earth to-day know who Pericles, the builder, was? And when you name Phidias, the sculptor, and Ictinus and Mnesicles, the architects of Athens, not one man in a hundred, long out of college, can tell you who they were without running to the Encyclopedia or the Greek Professor.

But who doesn't know the Apostle Paul? He built no Acropolis, or Parthenon; he only built tents; but the heart of the world beats over the work of Paul, the builder of tents, more than it does over Pericles, the builder of marble Parthenons? Paul had no money. He hired his own house and paid the rent when he sold a tent. Pericles had a mighty nation behind him and the money and wisdom of the world at his call. He built marble temples for Athenian

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ideas to shine in. Paul built tents, but looked beyond the place they were pitched to "the city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God," as he set in motion the idea that has sent countless souls rejoicing through the shadows to the Heavenly light and everlasting life. Which has blessed the world more, Pericles, the empire builder, Phidias, the sculptor, Ictinus and Mnesicles, the architects, or Paul, the servant of Jesus Christ? "Verily the work of man goes down but the work of God goes on."

These were the thoughts that came as we stood on Mars' Hill, to be broken by the call of the guide that the time for dinner had come. We felt that it would be better to stay here than go to dinner, but we followed down to a good hotel, refreshed ourselves with an excellent meal, and were wheeled back to the harbor to our waiting boat. As we steamed out of the bay over historic waters, our faces set toward Egypt, the sun was going down and throwing the glorious light of the closing day upon the hill, upon the white marble ruins of Athens, and across the quiet waters came the thought that while the light of the earth goes out the light of the Lord shines on.

X.

OVER THE SEAS TO EGYPT.

Great was that journey down to Egypt. Wonderful seas, historic shores, historic memories, balmy days, soft summer nights with liquid stars and low hung moon. These things will not be forgotten. Our path had passed ancient Troy and crossed the line of Paul's historic missionary journeys.

Sitting upon the deck, with the breeze blowing softly and the sun shining peacefully upon the far flung line of the sea, we read from Acts Paul's account of his experiences there in the years gone by. How different was his experience and ours! We were with friends. We had above us the flag of a great Christian country to protect us. We carried passports from our government guaranteeing us proper treatment among the people where we traveled. We had the fairest skies, gentlest breezes heaven ever dropped down on earth. But how storm-swept Paul's journey was! "And when neither sun nor stars shone for many days, and no small tempest lay on us, all hope that we should be saved was taken away." It is hard for us to realize what these strong words of the Apostle mean. But God had not lost sight of his child in the teeth of the storm for "There stood by me this night an angel of God whose I am and whom I serve, saying 'Fear not, Paul. Thou must stand before Cæsar, and lo, God hath granted thee all them that sail with thee,' wherefore, sirs, be of

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good cheer for I believe God that it shall be even as He hath said." Thank God for a faith like that! Thank God for such heavenly visitations in the time of life's worst storms.

The 27th chapter of Acts gives a thrill at any time that cannot be surpassed by any literature of earth, but, reading it here, gives feelings that are indescribable. Here was the very spot where the heroic Apostle to the Gentiles—weak, frail and half dead, with all the world against him as he was on his way to the court of a brutal Cæsar, on what he knew was a hopeless appeal, took charge of that boat and its crew in that awful storm and guided it safely ashore, while he made the darkened heavens shine with a faith not of land or sea. He was cast up upon yonder island at our boatside, where he shook the viper in the fire and preached the power of Christ to save and deliver. Oh, to have Paul's faith, so that in all the storms of life we can feel our Pilot at our side, and, looking through the storm clouds, behold the shore he is sure to land us on!

Near here we saw a strange phenomenon in the sea. We had been sailing through waters blue and beautiful when suddenly we came upon a well-marked line stretching as far as eyes could see. Beyond this line the waters were bluest blue. The line clearly divided the two colors and there was no mingling of the waters. It was a formation something like the Gulf Stream, but there was no sign of moving current.

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We had a mingled, mixed, and motley company aboard our boat. There were Christian travelers, tourists and missionaries from England and America on their way to Egypt and Palestine. There were merchants from Athens, Smyrna and Constantinople going to Cairo and Alexandria on tours of trade. There were Egyptians going home from those cities from like missions. There was an Austrian count and countess, with attendants and a lazy, greasy bench-legged pug dog—their only child, who had to be walked by the maid every day. There were Turkish officers and gentlemen, and a good sprinkling of Italians along with some coal-black Soudanese and Kafir negroes to add color to the parade. But the most numerous and most conspicuous part of the company was the steerage, full of Mohammedan pilgrims en route to holy cities. There were several hundreds of these of every age and kind. There were old men, white of beard and brow; old women, bent and wrinkled; strong men and women in their best days; lads and lasses, full of wonder; little ones and ones still smaller, crying, sleeping, crawling. These were packed on two decks like chickens in a coop, with hardly room to eat, sleep and go through their prayers. Such an array of rags, filth, colors and odors would be hard to find. They ate their stale, dirty bread, pumpkin seeds, dates and whatever they had in their dirty, ragged bags, and drank from their dirty water bottles they had along, while those who had nothing to eat did not seem to greatly mind it, perhaps being so accustomed to it. Some seemed so near starved and so lazy that they

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couldn't develop energy enough to get hungry. They didn't talk much. They ate, yawned, prayed, stared and slept. Many of them had been making hard sacrifices for a long time to get the means to take these pilgrimages. There was no denial too hard for such a trip. Now they were about to realize a life-long dream and visit their sacred shrines from whence they could go back to their fellows with the triumphant bands upon their caps and with the assurance that whatever came and whatever went, they were sure to reach Mohammed in heaven, because of where they had gone. One of the most interesting things in Eastern travel is these bands of pilgrims. We moved among them but were cautious on account of germs and fanaticism. No wonder the English government enforces examinations and quarantine regulations in these waters, and in spite of all, plague and other disease often break out. We narrowly missed quarantine twice on account of plague among the pilgrims.

One of the most interesting characters on this part of the journey was an Egyptian judge who had been over to Athens on a legal mission of some kind and was en route home to the land of Pharaoh to assume his judicial duties. Not being able to exactly understand his name, we called him Judge Bathrobe, for the reason that he came to breakfast just as he got up, wearing a dirty night-shirt, with bare feet, his face unwashed and his hair uncombed. If it didn't suit his honor he didn't change his costume all day, and as I remember it didn't suit him until he was ready to leave the boat. The judge was very friendly and tried hard to cultivate the friend-

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ship of the Americans. He was very talkative to the men and exceedingly courteous to the ladies.

The fourth of July found us on this sea journey, so when the day was done and the stars came out in the soft blue sky, we took ourselves to the outer deck where we could have room to let off steam, and entered into a regular American patriotic celebration. It was indeed a striking ceremony, as far away from our native land, surrounded by staring auditors of many nations, afloat on the Mediterranean, we sang our native songs in our native tongue and paid tribute to our homeland so many miles away. I wondered what impression this service and our religious services made upon those children of the East. Doubtless it was all as strange and comical to them as some of their movements were to us. Anyway, we seemed to hold the attention of the people. The Turks, the Jews, the Italians, the Greeks, the Egyptians, the Austrians, the Germans, the English, the Arabians and some others so hard to classify that they would best be put on the remnant counter, came near to look and listen. Even the tired, lazy pilgrims got a little life in them and took a little interest in what was going on. Some laughed, some talked about it in strange sounds, some turned away disgusted, but the most of them looked on silently, with wide eyes and open mouths.

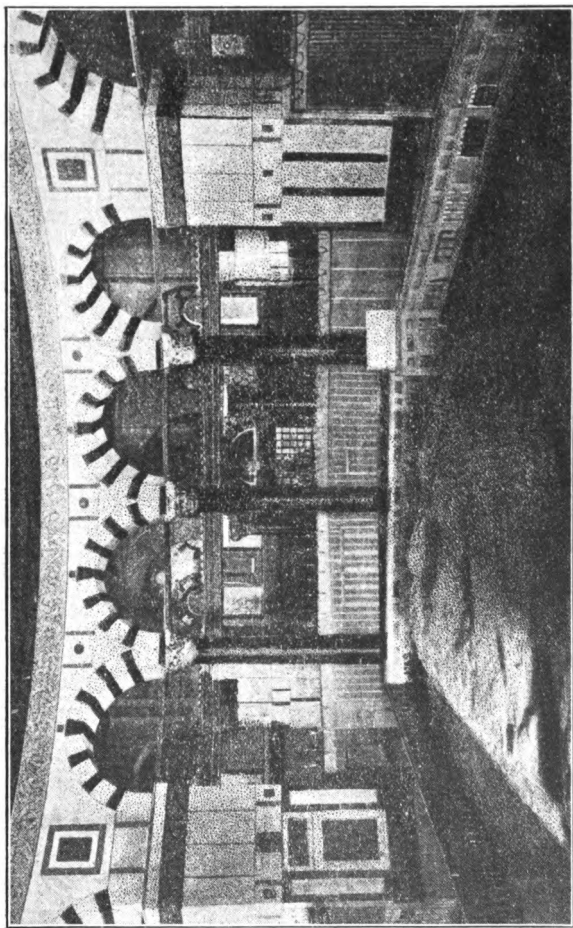
One of our most ardent listeners was His Honor Judge Bathrobe. He seemed to fully catch the spirit of American independence. He clapped his hands in true American style and proposed something that looked and sounded like a toast to the

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Red, White and Blue, though he had no glass. Having the fires of his patriotism so well stirred he got a good supply of strong wine to help him celebrate, and long after we retired His Honor kept up the exercises by prancing up and down the deck in his night shirt, making the night alive with his patriotic speeches, or maybe they were speeches of anarchy, how could we tell? And like many an American judge he misjudged the capacity of the court, over-charged the jury with a preponderance of evidence, and being unable to prove an alibi, his friends had to resort to habeas corpus proceedings to get him to bed at 4 A. M., July 5th. (If this is not legal language it gives the idea.)

We touched the interesting city of Alexandria, named for Alexander the Great, sailed under the shadow of Pompey's pillar, and went ashore to take our first look at Egypt and supply ourselves with cork hats and thin clothes suited for the heat and the travels that lay ahead of us. We found this great city both ancient and modern. There is in its streets, shops and buildings much to speak of England—much of real elegance, and there is much, very much to speak of the East, the old East, and the dusty ancient days of Egypt.

We resumed our journey to Port Said at the mouth of the Suez Canal. This canal is under the control of the British government, which several years ago purchased a controlling interest from the Khedive of Egypt, the sum being twenty million dollars. It has revolutionized Eastern travel, opening a shorter way around the world and pours in and out an immense amount of commerce. More



The Rock Moriah in the Mosque of Omar where Isaac was offered and where
Isreal's Temple Sacrifices were made.

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than four thousand boats each year, carrying more than half a million souls and ten million tons of freight, touch at this custom house, and for the privilege of this waterway pay a toll of twenty million dollars. So great is the traffic through this canal that often a boat is delayed two or three days in getting her clearance papers. This canal gives England a tremendous prestige in commerce and military power, and along with Gibraltar makes John Bull's power hard to shake on this part of this terrestrial ball.

Port Said is said to be one of the most wicked places on the earth, and from what we gathered it could, without a misfit, change its name to Port Perdition. We saw no place where the devil so boldly and persistently flouted himself before us at every turn. It was the Sabbath and of all the Sabbaths of my life it stands out as the most harrowing on account of the things that went on about us. And be it said to the shame of many Americans and English, they were the ring leaders in this vileness. It would be greatly to the credit of England to clean up Port Said. She owes it to herself as a Christian, self-respecting nation. She owes it to the heathen at her doors, being debauched, and whom she ought to uplift. She owes it to the stream of human souls passing through her port. If England can halt the encroach of hostile nations in these parts, can't she halt to some extent the encroach of Satan's dominions? And isn't the Old Mother Country learning that the best way to win in the war of men is first to win in the war of morals? If John Bull had con-

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quored John Barleycorn and his cohorts he perhaps would have won the war already.

Among the army of venders that poured on our boat was a very intelligent Mohammedan who pressed us with his wares. We told him it was our Holy Day and on that day we neither bought nor sold. He at once, with evident respect, made ready to move on to other buyers, saying as he did, that Friday was his Sabbath and that nothing could induce him to trade on that day. Whether he spoke the truth or not I do not know, but one thing was evident time and again, the Jews and the Mohammedans better regarded their sabbaths than many Christians we chanced to meet.

One thing of special interest at Port Said was the Egyptians coaling the big ships. They carried the coal in little baskets on their heads and in a little while a crowd of them put six hundred tons on the ship. They moved like clock work, singing a droning song, all their movements keeping time to the music, like our old cotton-field negroes used to do. What a difference in this method of coaling ships and our method here in Norfolk's port. The big crane picks up a car in a minute down here, hits it clear the track, dumps the load of fifty tons and puts the car back on the track with as much ease as you would put a shovel full of coal on the grate and put up the shovel. But one thing we learned over and over again was that human flesh is cheaper than machinery in the East.

After supper we had our Sabbath service in the dining room, and after committing ourselves to our

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Father's keeping, we fell asleep, thinking of the sacred ground upon which our feet so soon should walk.

XI.

IN THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS.

The shades of evening were falling over the Land of the Pharaohs when we emerged from the Custom House and boarded the train for Cairo. Our faces were toward the Land of Goshen, whither the children of Jacob journeyed with their aged father after the famine had driven them from their native hills into the arms of their long lost brother in whose hands a providential God had put corn to feed them in their hunger.

How strange and wonderful are the ways of God in the lives of men! Who would think Heaven's Guardian Angel would follow a stripling lad like that? Sold as a slave, he was guided into a strange land among strange people, saved from all the dangers of a slave's life, guarded among those who sought his ruin, brought into the leadership of the world's greatest nation where he was made the savior of those who plotted his ruin. Thus ran our thoughts that evening as we went through the land where Joseph was so great and God was so good. The rays of an Eastern moon, that turned on its light when the sun went out, but added to the charm of the pictures that rose before us as the train sped on. In the soft and liquid light of the moon falling on that land so rich in yielding corn, but richer still in its harvest of history (nowhere does the moon shine like it does in this land), we could almost see the sights of the centuries coming up before us. We could almost hear the groans of Israel and the fall of the task-master's lash as he drove them on to make brick without straw. We could almost see the shadows of the plagues falling across the court of Pharaoh, and it started a creeping chill to think we were where all those horrors took place. Large

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loomed the majestic figure of the stalwart Moses coming down from the sands of Midian to lead his people, and clear and strong rose the hand of God as over yonder in the surging waters of the Red Sea He showed that with all the greatness of Egypt God was greater still. We wondered if we crossed the path our Saviour came, as his parents brought him down here to hide from the bloody hand of Herod? That must have been a tiresome trip for the mother and the Little Child as over the burning sands they came! Christ fleeing from a wicked man! And yet, he did it more than once to show the plan of His Father's love to save the world. These were our thoughts as we came to Cairo and found rest in sleep in a good hotel.

Sometimes these old bodies get so tired that even in the midst of the world's greatest glories they sleep on as if they were at home. We were back in the common scenes of home as if we expected to stay there a long time, when called from our slumbers by the loud cawing of the sacred birds of Egypt. Our room opened out on a little porch onto a court full of trees and flowers, and to get full benefit of the breezes we left the door open. At day light these sacred birds came to the door to greet us and bid us welcome to the Land of the Nile, or maybe they came to protest at the intrusion of foreigners into their old and sacred shrines. Whether a welcome or protest, it was loud and enthusiastic. The land is full of these birds and so sacred have they been held by Egypt through her long centuries, that their lives have been protected and people have lost their own lives for killing them. These are the birds that according to the Old Religion of Egypt, bore the soul on their swift wings to the court of Osiris, the chief god of Egypt, where it was judged after it left the body. They were honored and protected that they might carry on this sacred and important work. Whether they

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had come to our room that morning to offer their services to us in this capacity, I know not, but from their mean looks I would fear if we fell into their hands they might carry us to the bad place, for they looked like birds of ill-omen to me. Like Poe's raven, they sat about our door crying, "Evermore" or "Nevermore," I know not which, but they evermore squawked.

We had breakfast—coffee, bread and butter—the Continental breakfast as it is called, because it has been adopted as the universal breakfast over the continent of Europe. It is all you get, and many times, as you long for an old southern breakfast, you feel it has the right name, for, compared to the breakfast a preacher gets in the South it is not worth a continental. The first time I was introduced to it, was in a fine hotel in Germany. From the fine appearance of things I set the notches of my appetite up for one of the finest breakfasts I had ever seen. Presently the waiter brought me two little rolls, a little piece of butter and some coffee. I sat there a few minutes waiting for steaks, ham and eggs, fruits, fish and an array of savory dishes with hard names, but they didn't come. As the others started on what they had, so did I, thinking they had just given us this to amuse ourselves with while they were getting breakfast ready. Surely such a fine hotel would have a fine breakfast. After a while the others got a toothpick and left and so did I. So this was our breakfast in Cairo and everywhere else except on the ocean-going boats and in England. There is no limit to their fare.

Soon after breakfast, as our custom was, we met in front of the hotel to begin our sight seeing, and no sight seeing was more interesting or helpful than those days in Egypt. There is a great deal to see in Cairo. Its charm is both ancient and modern. It is a great city of nearly a million souls, being the

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center of the life and activities of all Egypt and that part of the world. The European section will compare favorably with any city, in its streets, business houses and the business that is done. It has a distinctly English air, every where you go you see the touch of England's hand; her troops keep order, her money and men control business and her rulers dictate the policy of Egypt. The better element of the Egyptians have a section of the city which is rich and attractive. Many of these people are wealthy and live in great pomp and splendor. Some of them, both men and women, are very handsome. In addition to these two elements there is a very large class of the poor that make up the rest of the city's life. These are made up of many classes but are chiefly Arabs, Egyptians, Nubians and Soudanese. From all parts of Upper Africa and other surrounding countries they pour into Cairo in streams. The business of Cairo in its traffic in native products of Egypt and North Africa in its stream of outgoing and incoming commerce is immense.

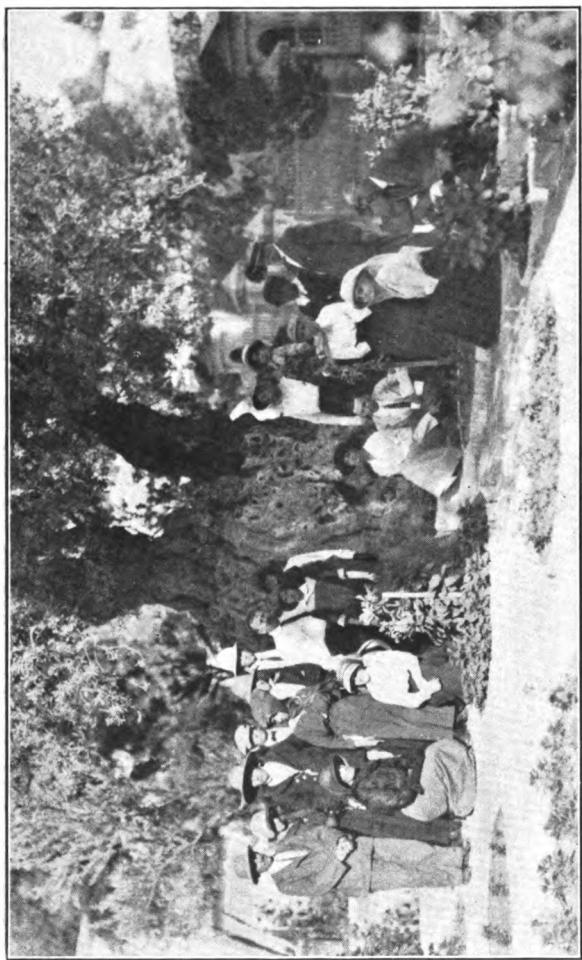
While Cairo is one of the most interesting cities of the earth in its present day life, in its ancient life there is a still greater charm, for in it and about it was written much of the history of Egypt's ancient glories. One of the chief places of interest in the city is the great museum. This was one of the first places we visited. In the East, there is much that is mere legend and the traveler must keep busy separating the real from the unreal; much that is shown you is mere tradition like the wonderful parable in the negro preacher's sermon, "got up fur de purpose ob finances." This is partly due, however, to the fact that in the passing of so many people and their deeds, no record was made that would stand the wear of the years and the hands of vandalism. Egypt, however, has done otherwise. Not only has she left abundant evidence

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in the abundance of carvings and hieroglyphics in her tombs and buildings but she built with such strength and skill that her works endure and speak for themselves beyond all doubt. So when you see the wonders of Cairo's museum you need not think they are the inventions of yesterday. They are the real relics of the fargone yesterdays. When you look upon the face of Pharaoh (Rameses II), who oppressed Israel and contended with Moses, don't look skeptical. It is beyond all doubt the old fellow. It gave us the creeps to look on his strong but tyranical looking face.

Some years ago in the town where I was living, Gen. Richard Wainright of the United States navy and brother of the captain of the Maine whose sinking started the Spanish-American war was spending the summer. I had the pleasure of meeting him and talking with him of his travels and rich experiences over the earth. He was commanding the Gloucester of the South Atlantic squadron which was in Egyptian waters when the wonderful excavations were going on. He was present when the mummy of Pharaoh was brought to light and secured a small piece of his coffin. From the carvings in his tomb, scholars easily learned he was the Pharaoh who oppressed the Children of Israel after the death of Joseph. It links you to the past, in a way that thrills your soul, to look upon the real face of old Pharaoh. The mummy is perfect and the features are well preserved.

Not only did we see the mummies of those distant days but many other mummyfied objects of ages long gone, some of them over five thousand years old. Many of these objects had been preserved in such a perfect manner that it was truly wonderful to behold them, and they looked so modern that it seemed you were gazing in the shops of yesterday. Knives, beads, jewelry, chairs, swords, axes, hats and clothes, very much like ours, safety pins, baked



Our party in the Garden of Gethsemane.

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potatoes, apples, rolls, roast fowl and many other objects in great abundance, made us wonder how much like our own day those distant ages really were. Imagine how a Methodist preacher feels looking on a cooked chicken over five thousand years old?

Another very interesting object to be seen in the museum of Cairo is the renowned "Village Chief." It is a huge statue made of wood, representing the landlord of the old days. When the natives first beheld him, they named him at once "The Village Chief." This statue is made of wood and is nearly five thousand years old. It is one of the oldest and most wonderful relics of long-gone ages. You can but wonder how any kind of wood could be preserved so long. It is in perfect condition, showing no signs of decay from the wear of so many centuries. The features and the form are very striking, no stronger or more perfect human face has ever been produced by art. It really seems to be alive and looks out at you with eyes bright and piercing. The balls of these eyes are made of white quartz, the pupils of silver nails and the eyebrows of bronze. They stare at you where ever you go and those lips, though made of wood, seem trying hard to tell you about the distant day and wonderful land from whence they came. There is something about "The Village Chief" that follows you like a phantom and haunts you for days to come. It was no common hand that wrought such a thing out of wood.

We looked upon some of the mummies of the sacred bulls. They also came from that fargone age and represent the wonderful skill of Egypt's hands and the magnitude of some of her schemes as well as the strangeness of her religion. These bulls were Egypt's gods. They were believed to be deified and were the living form of their greatest and most honored deities. They were kept in temples surrounded with all the luxury and gorgeous

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wealth the richness of Egypt could bring before them. To the temples of these beasts the people came to worship and sacrifice while they lived, and when one died he was embalmed with all the art and ceremony Egypt could muster and buried with pomp and splendor seldom given to a king. It is said, the cost of the funeral of one of these bulls was nearly one hundred thousand dollars in our money, which in that day would have been indeed a fortune. To the tomb of the bull's mummy the people flocked with their worship and their offerings. When a bull died the priests were given the task of traveling through Egypt seeking for his successor. He was selected something like our prize calves are selected at our Agricultural fairs. When one was found whose marks and qualifications satisfied the priests, he was elevated to the divine throne and taken to the sacred temple where he spent the rest of his days in circumstances becoming his position.

The religious ideas of that fargone day were indeed strange and seem harsh and shocking to us, and yet there is something about it all that had a fascination for the people of those days, and in the study of that religion, like the study of all religions of heathen and semi-heathen people, we are struck with the fact that the heart always has had up-reachings for something Eternal, and the heart full of thirst for its God. Egypt spent all her energy, resources and marvelous wisdom and skill in her effort to lay her hand on something Eternal, and to me, herein lies the chief charm of all her greatness and the wonderful works she has left the world. There is something touching and pathetic about how she spent herself to do these things. She believed in the Eternal with all her soul, though her ideas were vague and clouded with the superstition of her age. She longed for the Eternal and spent all her powers to lay her hands upon it. All the pyramids, sphinx, temples and statues were built at an ex-

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penditure of time and strength that staggers the swiftest mind. The idea in their building was to have something that would last, something that the storms of future years could not blow away, something that would be eternal. There is something in the heart that can but honor those who build that way.

They brought all the skill of their fine arts, now unknown, to bear, that they might so embalm their bodies that all coming years could not crumble them away, for they believed the soul was eternal and when it left the body it went through a series of preparations getting ready for the better world. If it was unworthy of that better world, it was sent into some animal that it might be disciplined and punished. Thus, through a continued journey of animal existence it made its way upward or downward until called for to enter its eternal state. The body must be made eternal for the soul to occupy, so the body was embalmed. If the body was not thus preserved, the soul would have no eternal dwelling place, but must wander homeless through the ages to come. Food was placed in the tomb for the body and also for the soul when it came to visit the body. This food was embalmed for the body, but many offerings of food were to be placed in the tomb near the body for the soul on its regular visits. The loved ones and friends looked after this and were encouraged in their faith when on future visits to these tombs they found their offerings gone, never wondering which beat in the race for that dinner, the soul or the priest. Thus before the days of the Pope, did the priests feed themselves fat on the stupidity of their worshippers. There were many more things of interest in this great museum which have been brought to light by the long and faithful efforts of the explorers of America, England and France, but we must pass from them.

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We next visited the old Citadel which is now known as the "Tomb of the Mamelukes." This will always bring keen and cruel visions to the student of Egyptian history. The "Mamelukes" or "White-slaves," were the lieutenants of Mohammed Ali, the great ruler and maker of the present Egypt. What Diaz was to the Mexico of the past generation, Mohammed Ali was to the Egypt of the past generation. The Egyptian was even more cruel and despotic than the Mexican, but like him, did some great constructive work in the government of his people. The Egyptian's work was greater and when he passed away the hand of England reached out to conserve and carry on the work to higher and better achievements and not let it all be lost by rebellions and strife.

Mohammed Ali in building up his kingdom selected some trusted men to help him. These men were true to their leader and wrought well to bring him to the zenith of power and glory. When Mohammed Ali had Egypt in his iron grip, he grew jealous and uneasy for fear the Mamelukes who had brought him into power might turn their hands against him to take that power from him, so he devised a scheme to rid himself of them, which in its diabolical conception and bloody execution would suit the taste of a Nero and gladden the soul of the Archfiend who delights to see blood flow. He invited four hundred and eighty of these, the trusted lieutenants, to a feast in the citadel, and when the festivities were at their highest, his soldiers, who had been concealed by him in the building, at a given signal, opened fire upon them. Mohammed Ali listened quietly to the dying groans of those who had made him king of Egypt and saw them lying in their blood. When the bloody deed was over he quietly remarked that nothing now was between him and the undisputed sovereignty of Egypt. One of the Mamelukes escaped by mounting his horse

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and forcing him to leap the walls of the citadel, and in spite of the rain of fire, made good his escape to the Mokattam hills. A little over a half century ago, he could be seen on the streets of Cairo, an old man with white whiskers, quietly going on his way.

One of the deeds of Mohammed Ali was the building of the Mahmaadiah canal from the Nile to the city of Alexandria. This canal irrigated the surrounding country and made possible the rebuilding by Mohammed Ali of the modern city of Alexandria. This canal, before the railroad was constructed from Alexandria to Cairo, connected the two cities, with a medium of traffic, bringing from Cairo, the inland city, the commerce of the Nile and taking from Alexandria to Cairo the commerce of the seas. This was one of the greatest things that could have been done for Egypt at the time, in opening up the trade for Egypt's cotton and other products. The canal is forty miles long. Twenty-five thousand natives, many of them men, women and children, worked on this task, digging the mud and dirt with their hands under the fierce rays of Egypt's burning sun and the still fiercer lash of the overseer's whip. From fever, dug up in the mud, and exposure and cruelty, nearly three thousand died before the work was done.

We also visited Shooba palace, where Mohammed Ali spent the closing years of his old age, surrounded by wealth and luxury becoming the mighty monarch he believed himself to be. Here, he lived at peace and in ease, notwithstanding the stormy life that lay behind him, so full of blood and horrors. His favorite pastime was sitting on his gorgeous cushions smoking his long Turkish pipe and ordering his servants to take the ladies of his harem out upon his lake in little boats and at his order, upset the boat and give them a good ducking. As the old fellow beheld them floundering in the water and screaming in their fright, he would laugh until the

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tears ran down his cheeks. It is strange how the heart of a criminal can amuse itself and stranger still the things bloody hands will take for their play-things.

We were not long in Egypt until we took ourselves to the banks of the Nile and sailed out upon its waters. We examined the Nileometer, a valve built of brick, in which the rising waters of the Nile, in time of the spring rains, will indicate how far out through the Nile valley the waters will go, thus indicating the kind of crops the people may expect. The canals extending from the Nile are open to receive the waters and hold them for the coming harvest.

Egypt's greatest blessing is the Nile. It is Egypt's life; without the Nile there would be no Egypt; unless the life-giving waters flow down upon Egypt's fertile lands they will be like the barren deserts on each side. On one side are the Libyan mountains and the limitless sands of the deserts, while on the other side the Arabian desert with its unknown sea of sand running from the Nile to the Red Sea and southward through the great Sahara to Central Africa. Here, in this world of sand, lies Egypt. Wherever the waters of the Nile go Egypt goes, and where the water stops, Egypt stops. The line that divides Egypt from the desert is as plain as the line dividing the land from the sea. Through all the slow-going centuries it has been a fight between life and death, between the waters of the Nile and the sands of the deserts. When the lack of rain has kept back the waters the desert has closed in on Egypt, and when fall rains have again overflowed the Nile, Egypt has pushed the desert back, thus preaching a mighty sermon on "Everything shall live where the river cometh," Ezk. 47:9. Wherever the river does not come, nothing can live; thus it is with the River of Life that flows from the Hills of God. It is a fight in the lives of men between

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that river and the Desert of Sin. Wherever the river goes, the sands of sin turn to an oasis of heavenly life, and when the waters of the river are kept back, the deserts of death and sin close in on the soul, producing famine and death just like a drought will do for Egypt. Many times famine and death have come because the waters of the Nile have not come. The seven years of plenty in the days of Pharaoh were seven years of the Nile's full waters going out into all Egypt's borders to make the harvest come. The seven years of famine were seven years the Nile waters did not come down, and the deserts closed in to take Egypt's life away. So, in all our lives the years of plenty are the years when the River of God runs full and free through our souls and the years of famine are the years when we let the desert's sand bear down upon us and the River of Life cannot come to bless us.

The Nile is the longest river of the earth, being over three thousand miles in length. For many centuries, only half of this distance—up to the first cataract had been explored—it remained for Henry M. Stanley, who found the body of David Livingstone and opened dark Africa to the world, to find the sources of the Nile many hundreds of miles further in the interior of the great unknown wilderness. The ancients, not knowing from whence the Nile came, believed its source and origin were from divine sources; they thought it bubbled up in the fields of Paradise and at its source the angels drank and bathed and then the waters ran on to bless the race. They naturally deified the river and worshipped it. So when Moses, by God's order, turned the waters of the Nile into blood, causing it to yield death instead of life, it was a humiliating and deadly thrust at their god.

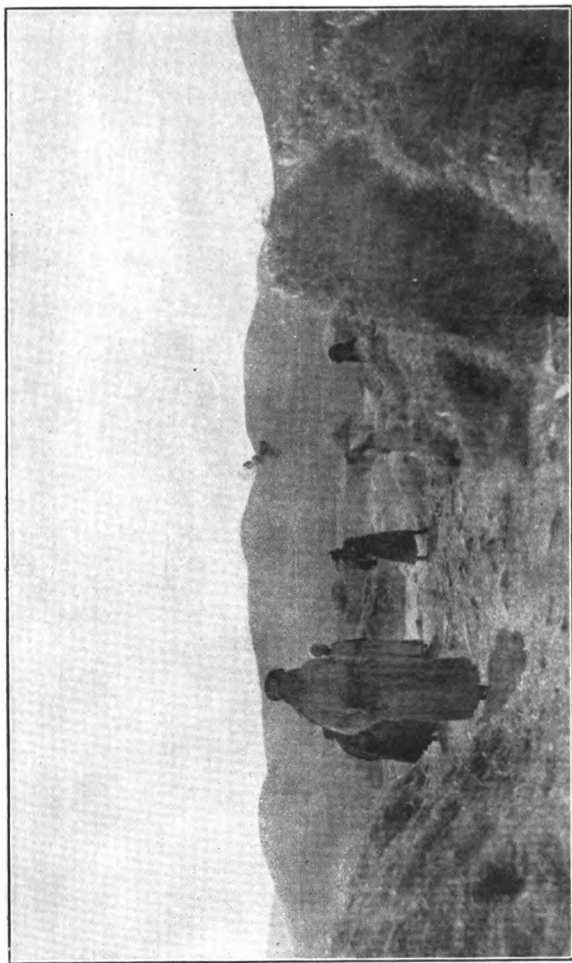
Through the spring rains in the Nile basin it rises for several weeks, gathering in its long journey, rich deposits which it takes down to Egypt as well

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as its moisture. One truly remarkable thing about this great river is that for the last fifteen hundred miles of its journey it has no tributary. The burning sun pours down upon its waters to dry them up, and seldom does a drop of rain fall to pay back the debt. The deserts on each side run down to take up its waters and all that long distance it is the only source of life for the multitude of people and living things, and the population of more than twelve million souls, and yet it pours into the sea at its mouth a bigger volume of water than it has at its beginning.

For centuries in art and literature the Nile has been honored by the earth as well as by the people who depend upon it for life. In the Vatican in Rome, there is a statue of Father Nile, the father of Egypt, leaning on the Sphinx, with sixteen pygmies playing over him. They represent the sixteen cubits' rise of the Nile as it flows by the Sphinx, which will give life and plenty to Egypt. If the sixteen pygmies climb on the old fellow as he leans on the Sphinx it means blessings to the people.

The richness of the Nile Valley is almost beyond conception. The harvests it produces is unequalled by any spot on the earth; corn grows like a wilderness and in its height and thickness looks black in its richness; cotton and sugar cane likewise flourish in a way that is astonishing to see. Never had we seen anything like it as we traveled through its valley. Everywhere we went we saw the half naked inhabitants lounging about or taking their siesta in the shade, if it was the middle of the day. Sometimes they were working in a lazy way, plowing their buffalo oxen or driving them around their irrigating machine which is constructed something like our cane mills. The beast goes round, turning a big wheel on which are buckets of some kind which go down into the water and fill themselves and as the wheel revolves, rise to the top to dump



Threshing wheat at Bethany. After treading it out with cattle, it is thrown into the air for the wind to drive the chaff away. The black spot above the man's head is the handfull of the wheat the picture caught.

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their water into the ditch from which it runs out into the fields. Sometimes these buckets are nothing but old pumpkin shells. The men then get out in the dirt and mud where the water runs, in their bare feet, open a little channel with their toes for the water to run from each row to each plant. It is not a very clean or healthy looking task. When I looked on this scene I called to mind the words of Moses in Deut. 11:10 "For the Land whither thou goest in to possess it, is not the land of Egypt from whence ye come out, where thou sowest thy seed and waterest it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs." Whatever theologians and commentators had said about this text, the picture was there before me to speak for itself. Many times the Israelites had done this filthy and unhealthy work, for it was all the way Egypt had to get a harvest. But God was leading them out of this land that thus depended upon life for its crops, to a land He Himself would water from the skies.

We saw many of the water buffaloes working at their tasks of irrigation and cultivation or lying in the water covered with mud to keep them cool and save them from the flies and fleas. Many times we saw them coming up out of the Nile where they had buried themselves, all but their faces, like Pharaoh saw in his dream. All we saw were fat and not lean, for Egypt was not in a famine then and they could find plenty to eat. We saw many date trees full of dates. These trees grow up with a long trunk, bushy at the top, containing several bunches of dates often so large that a single bunch will make a bushel; these dates are a popular and very useful fruit throughout the East; they are delicious and very wholesome, many people making them their main food.

In Egypt as well as throughout all the Eastern lands the middle of the day is very hot; from about

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eleven o'clock until three the sun is so hot that nobody but the natives who are hardened to it can endure it, while in the shade you can keep very comfortable. The people are in the habit of sleeping or taking their siesta as they call it. The stores and business places close and if you go out shopping you can hardly find a place to buy anything. A few of the poorer natives go on at their tasks, but the most of them forget their troubles in sleep. It is at first a strange and amusing scene to see people everywhere you go, taking this long nap. The "well-to-do" lie in their homes upon their beds or rugs, or perhaps the men close their shops and lie down at the door or in the shade near by. The poor can be seen in great numbers sleeping in the dirt in the streets or in dirty houses where dogs, donkeys, goats and folks in one tangled mass forget their burdens in "nature's sweet restorer." I laughed at these people for what seemed at first to be their laziness, and the first morning we came in from sight seeing I decided to strike out down town to see what I could find, but before I got back my brain was almost cooked in the hottest sun I ever felt, and I concluded they knew better than I did. Therefore I did not sleep for I could never do much of that in the day but I was content to seek a shady spot and stay there until the rising breezes and the receding sun brought in a better hour. About three o'clock the air changes, a breeze begins to blow and from then on it is very comfortable. I found only three or four nights too warm for comfort and suffered far more from heat after I returned to Virginia than I did in Egypt and Palestine. The greatest difference is in the burning sun of the East; sometimes instead of a sea breeze the breeze will blow in from the desert; it is called a Sirocco and makes life almost unbearable, we encountered one, of which I will speak later on.

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One night in Cairo we attended the Feast of Ramadon, the greatest feast of the Mohammedan Church. They celebrate it after a long fast, and, like some folks higher up in the scale of culture, they seem to make their feasting more strenuous than their fasting. I had never seen anything like that event and never expect to behold its like again. It was held in a big park in the city, which was enclosed, and all who entered had to go in at the gate and present a ticket to the keeper. As we desired to behold Mohammedanism at its best as well as at its worst, we secured tickets and went. I wish I had the power to describe that event but it is impossible. There was no end to the people; it seemed that half the world was there; the multitude was made up of all classes, from the Governor and his Company to the waifs and outcasts, but the great and the gay seemed to predominate. It would be hard to find decorations and display to equal it; while the costumes worn were staggering to the senses. Some of the people were indeed fine looking. We saw some of the prettiest women we ever saw on the entire trip and some of the finest looking men; one man, a commander-in-chief of the event, I think was the handsomest man I ever saw. In many different places celebrations of various kinds were in progress with crowds entering into them with great interest and enthusiasm. The crowd that seemed to have no end, moved on in song and celebration; old Egypt seemed to be awake, she seemed to be coming up from the dust-covered cemetery of the centuries in pomp and splendor to sit upon her throne again even though that throne was that of Mohammed. The old country was on fire and she was on dress parade. The splendor, dazzle and glitter of that celebration in its wierd mixture of ancient Egypt, the Prophet of Mecca and modern things can never be forgotten.

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The Feast of Ramadan must be seen, however, to be understood; no man can describe it.

But we must bid you good-bye, O Egypt, and make our way toward Rome. Our days within your borders have been full of interest and into our tomorrows we will carry with us the charm of your yesterdays. Great hast thou been, O Egypt! Wonderful upon the page of human history; tracing back thy beginning over the sands of the centuries until thy tracks are lost in the sands of dim and distant days. Thou art the mother of all the civilizations the earth has known! You were white with age when the foundations of Rome were laid! You were looking back over the sands of your long-gone yesterdays when Solomon dedicated the Temple of the Lord in the City of Jerusalem. Long before the glories of Greece surged about the parthenon you were wearing the white of the centuries on your head! O Land of Magic and wonders so full of buried glory and richness in things that are gone! Land of Cleopatra and Anthony! Land of the Pharaohs and their mighty deeds! Land of Israel's redemption from famine, oppression in tyranny and deliverance from bondage! Land of the mighty Joseph and birth place of the Law Giver of God! Long will the work of thy hands still stand to dazzle the gaze of those who walk beside thy wondrous river that flows on as it has since the world was young, to bless thy people until its journey ended, its work done, it pours itself from its seven mouths, out upon the sea! When thy greatness is gone and thy glory buried, may there come out of the storms that sweep the earth, a better day for thee, and may some hand lift thee up to a better place among the people of the earth! Yea, may the Christ thou did'st shelter from old Herod, who sought his death, come to thee like Moses from over Midian sands and lead thee out from the dust-covered centuries to a greatness more lasting than thy pyramids!

XII.

CLIMBING THE GREAT PYRAMID.

An experience to which I had looked forward with keen interest was that of climbing the pyramid of Cheops. While it is a hard and dangerous undertaking, I had firmly made up my mind, if I was permitted to get there, I would not leave until I had stood on top of this great wonder of the world and looked out over the land of Egypt.

The race of man has never left a greater wonder on the sands of time than these pyramids of Egypt of which Cheops, or the Great Pyramid, is the most famous. No discription or array of figures and fancies can give a clear impression of this mighty monster sitting through the slow-going centuries on the sands of the desert. When you stand beside it and look up its enormous sides, or put forth your strength to reach its top; climbing over its massive stones so high up in the air, you almost feel like the old fellow who visited his first circus. The elephant engaged his special attention. He walked around the great beast several times gazing in wonder at his wonderful, gaint form. He looked at his tail and then at his snout and head; he watched him take his food in his snout and put it back in his mouth. Unable to endure the sight any longer he walked away in disgust, exclaiming, "There ain't no such animal no how!"

The base of this pyramid covers thirteen acres of land—a small farm, and contains eighty-five million cubic feet of solid masonry. Many of the stones from top to bottom measure from four to six feet in their height, length and thickness, and look as large as two pianos put together. How these great stones were ever put in place with such scientific exactness, I haven't time to explain. The heighth

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is nearly five hundred feet. It has masonry enough in it to build a rock wall ten feet high and a foot and a half thick around the states of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Virginia, Tennessee, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, and have nearly five thousand miles of wall left over. It is built in the form of great stairs, and while the wearing weather of centuries and the still more destructive hand of man have made the stones crumble somewhat, unless some earth-quake tears it down it will perish only when Eternity's storms bear all things away on their winds. The outer surface was finished with hard cement but this is gone, leaving the stones rough, which makes it safer to climb. It must have been a sight of unequalled beauty and wonder when thus complete, it stood out on the sands with the sun shining on its sides.

Many strange, weird theories have been advanced as to the plan and purpose of this pyramid in the Divine Plan and final destiny of things. These ideas have been discussed with such length and learning as to stagger ordinary minds. It has been shown that the building is perfect in its mathematical and scientific construction, sitting to the four points of the compass with no stone varying a hair's breadth in its position. Strange and extensive recesses within, with many symbols and measurements, have been understood to point out all the eras and events of the world's history and from them the learned have figured with a final nicety, not only the past, but the future of the world's history, even to the day of its passing away. Such theories are wise and deep and profound but miss widely the meaning of this mystery of stone. Whatever the Almighty had to do with its building He did not mean this.

The question rises, what is this strange thing, and why would any set of men spend so much la-

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bor and expense to build such a structure? The answer is simple: It is a monument built by an Egyptian king for himself, while he was living. The recesses were for his body and those of his family. The Egyptians believed much in eternal things, but their eternal was built out of stone. A king had a desire to build for himself a monument that would end only with the world, and he was willing to spare no expense or labor in the undertaking. It must be admitted, his success is wonderful, and yet I could not but think of the eternal monument built down in Egypt by Joseph and Moses and not of stone. Their monuments will stand. Millions of children know who they were and how they built, but the wisest doctors have disagreed on the man whose brain thought out and hand put up this monument of stone.

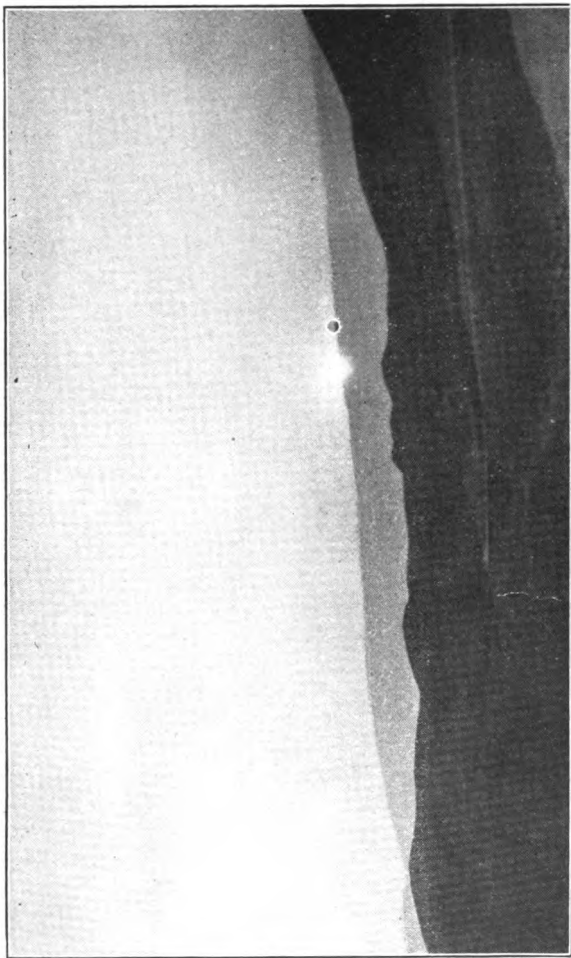
Then the question comes. How did they build it? There is no quarry near. How did they get these stones? Where did they come from? How many men worked on the job? How did they put them in place? How long did it take? It is not good form to answer all questions. Some must be left for the students to find, and besides, the day is too hot to do this subject justice, so I will hasten on to what I set out to tell—how I got up and down the Great Pyramid.

We went on cars out of Cairo toward the pyramids. At the end of the car line we transferred to donkeys and camels, and turned our faces toward the wide stretches of Sahara sands. Thinking a camel more in keeping with such a journey I selected mine. As I looked him over I became more and more impressed with his ancient mien and stately dignity. He seemed to have the manners of the Pharaohs and the odor of those dim centuries rolled so far back in the past. Had his owners told me he was gotten

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out of the pyramids and was ridden by Pharaoh when he pursued Israel to the Red Sea I should have raised no question. He looked it. While I have read elsewhere Pharaoh rode in a chariot, that might have been a misused word, for chariot and camel in the language of Egypt, sound very much alike. But when I looked my beast in the face my feeling of wonder, ecstasy and reverence knew no bounds. It seemed that all the tragedy of the centuries and the woe of the world was stamped upon his face. I never knew before just how solemn, sad, serene, pathetic, tragic a camel could look. His lips were hanging down in woe and disgust; his head was poised high and still. Out upon the far-off line of the desert his eyes were gazing at nothing in particular unless they were trying to rest upon the beginning line of Egypt's history. At the sign from his driver the camel lay down with precision and care. I mounted to the saddle and at a punch from the driver he groaned and complained as though he bore on his back the woe of the world instead of a little preacher. But he began to get up. He started to get up behind as all cud-chewing beasts should, and he kept on getting up behind before he started to get up in front, until I was afraid he would get up all the way behind before he got up at all in front. When he had gotten up behind until he seemed to be on a line with the top of the pyramid, he started to get up in front and I thought he would get up in front beyond where he had got up behind. At length he stopped getting up and I suppose he was all up, but when I looked at him in front he looked higher than he did behind and when I looked at him behind he looked higher than he did in front.

At length we started for the pyramid, some on camels and some on donkeys. When I tried to guide my beast or induce him to go faster he rolled his eyes up at me, dropped his lower lip still lower,



Sun rise over Mount Nebo as we saw it. From the point of Sun rise, Moses gazed over the Jordan Valley into the Promised Land in the front of the picture.

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lollod out his tongue, humped up his back and bel-
lowed out in a way that made me entirely agree
with what he said. Every camel and donkey had
a driver with a large number thrown in for good
measure. They were along to entertain us and make
the journey seem short by crying out for back-
sheesh, begging to tell our fortunes, rubbing our
feet with their uncanny hands and other innocent
pastimes. My driver Mohammed, soon managed to
get my beast out of line with the others and at my
question as to the meaning of it he informed me
there was something very interesting behind a near-
by sand dune that he wanted me to see as it would
take only a few minutes. I stormed at him like I
meant to feed his flesh to the eagles, post haste, and
ordered him back in line under all the penalties I
could remember, chief of which, not a coin would he
get unless he went, and he went.

When we reached the great wonder of the desert
we prepared to gaze up its age-long sides, lost in ad-
miration, but it was not to be so, at least, not just
then. Rather, we forgot the greatness of Egypt's
past as we faced the greediness of Egypt's present.
It seemed that they rose from the sands or fell
down from the sky like a flock of big white birds;
they bore down upon us, a mighty company of eagles
that gather about the pyramid to feed upon the tour-
ists. These guides are Egyptians who wear white
garments and go bare-foot. In the evening shadows,
in their robes, under the great pyramid, they seemed
spirits of a dead age and we seemed in the ceme-
tery of dead dynasties. The whole atmosphere seemed
so mixed with the supernatural and the satanic,
the dead and the living, the past and the future,
that a hypnotic trance seemed to come down upon us
and fixed us so these fellows could play us in their
hands. Nobody can describe the atmosphere about
the pyramids and how these fellows carry on their

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business. I doubt if the world could produce a set of men who can skin you with better skill and send you away happy, like they do. You go away penniless but charmed, and in the chambers of your soul, where you keep your acquaintances, you give them the front seats. They are wonderful fellows.

The British government requires two of these guides to accompany each tourist. One is sufficient to skin you but it is best to have two. You feel you can make the journey without help but it isn't long until you are glad you have two and you would be glad for another one. I selected two of the oldest and steadiest looking ones I saw. They were both Egyptian doctors, Dr. Macboon, the more charming of the two, was indeed an interesting gentleman. He informed us he was the man who carried Mark Twain up, when he was there, and whom Mark offered a hundred dollars to jump on and break his neck. However I met about twenty others who also claimed the honor. They certainly do know Mark Twain around the pyramids. The doctor also told me he carried the late King Edward of England up to the top when he was Prince of Wales and in proof of the fact showed me where the prince carved his royal name and the date. One of the medicine men took me by one arm and the other by the other arm and I started sky-ward with the feeling that I was either going to an executive chair or an electric chair. When we came to two paths up the rocks where feet for centuries had climbed, one of them would go one way with part of me and the other the other way with the rest of me, and when they went to lift me from one of the high ledges to the other, one would go up with part of me and the other would lag behind with the other part. When it seemed we had gone almost to the front door of the moon, Dr. Macboon asked if I wanted to rest. I tried to nod my head. We sat down on a ledge of

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rock somewhere between heaven and earth and he asked me to look down at the view. I had lost most of my sense but I had enough not to look down. One sat on each side of me as close as they could get, holding my hand and looking with all their power into my soul, like two snakes charming a bird to his doom. They pressed my hands and rubbed them in a way that made creeping chills in spite of the heat, run through my blood. Their sharp black eyes seemed saintly and satanic. Their faces so close to mine wore a dusky veil from buried centuries. Their voices were soft and low and sweet and calm, and yet fiendish in their insidious penetration. They seemed to link the dead and dusty past with the dim and distant future. Before me stretched the wide expanse of Sahara's sands with mighty waves, all still as though the hand of God had struck an ocean dead. A caravan of camels—ships of the desert—far out on the horizon, like a fleet, moved slowly, bringing spices down to Egypt. The sun was going down across the desert, where a sea of sand merged into a sea of fire. The light was shining on the sides of this old rock mountain, built when the world was young, and it was shining on the ghostly forms holding my hands and whispering in my ear. They asked if they were satisfying me, I said they were; they then wanted me to satisfy them, and then and there pay them the first instalment of what money I had, feeling sure they would get it all before they told me good-bye. Did I get scared and hand over my money as most tourists do? No; as strange as it may seem I was charmed, half dazed with the feat before me, intoxicated with the atmosphere about me, I felt my blood throb for adventure; I was ready to go or come; there was a game before me and in my dazed condition I longed to play it. So I resolved to hold my nerve, for with them, once your nerve is gone, you are gone. So I refused to pay by installment but told them to take

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me up and down safely and I would treat them right. Dr. Macboon then wanted to tell my fortune, I told him I did not care to have my fortune told, I was trying to forget the past and didn't want him digging that up and just at that time I thought it unwise to nose into the future. I didn't think that was any time or place for such performances. He then put his hand back in his belt or sash and began to bring out things for my inspection. The first was a little mummy-like Pharaoh he had gotten out of the pyramid and he wanted to sell it to me. I told him I had not expected to go in the undertaking business and did not care to have a corpse on my hands, ascending the pyramid, but if the corpse was alright and he would carry it down for me, I would take it. He wanted pay then but I told him I would not pay him until we reached the end of our journey, then I would pay him what I thought it was worth. He next brought out some sacred bugs, These I likewise bargained for as I did other things. His belt was a regular museum. When rested, we resumed our journey and after a few repetitions of our first rest spell, found ourselves on top of the great pyramid looking out on the sands. Dr. Macboon told me I was faint and needed something to revive me. I readily agreed to this but asked him what I could get up there. He turned behind to an Egyptian sitting on his feet beside some burning charcoals and handed me a cup of the best coffee I have ever tasted, for which I paid him five cents. I told the doctor that prescription cost less and did more good than was sometimes the case in America. Several of our folks were almost exhausted when they reached the top. It was a wonderful sight; the area on top is thirty feet square, composed of huge stones.

After a period of rest and meditation we descended. At the bottom our parting came. It is a matter of getting away from them any way you can.

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I offered Dr. Macboon a sum for his trinkets, which I knew he would not take. He gave me an Egyptian water pitcher which I greatly appreciated and carried through all the rest of the journey and brought home. It sets on the table before me as I write. In true Oriental style I gave him a gift of some money in return (not buying but exchanging presents) I then paid them thirty cents each for their services and went my way. Some were out many times this. In values as they are there, this was more than they were worth, but I was very much surprised to get off so easy. That climb was one of about the most violent experiences I ever undertook. My clothes were torn to pieces and I was sore for a week.

The Sphinx—another wonder of the world—stands near the great pyramid. It was a heathen temple used by the Egyptians for funeral services and other religious rites. The Sphinx stands in front of the temple itself which is almost buried with the sands, and must constantly be cleaned to prevent the winds from covering it up deeper. It is a great stone monster with the head of a human and the body of a lion which represents a union of intelligence and strength; it measures in height sixty-four feet; it seems to stand here on the edge of the sea of sand and on the edge of the centuries guarding ancient Egypt's buried treasures. That motionless face gazes out on the sands and the centuries. The stare upon its face is strange, mystic, painful. It seems to fix its gaze beyond the things that are to be. Certainly its gaze is fixed on things far off and not on us. It has thus been looking on things while the slow moving centuries have moved over its heads and storms that no man can number have dashed their rain, wind and sands in its face. Those set eyes were gazing as they are now before a single living nation was born. They have looked on kingdoms' flourish and fall. They beheld Rome in her glory and Rome in her gloom. They looked

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on Greece in her sun shine and Greece in her shadows. They were looking on before there was an England or an English race. They saw the Nile roll on before Abraham came down to Egypt and they saw Israel go out on their hunt for the Promised Land. This object is supposed to be the oldest remaining work of man's hands. The head is perfectly formed and the features in the main have stood the weather of the centuries without being destroyed. The head is carved from one huge piece of stone and is a hundred and two feet around. The time, labor and skill in producing this mammoth figure with all its perfect features and workmanship history does not say and man does not know. It has no beauty to be admired but there comes a strange charm, as, looking in its face you see how lonely, how still, how changeless it has been through the centuries. The face has not moved, the eyes have not closed, the lips have not spoken and yet, as you look, those eyes seem to see, that head seems to hold countless secrets in a throbbing brain and those lips seem about to tell you all the things it knows.

"O Voiceless Sphinx

Thy solemn lips are dumb,
Time's awful secrets holdest thou in thy breast,
Age follows age—revering pilgrims come
From every clime to urge the same request
That thou would'st speak. Poor creatures of a day,
In calm disdain thou seest them die away.

O Voiceless Sphinx."

XIII.

AMONG THE TRADERS AND BEGGARS OF THE EAST.

One of the most interesting things in our travels in the East was trading with the people and contending with the beggars, for the most prolific crop these countries raise is traders and beggars. They block your way in almost every path and street; they follow on your trail in hot and hungry hordes; they come upon you streaming out of alleys, huts and holes; they swarm from the earth like armies of locusts to devour every living thing; they clamor about the windows of your hotels like hungry wolves waiting to tear you to pieces as soon as you get outside. They press their claims; they ply their trades; they thrust their wares upon you, each one pressing the other and all squalling as they recommend their goods and try to make a sale.

And beggars, beggars, beggars! Like vultures and eagles that darken the sky; like reptiles that crawl the earth at your feet, they way lay you, besiege you and follow you. Old and young men and women, girls and children, halt and maimed, deaf and dumb, cripple and blind (many just afflicted for your benefit) ragged and dirty bundles of germs and filth, they are waiting for you when you come, stick to you while you are there and see you depart for home. From the time you cross the line of Turkey's domains until you leave it, multitudes of dirty hands are held out to you and a ceaseless roar of voices is crying in your ears the shrieking, moaning, jabbering call, "Backsheesh, backsheesh." There is nothing like it anywhere. With these things still in my mind when asked what these people live on I have not ceased to say "Tourists."

As strange as it may sound to tell it, where these things cast a pallor over us at first as well as upset our nerves, they became one of the most fasci-

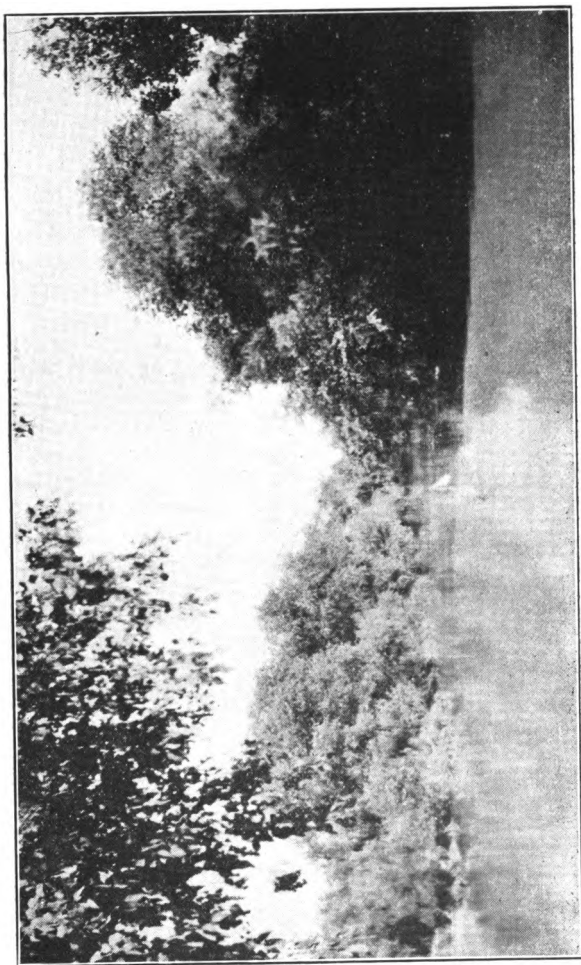
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nating things about the country after a while, for when we had made our offering to the ones we thought most deserving we had to in a measure cast them off our hearts to keep them from spoiling the pleasure of the trip, and then we made them our study.

While the traders were extremely annoying to me at first, they soon became a source of increasing fascination and entertainment and day by day to meet them in their bickerings and barter away some pennies was not the pleasure I could find.

The first thing in trading in a foreign country, of course, is to have some knowledge of the money; so it is best when you come to a strange country and want to do some trading to go to your hotel clerk, to some leading store or to the office of Thomas Cook & Co. where English is always spoken. Be sure not to fall in the hands of the professional money changers for they will fleece you and load you down with worthless money. When you receive money from checks or gold, stay by until you have a fair knowledge of the coins they have given you. Fix in your mind as you look at these coins the American coin that comes the nearest to them in value. French and English gold is good anywhere, but your money will be more convenient and much safer to be carried in travelers' checks fixed before you leave home. For fifty cents on a hundred dollars your bank will issue these checks payable anywhere in the world. The cashier signs them in your presence and you sign them in his. When you want them cashed you countersign in the presence of the one who gives you the money. If you lose these checks or some one steals them they are worthless to the one who gets them and the bank will pay you the money.

When you want some change you cash a check, taking what small change you desire and the rest in English, French or Austrian gold—the most con-



The River Jordan.

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venient being that which corresponds to our five dollar gold piece. If it is English its value is \$4.87, if French \$4.00 and Austrian a little more. If you have one of these converted into small change in Turkey or Egypt (the moneys of these countries are similar but entirely different) you had better take a basket or a satchel to get your change or see to it that your pockets are large and your pant buttons well sewed on, for you will get enough change to start a bank, with that gold piece. I changed a four-dollar French gold-piece into Turkish coin in Constantinople, bought two towels and three cakes of soap, a big supply of post cards and stamps to mail them, an assortment of fruit, attended a concert and had my pockets full of money when I got to the hotel. I gave a man a piaster (five cents) and asked him to give me small change for it. He gave me a handful of change containing five distinct coins of different denomination and kept a commission for his trouble. The more we traded the more money we had. Some of these coins look like tobacco tags and are worth one-tenth of a cent.

In Egypt, Palestine, Syria and Turkey they have their own money but English and French coins will pass. A trick of the traders is to learn what money you have and then quote prices in a money they think you do not understand. For example, if in Egypt you ask how many piasters he wants for his beads he will answer in francs or shillings, whichever he thinks will confuse you, and when he gives you change (which he will not do until forced to) he will give it in another money still to make it more confusing. You will soon learn never to give a man any money and expect any change back, for he will surely lose all his knowledge and suddenly become so thickheaded he cannot understand what you mean and he will move on for more victims. You will learn to have in your hands the coins you think the article is worth and offer it to him. If

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he wants more he will say so—if you want to give more you can give it. He will surely mount his prices high—several times above what he thinks you will give and what he knows they are worth, and expect you to jew him down. Herein lies the joy of traffic in the East. To meet a strange man with a strange tongue, sometimes hardly a word which you can understand, and bicker with him over prices, the most of it in signs and exclamations, each one watching that he be not cheated—this is a pastime more exciting than golf.

In Cairo en route to our hotel one day a Soudanese bore down on me. He was black as the coat of the Bishop of Canterbury. He hailed from the Soudan and he looked as though his near ancestors had more than once made lunch on a fat Englishman. Indeed he looked as though he might enjoy for dinner some fresh tourist who did not chew tobacco and was roasted to his taste. His face was horny and from his eyes the dim ages gone, seemed to look straight down on me. I learned his business was not to eat me but to sell me a cane. It was indeed a beautiful cane, made of African ebony highly polished and skilfully inlaid with one hundred and thirty pieces of ivory from the tusk of an African elephant. Not wanting to cheat the man I got the eye of the guide and asked what price I ought to pay. He informed me two shillings (fifty cents) would buy plenty of them. Making signs to him I learned he wanted twelve shillings (three dollars). Besides the sentimental value as a souvenir it would be worth much more than that here, but if two shillings was a fair price I had it in mind to buy it for that, so I held up two fingers. He made signs at me and sputtered as though some of his inside draw strings had broken loose, and lifting his head in disgust went down the street leaving me to wonder just what the "cuss" words were he had employed against me.

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Presently he came back and overtook me as I walked on pretending not to notice him. He caught me by the arm and put his black horny face so close to mine I thought he intended to bite a piece out of my ear to see what kind of a lunch I would make. He hissed something in my ear that went all through my blood like a hypodermic injection of undiluted contemptuousness, and held up ten fingers. I don't know what the awful thing was that he squirted into my ear, but by the ten fingers I knew I had him on the retreat and he had fallen back two shillings. So my American blood for venture rising, I turned on him, hissed at him like a goose and again held up two fingers. He again sputtered, gathered up his wares and throwing his head high in the air hurried off as though in pure contempt he would go to the Sudan before he halted. For a moment I feared my cane was gone, but it was for only a moment. After suddenly stopping and gazing at the ground as if it had done something awful to him he snapped his fingers and muttered savage ejaculations. He quickly turned and overtook me as I walked leisurely along. This time he hissed louder and faster and held my arm tighter. Whether he was trying to intimidate me or not I do not know. The last two fingers on his left hand were down. I had brought him down to eight shillings. My courage rose and in the excitement of the game I shook my head, made many sounds and held high two fingers. He stamped his foot, rumbled deep down in his internals like the foreboding of a volcano and showing his utter disgust in every way he could, he went off as if by all counts I would see him no more in the flesh. My friends who had been looking on with keen interest and much amusement said he was certainly gone this time. Making his gyrations still more emphatic he soon returned with the extreme air of finality which seemed to say that

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though the heavens fell, the sea dried up, and Egypt again be visited by all of Pharaoh's plagues he would see me dead and eaten by the Sultan's dogs before he would recede another inch, and seeing the hotel was near he dropped all but four fingers. I also assumed a pose of finality, shook my head and began to beckon to other traders. He suddenly changed. The clouds left his face, he smiled until his teeth shone, handed me the cane, and taking his fifty cents went his way. As I write I see sitting in the corner yonder that cane. I am keeping it as a memento of my long-drawn-out trade with the black oriental, neither of us speaking a word the other could understand.

So pleased were several members of the party with my cane that they desired one like it. My good Baptist friend, Dr. W. R. Cullom of Wake Forest College, greatly desired one, but being unable to suddenly come from the dignity of the class room to such feats of street traffic, he offered me a very large commission if I would buy him one, and that night on one of Cairo's main streets I went the ground all over with another vender of canes and greatly pleased the heart of my good brother, so pleasant and brotherly in all our travels, by calling him from bed to deliver to him the trophy of that trade. His cane, however, cost him fifty-five cents—and in that extra nickel there lies another tale. Not that I was guilty of charging it for commission. That nickel taught me one of the most interesting lessons of Eastern trading. As I was going through the necessary preliminaries to the purchase of Dr. Cullom's cane a tall, sharp-eyed Egyptian came up and stepping at once between us he took the cane in his hand and asked me what I would give for it. I might have asked him what he meant by such rude interruption, but I did not. Rather, I stood there to learn what it meant. I told him I would pay two shillings and no more. I did not

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care to cheat the man nor persuade him to sell if he did not care to, but that was all I would give. He then talked to the man in his own tongue. The man protested and shook his head vigorously. I was informed he wanted more. To this I shook my head and turned to go. He handed me the cane and taking the money from me thrust it into the man's hand and pushing him said "Yollah impshi," which was interpreted by our guide to mean something not quite as elegant as "Get on out of the way you black rascal."

The man then came to me and informed me what his actions meant. He was what we would call a "go-between." This third party is really necessary to make any trade legally binding. When there is a difference of agreement between traders the third party who is self-appointed, comes in to consummate the bargain. Many times later on we saw this illustrated. If you buy something and it does not prove equal to the seller's claim you have no redress unless the third party was in the trade. Whatever he says settles it. It somewhat complicates matters, however, when you learn that this "go-between" dignitary will decide with the party who pays him the biggest tip. Of course he expects a fee for his services—usually from both the seller and the buyer. So I paid my man five cents. It is said to be a very lucrative business. I wondered how that system would work in this country. How would you like every time you tried to make a trade to have some man "butt in" and conclude it, then charge you a fee and tell you to "go to Guinea"?

We bought many articles of native products for trifling sums—beautiful beads, lace fancy work, mats, rugs, brass and other things—for almost nothing. Beautiful ostrich plumes in Cairo, sold for about one-tenth their value here. We saw many tourists, however, pay many times that because

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they took them at their first price. A lady in our party paid a dollar and a half each for two Turkey fezs to take home to her brothers, while a number of us who went together to the bazaars got ours for a quarter. And in the buying of those little red caps lies another tale. We thought a fez was a fez and there was no difference in them. So we got them and adorning our heads like some pasha we went through the hotel lobby with the other gentlemen on our way to supper. We didn't think anything was the matter with our harness. As we gazed in the mirror we thought we were handsome and we were wondering why those red caps were not introduced in this country. But in the lobby we met murmurs and unkind looks. It was explained when we learned there were two kinds of fezs and while they were very much alike they were very much unlike. One was the customary head-gear of the people. The other was not quite so high, darker in color and had a shorter tassel. It was the badge of the insurrectionists and meant, "Down with the Sultan." Some of us were wearing it. While we would not have spent much time mourning if the old fellow should have gone down, we had not come for the purpose of putting him down that time. So we concluded if this cap branded us as his enemy the other might class us as his friends, and we put the little red skull caps away for young Americans who would not be bothered over such scruples and we crowned our pates with American toggery.

Numbers of times we were surrounded and our way was blocked by the traders and beggars who crowded us. Several times some of us used a borrowed plan that helped some. As they crowded us, chattering away in words (if they could be called words) we could not understand and gesticulating with all their might, we looked them straight in the face, gesturing violently and speaking loudly and

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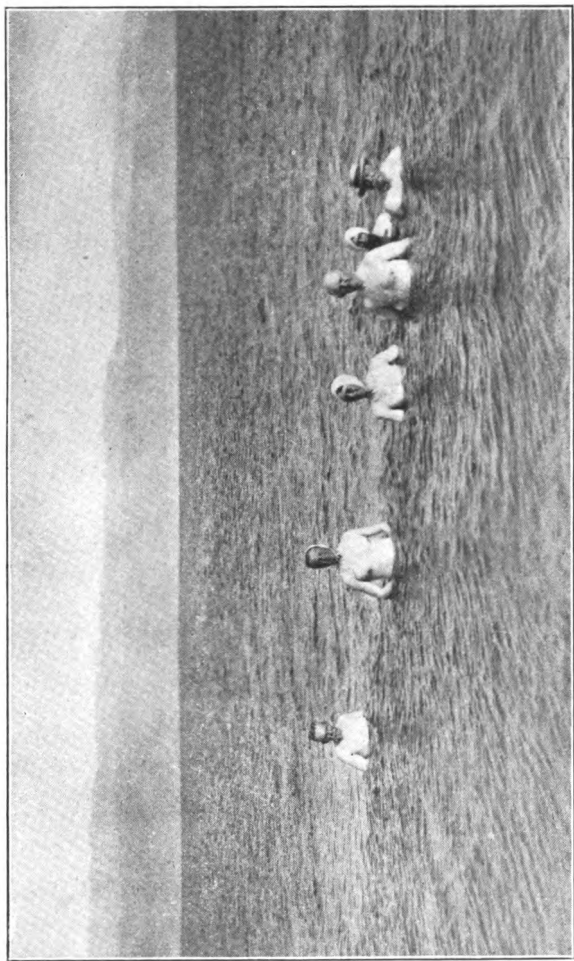
with great emphasis recited to them "Mary had a little lamb," "The boy stood on the burning deck," "Tom, Tom, the piper's son," and such other productions from childhood as we could recall and thought they would appreciate. It was always successful. They would look at us in a very peculiar way and move on. Whether they thought us crazy or whether they thought the proposition we submitted to them outweighed the one they proposed to us I was never able to learn. At other times we got ahead of those who came to us with outstretched hands begging for "backsheesh" by meeting them with open hands, crying loudly, "Backsheesh." Likewise we would meet traders and try to sell them things we had. These tricks usually non-plussed them, but not always.

One day our street was blocked and our carriages halted. A big crowd gathered about us pressing their wares and holding out their hands for gifts. It was about the worst looking crowd I ever saw. They were dirty and sick-looking, not to say mean and treacherous. Sharp-eyed Egyptians, cannibal-looking Africans, fortune tellers, men, women and children. They climbed into the carriage and put their hands on us. We protested, we ordered them away, but to no avail. Their number increased to an army and they became still more persistent. A lady in our carriage began to cry. Desiring to save the lady from hysteria as well as get relief myself, I did something that while it may not be becoming in a minister it was nevertheless very successful. All the apology I have to offer is that since "necessity is the mother of invention," under the pressure I invented it to help a lady. Knowing how superstitious these orientals were and how much they dreaded anything that seemed supernatural or spirit-possessed, I thought I would try having a fit. So I got rigid and stiff, rolled my eyes, chewed my tongue, slobbered and muttered awful things. I

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have never seen a squad of American police relieve a blockade quicker. More than once after that I was called upon to aid the ladies and it never failed to work. If any who read of this remedy chance to need it in foreign lands let them remember it and apply it. It is free and guaranteed to cure.

These Eastern traders are ahead of those of our own land in zeal and scheme and plan. They don't wait for you to come to their stores—they bring their stores to you. To the boats, hotels, streets, public places everywhere they come with their goods. You have to watch them, but if you keep your eyes open you can make a dollar go further than you ever saw it go before and bring home things that make a lady happy for many moons to come.



Bathing in the Dead Sea. From the left, Dr. Dill, Messrs. Crocker, Rowland, Cullom, Clark, Bryant.

XIV.

IN SUNNY ITALY.

From Egypt we turned our faces across the seas to Italy, having in us a desire to walk upon its sunlit slopes as well as answer to the call that arose within, saying, "I must see Rome." The weather was good but some of our party insisted on getting sick, due perhaps to their surroundings and a small boat more than to the roughness of the seas; and then there was a little too much mutton grease or more properly goat grease in the cooking for some of our people. A very large per cent. of the meat of these countries is mutton. It seemed to me sometimes about ninety-nine and a half per cent., and nearly all the mutton is goat. Of course, in a party of four dozen people it is quite natural to find a few unreasonable and fastidious people who are hard to please and insist on having some kind of meat besides mutton. Brother Williams, my fellow traveler and room mate, belonged to this class. He vigorously objected to having all his food cooked in goat grease. One day at dinner, as we took our seats at the table, he smiled at the stack of dishes before us. It looked from the big outfit in front of each one that we might expect something fine. "We'll certainly get something besides mutton in all these courses" said Brother Williams. The first course came. It was mutton and potatoes. The dishes were removed and the second course came. It was mutton and peas. The dishes were cleared away and the third course was brought, it was mutton and squashes; the dishes were again removed and the fourth course came, it was mutton and macaroni; the next course was fruit, then coffee and cheese. Brother Williams came in on the last. A large per cent. of the milk and butter in these countries is also the product of goats. Some of

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our ladies often said that when the rest of the fare did not suit them they could fall back on the milk and butter, for everywhere we went these two articles were good. This is true, for goat's milk and butter is richer and better than that that comes from cows, if you will banish your prejudice. Those who knew did not tell the ladies the kind of milk and butter they so much relished and they came back from their trip commending these articles of diet.

The dairy business of Italy and these other countries is interesting and odd to Americans. In the early morning hours your attention is attracted by a bell ringing, which sounds like an oldtime bell on a home-coming cow. It is on the neck of the leader of a flock of milk goats. They are driven to the front door or shop of the customer who brings out a pitcher, and the dairyman proceeds then and there to milk as much as is needed while the goats proceed to clean up the yard of all trash and other things which come in the realm of a goat's appetite. When a customer lives up stairs, the traveling dairy mounts the stairway with ease and grace, cleaning up rubbish and serving milk to all who call for it. There are several advantages in this method of dairying: you are always sure to get fresh milk and the milkman has no chance to add water to it, and besides this, you get your garbage, trash, papers, etc., consumed free. This business so impressed me that when the war started and it seemed we could not get home for months to come I made a proposition to Brother Williams to put the few dollars we had left into the purchase of a few goats. I thought between us we could carry on a small dairy business and make an honest living until we could get home. It must be very profitable to have a dairy that will convert all the trash of a town into milk and butter. The town ought to pay for the cleaning up of the premises

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and the feed for the milk producers would cost nothing.

We landed at Brindizie, stretched ourselves and walked the land in gratitude. After a good dinner, good in the main because its main article was ham, something we had not seen or tasted for many weeks, we boarded a train for the ride through the sun-lit vine-clad slopes of Southern Italy. It was indeed a charming ride for there is a charm resting on every thing in this wonderful land, whose main feature we used to think was that it resembled a boot. The people seemed more human and in better condition than elsewhere we had been in Southern Europe, although we saw quite a good deal of poverty about us. The lands seemed to be better tilled than any we had seen, and every where there were more signs of thrift. We did not see the sloth and laziness we saw in Egypt, Syria and Turkey. In fact, from first to last, I found Italy a far greater and more active country than I dreamed it was.

Our hotel in Naples was the Metropole, high up on the side of the mountain overlooking the beautiful Bay of Naples and no man need want a better hotel. The fare, service and rooms were all that could be desired. Our rooms opened upon a private porch from which we could look down upon the great city below, that nestled about the bay. Near by, old Vesuvius lifted her solemn head four thousand feet toward the skies, sending up by day a column of smoke and at night making the skies red with her strange fires that never have gone out since the fall of 79 A. D. They flooded with fiendish flames the land about, burying the beautiful city of Pompeii in a sepulchre of ashes and red-hot lava, where for eighteen centuries it rested in a tomb solid and secure, then to be opened to the gaze of the world. The view from the porch of our hotel is not surpassed if equalled on the earth! The

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natural charm and beauty of Naples and the surrounding country from this elevation cannot be described by tongue or pen. Looking down upon the city that clusters about the mountain like a necklace of pearls on the throat of a queen, with the mellow light of the Italian skies shining down upon it all, makes the heart throb faster but thickens the tongue so that it can frame no words and stiffens the fingers so they can write no lines to tell what the soul is seeing and feeling. And at night when the sun went on beyond those historic hills and the moon came up across the bay to let down upon the waters and the hills her silvery mantle of liquid light, and the stars quiet and full of peace, looked down from a cloudless sky upon the teeming life and flickering lights of the city, while old Vesuvius from her strange infernal-like funnel sent up her flash of fire against the sky as though at any hour she meant to cover the fairest scene of earth with burning death; I put up my pencil and note-book, unable to write, and looked and looked and looked for

“My soul today
Was far away
Sailing the blue Vesuvian Bay
With watchful eyes
My spirit flies
Under the walls of Paradise.”

Below me lay a great city full of misery, shame and poverty, for with all its glory nowhere on the earth is there more wretchedness than in Naples, but I saw none of these things. The dirty alleys, ragged beggars, half starved souls, hovels of misery and dens of shame came not to my view, for a glorious light seemed to transform all the defects of earth and humanity into a picture of unearthly beauty. To and fro went boats with the commerce of the world. Near by arose the rocks

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of Amalfi, Sorenta and Capri, and the Islands of Ishia besides many other points full of charm to those who take interest in the history of their fellow men.

Not only is this section full of interest because of its natural beauty but hardly a spot on the globe is richer in the history it has written. In the highest days of Roman grandeur and greatness, this, next to Rome, was the spot they loved the most, and here they lavished all the wealth they had, to make, with nature's help, a land to equal heaven. Down from Rome along the Apian way came a mighty thoroughfare, one of those well built Roman roads whose work still stands enough to show how great it was. Along this highway by the hills of Campagnia teemed the stream of Rome's richest and greatest life, coming and going to and from the Eternal City and Naples, the City by the Sea. Chariots rich and gaudy, drawn by the finest horses with lace and gold, bearing Cæsar's retinue, litters of luxury in which reclined Rome's fair and well perfumed ladies carried by their slaves; caravans on missions of merchandise; battalions of soldiers with the Imperial uniform and the Roman eagle, went in ceaseless stream along this road. It must have been a wonderful sight to those who looked upon it.

In and about Naples many mighty Romans of those olden days when Rome ruled the world came here where they had mansions and villas. This was the home of Horace and Hadrian, and Cicero and Virgil. This great old Latin poet loved these hills with all the love of a poet's great soul, and on one of these hills today his tomb is found where, in compliance with his dying wish, his body was brought to rest on this wave-washed shore, where so often the old poet had dreamed the dreams he wove into his poems. On his tomb is this verse, written by himself:

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"In lovely Mantua was my child-hood's home,
'Till my ambition lured me forth to Rome;
Flocks, fields and heroes have inspired my breast,
And now on Naple's sunny slopes I rest."

Here Brutus came with what feelings—we do not know—when, with his hand he stabbed to death the mighty Cæsar, lord of the whole world. Across the bay yonder at Capri, Tiberius, Emperor of Rome, came when broken with age and disease, brought on by sin and shame, to spend his closing years burying his soul still deeper in debauchery and vileness than he had done in his youth. Here he fortified himself against all his enemies, human and superhuman, believing he was powerful enough to fight back them all. He built twelve villas and supplied them with all the luxury wealth could lavish and a sin-cursed passion-possessed soul could conceive. He spent a month in each villa, keeping his sin-cursed soul intoxicated with sin and shame that he might feed his fiendish desires and keep away the call of conscience and the shadow of eternity that was fast coming across his bloody path. On the high hill overlooking the rocks and the waters, they show you now a point called the "Leap of Tiberius." Here, after putting his victims and prisoners and all whose conduct did not suit him through the most awful tortures his demon-possessed soul could conceive, and tiring of their agony and groans he had his soldiers plunge them from the cliff upon the rocks below, where more soldiers waited to continue their tortures if they were not dead before their mangled bodies went to the fish. Here, this sinful old Roman whose life for cruelty and debauchery almost equalled that of Nero was living his closing years when the Romans and Jews in Jerusalem crucified Jesus. When the news came to him from Rome that Jesus had thus suffered at their hands, doubt-

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less, he gloried at the picture and wished he had been there to lend a helping hand.

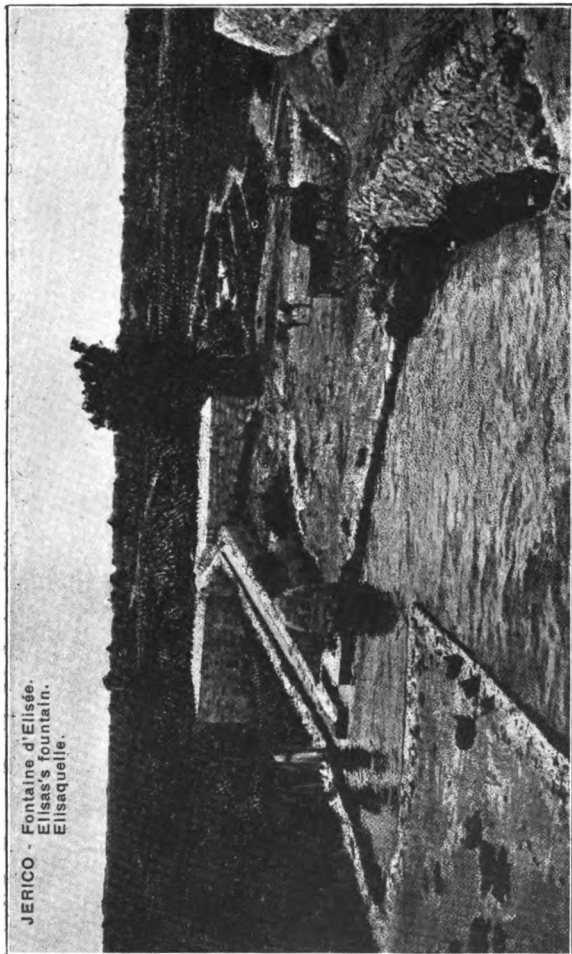
The shame and sin of Roman life is unspeakable and cannot be told. Nowhere save in Rome was more of it seen than along the shores of Naples. It does seem strange that scenes so peaceful looking now and so richly blest with nature's hand should be so cursed with the sin of man! and yet it is ever so. Where is the sun-lit slope, breeze-swept hill, or wave-washed shore made beautiful by nature that has not been stained with blood and cursed by the sin of man? The flowers have been stained, the streams crimsoned, the quiet night made hideous with shrieks and curses; and the balmy days polluted with human crimes, and it is man who does it. His sinful feet have stopped nowhere; his bloody hands have passed over no object; his fiendish appetite has preyed on everything. Rome, Athens, Jerusalem, the Temple, the Altar, Calvary, every thing and every place cries out to heaven how the sin-cursed soul of humanity's vile vandals have carried their slimy reeking stream of filthy sin over every thing and every body.

Not only has the sin of the race marred the fair picture of Sunny Italy but it seems that a super-human power has conspired to punish the race for so sinning on its fair shores by constantly tearing down its works and making the people live with the constant fear that at some sudden moment, volcanoes, earthquakes, pestilence, or plague, the lives and homes of the people may be ground into the dust. Time after time through the centuries, these fair hills have shaken in the throes of mighty earthquakes and left ruin and desolation in the wake of its trembling waves. Many times cities and country districts have been utterly destroyed. A few days after our departure, these hills shook until thousands were dead and still more were left homeless.

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In 1883 a mighty earthquake shook the beautiful Island of Ischia, out in the Bay of Naples, as the people listened to the singing of the sirens. They were on the flood-tide of their social life, after supper, when without warning the island reeled like it had grown drunk on the wine they were drinking and when quiet from its spree, desolation and ruin came upon the stage instead of the gay festivities of the moment before. The organist was found dead at the instrument and the dancers in their last embrace upon the ball-room floor. As strange as it may seem the music they were making for the gay to dance by was "The Funeral March." How strange is the irony of fate that should thus turn the tables on those who, in burlesque, were dancing to "The Funeral March."! And yet fickle and sinful man has ever been so. He constantly passes from the stage of earth into the shadows of eternity, dancing to "The Funeral March." When King Humbert, father of the present king of Italy, heard of the great disaster, he came in person to the scene to direct the work of relief and rescue as was his custom and as is the custom of many European sovereigns in times of public calamity. The present king came down to the ruined cities last summer to help the people with his deeds and words. When the old king reached the stricken island and looked upon the scene before him he cried, "My God, I never dreamed of such misery." The horrors of a buried city must be unspeakable.

The people live in constant dread of a return of such calamities and yet they rebuild again upon the ruins of the past and go on sinning and living as the victims of the past had done. They think these things are the visitation of an Evil Spirit and they could not save themselves from it no matter where they were, and it would find them wherever they went. It was believed by the ancients



JERICO - Fontaine d'Elisée.
Elisha's fountain.
Elisaquelle.

Elisha's Fountain in Jericho, where Elisha healed the bitter waters. To-day this is the only good water in Jericho.

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that these hills rested upon some huge monster who grew tired of the burden he carried and shaking himself to be rid of his load, he caused the destructive earthquakes to come.

The plague also has often preyed with mighty havoc upon Southern Italy. In 1884 death and destruction followed in the wake of this dread disease and thousands were dead. King Humbert at once made ready for the stricken country against the wishes of his friends and physician. He cancelled important engagements of state and bade his friends good-bye, as it was not at all improbable they would never see him again. He worked faithfully until the plague was over. The ancient poets had a saying "See Naples and die." They perhaps meant that the beauties and attraction of the city were so great that you need not hope on earth to excel them, and when you had seen it you had no more on earth to see, and yet there is to me irony in the saying. When you think of the way Naples has been preyed upon by earthquake, cholera and volcano, you can but feel that if you are not in a hurry about seeing it you may die.

It is a strange kind of human nature that men will build their homes and spend their lives on the very edge of ruin. The green slopes of Vesuvius were covered with homes and vineyards when the first upheaval came and it was covered again as soon as the wreck could be cleared away. People live and walk today upon its edge, climbing over the fields of lava it cast up. These hills that have so often been shaken and devastated by pestilence are soon refilled with folks, and yet why wonder at the folly of silly men in so doing? Has not the race always been so? Do we not do the same? There is a feeling of security in the peaceful promise of Nature. We hide from a storm behind a hill, when the storm can tear up the hill; we ride out on the ocean when it has swallowed its thousands;

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we trust Nature like a mother trusts a child. It is hard to believe the scenes we love can treat us ill. And if, per chance, Mother Nature does send danger down upon her child, we believe it will not come again, surely not this time and not on us. So Italy's children build again tomorrow on hills that shook with death on yesterday, and plant their vineyards and build their homes upon the side of Vesuvius, that mountain of murmuring fire with the confidence you have when you sleep above your furnace that warms you in the winter time. And then to be familiar with a thing means not to be afraid of it. I once had a friend who was so scared of a coffin that it gave him cold chills to see one; later on he worked in a coffin factory, handling them all day long; soon he was eating on them at noon and taking an after dinner nap upon them every day. So Italy has become so well acquainted with her volcanic hills that she sees no danger in them.

And then, in the enchanted dream that leads men on, they forget the rocks, listening to the song of the sirens and think not of the fate that awaits them in their effort to grasp the fruit before them. So men camp on the brink of ruin and gamble even with death, and pitch their tents where angels dare not tread, in their efforts to taste the sweets of sin. As Italians sleep above the roaring of Vesuvian flames, heedless of danger, our sons sleep on the flames of eternal ruin, thinking not of judgment. As long as men fight, cheat, sin and trifle away their years and sleep on the edge of eternity, unprepared to meet their God, there is nothing strange in Italy's children planting grapes near the crest of burning Vesuvius.

We visited all the points of interest in and about Naples: the museum, shops and public buildings. Volumes could be written on these but I must pass by these, stop briefly at Pompeii and hurry on to

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Rome. Pompeii stands out alone in the world with a history all its own. There is no city the earth has ever built with a story at all like it. Seventy-nine years after Jesus was born in Bethlehem, this city of thirty thousand souls, in the midst of its gay life, was buried without warning under a mass of ashes and red hot melted rock, hotter than any fire of earth could make them. This destruction came from a peaceful old mountain near by, up whose slopes they and their children had often gone to look upon the hills around, and far away stretches of the silvery sea beyond the Bay of Naples. Upon the mountain's very top, they had often walked and rested, seeing no sign of danger because then the mountains had no sign of internal disturbance. After the complete burial of the city with many thousands of its people, who, overtaken with the flood of fire and burning lava, and lost in the clouds of smoke and darkness, could not find their way to the sea, they remained in this tomb while eighteen hundred years rolled over them. Then science reached forth its hand and opened the tomb and let the world look upon, not a buried person but a buried city, dead and resurrected not to a better life but to a stately death.

Your feelings in Pompeii are unlike those you have any where else in the world's works or its ruins. In the tombs of Egypt or amid the dust and white stones of other ancient lands, your feeling is like that, that touches the wondrous life of a day long gone but not forgotten, but when you walk the streets of Pompeii, this buried and destroyed city recently lifted up to the light of the sun, you have a feeling of sympathy and human interest as though you were looking upon the deeds of yesterday. Here are the streets with grooves where the carriage wheels ran; here are the stepping-stones from one side-walk to another; yonder is the public bakery where half-done bread was found; fur-

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ther on is the market-place and the Forum with its court of justice; then the temples to the Roman gods, nine of them; then two theatres with seats for five thousand each, and a great amphitheatre with seats for twenty thousand. Posted on the walls are signs advertising big features at the theatre and the amphitheatre for the night, and history tells us the gay people were there at their games when the cloud began to rain its fire. One of these games scheduled was a "Roman Hunt." The stage was changed into a forest where the people set at large three lions, one elephant, six tigers, a crocodile and a boa-constrictor. Gladiators were then put into the arena and given weapons with which to hunt down the furious beasts while the people in the crowded theatre looked on; doubtless the scene was bloody enough to suit their depraved tastes. The crushing of bones, tearing of flesh, flowing of blood, mingled with the groans of the dying men and furious screams and snarls of the hungry beasts who fought over the human flesh and tore it to pieces like dogs would a hare, must have furnished a comedy (?) of entertainment that caused the Pompeian ladies and gentlemen to linger over the tea cups of the morrow as with up lifted jeweled hands and smiling faces they talked of the things they had seen.

On this fateful night there was something in the air that made the animals strange and restless; instead of showing their teeth and leaping on the hunters, they ran nervously up and down the side of the cage, lashing their flanks with their tails and sending forth anxious growls as they sought an exit that they might flee for safety to the hills, for instinct was telling them of a coming doom the stupid people could not see. To them the world was the same and life as sweet and sinful as ever. Presently, a distant rumble was heard; it increased with a roar of thunder that shook the hills and made the rocks tremble; the theatre shook, the walls fell and

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behind them the old mountain was afire. High into the air rolled a column of smoke and flame and then upon the world around, the clouds rained fire. Several feet of burning ashes followed by rivers of red hot melted rock and scalding water ran down upon the city. Many escaped and many did not. The city was buried and preserved like we can fruit; eighteen hundred years it was air-tight; when excavations were undertaken many objects were found just as they were buried, others that had disappeared, leaving a perfect shape where the now hardened lava had formed about them as it turned them into dust, were saved by the excavators by opening a hole and pouring in plaster. When it was hardened it produced the exact form. The lava was then cleared away and the object saved.

Many wonderful objects are seen in the museum. They speak with pathos of a people destroyed in sinful pleasure. One is an old man decrepit and bent. About his body is a heavy loaded money-belt; perhaps he turned back to save his treasure and lost his life. A woman likewise was found trying to carry her jewels away with her. A dog was found in the street, twisted in contortion, with his mouth open, where he perished by his master rather than leave him and flee for safety. A dove is seen upon her nest protecting even in the face of such a storm, the life beneath her breast. Tables set with food, families in the home circle, babies upon their mother's breasts add to the pathetic scenes. We went into the prison where three poor victims were found chained to the wall. The prison key was found near them on the floor where the keeper in his flight had left it. The key that unlocked the door that led them to safety was not quite in their reach and they were chained so they could not open the door, and they met their doom. Tradition has it that these men were condemned to the arena later in the evening of the fatal day. Pompeii was indeed a wicked

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city and must have rivalled Sodom for unspeakable evidence of its debauched life and revolting sin is seen in a section of the museum, closed to the public. You are almost forced to believe God destroyed this city as he did the city of the Plains long ago.

Pompeii must have been one of the most beautiful cities of the world, for it has much evidence of that after being in the grave eighteen centuries. In the background was the mountain and at its front door the wonderful bay with its shores dotted with so many points of interest. The city was on an elevation that enabled the people to see all the land around. Many of the homes speak of luxury and grace; the streets are beautiful, the buildings great. As it stood centuries ago adorned with all the glitter of Roman grandeur it must have been indeed a grand city.

One of the greatest novels ever written is "The Last Days of Pompeii" by Bulwer Lytton. He spent a long time in Pompeii studying the history, life and setting of the place that he might give a full account of the city and its people in their latter days and weave through it all his charming story. How well he has done the work, the world knows. His descriptions of its life and especially the awful destruction, is the best to be found anywhere, and is hardly excelled in the literature of the world. As we walked through the streets of the city and were shown the house of Glaucus, we could almost see the living forms of Arbaces, the Egyptian; Glaucus, the Greek, Ione the fair Neapolitan and Nydia the blind girl who in the awful hour of death and darkness, needing no light to guide her feet over the streets she had learned so well in her dark days, found her lover and guided him safely to the sea.

Many visitors to Naples climb to the top of Vesuvius and look down into the great furnace where the fires never go out. This feat is much easier than in former years, when the climb had to be made

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on donkeys or afoot; now Thomas Cook & Sons, who have revolutionized travel over the world, have constructed a car line almost to the top. Among those of our party who went to the top and looked over was Mr. Crocker, our photographer, who was anxious to get a picture of those internal regions. When he came back, his nose was sun-burnt and almost blistered; it seemed as if he had been poking his nose in the Devil's business and some of the imps of Perdition threw ashes in his face and burnt him. The crater is about a half a mile long and quite wide; how deep it is, and what goes on down in its fiery regions, nobody knows, and I did not have curiosity enough to try to find out. This volcano business is beyond me. I am like the old negro who was going home from fishing, with a turtle by the tail. A ventriloquist who was passing, had the turtle to say to the negro, "whar yer gwinter drop me." The negro rolled his eyes toward the beast and said "Hah"? The turtle again asked, "Whar yer gwinter drop me"? The negro said "I's gwinter drop yer right here, dat's whar," and threw him down and took to his heels. The man who caused the mischief called to him to wait, the turtle was harmless and it was merely the work of a ventriloquist. The old negro replied "I don't care nothin' 'bout yer whentrilequisns, de devil's in dat turtle." So no matter what the scientists tell us, it is hard to keep from feeling that when the fires carry on in the earth like that the devil has something to do with it.

It is not fair to leave Naples without paying tribute to one of Italy's chief industries, the making of spaghetti. We looked upon the manufacture of this popular article of food with much interest. It is a rare privilege to see the dirty sons and daughters of Italy making it and hanging it on the dirty fences of the back yards to dry. It takes a cultivated appetite to relish it after you have seen the

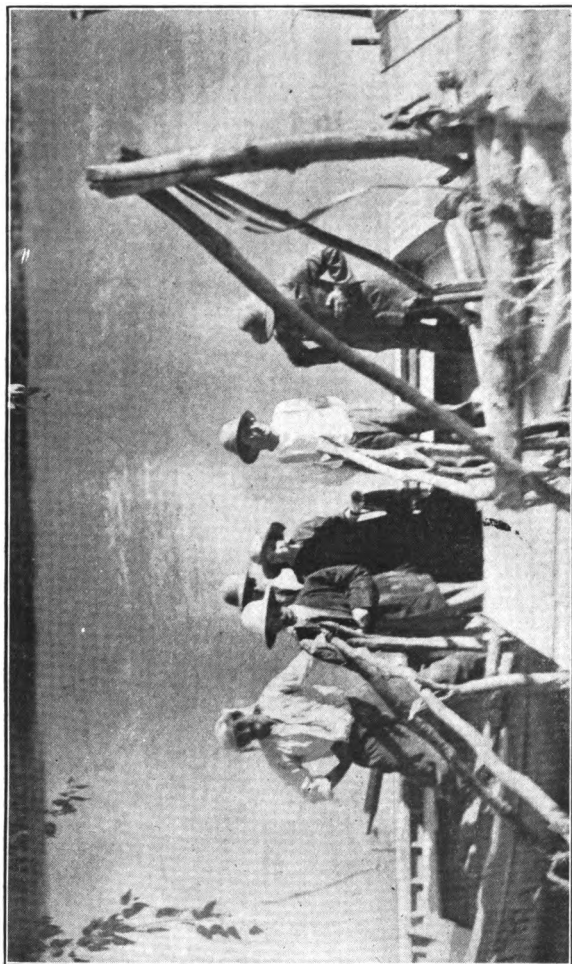
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tom cats holding their serenades on the fences where it dries. A good supply of goat grease in the cooking, however, will counteract this defect, at least I tried to think so thereafter when I ate it, and it was fine.

From Naples we took the train for Rome, one hundred and fifty miles back further in the hills. Every foot of this ride was over historic ground; the hills and fields seemed rich and full of life and everywhere, Italy seemed to be putting on her best clothes. The crops seemed to be good and the fields were dotted with white cattle with long horns, and the hills were covered with vineyards. As the sun was setting we came in sight of the Eternal City sitting on her seven hills, where for so long she ruled the world. The first view we had of Rome was of the ruins of the Claudian Aqueduct of other days; then there burst upon us the vision of modern Rome nestling on the banks of the Tiber with the sinking sun falling in blazing splendor upon the dome of St. Peters.

In the short space before me it will be impossible to even touch upon the things of supreme interest in this city so full of charm for the human race. Volumes could be and have been written on the life and history of this old city. All these books of the masters would fill a library and they have not told it all. It seems folly for me who am no master to try. I shall pass by history, art, and Rome's great relics and mention only a few points of interest and the things of peculiar interest to me.

We left the train, passed under the tunnel and made our way up town to the Merine hotel which was one of the best in the city. Our room again had a little private porch from which we could look down upon the teaming life of the Eternal City. Near us arose Pompey's pillar and about it was a park in which each evening a crowd of thousands of people gathered to hear the bands play music as fine as that



On a boat in the Jordan. The first is the boatman, then Gibson, Clarke, Mrs. Tilman, Rowland and Williams.

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heard in our finest concerts. The Italians are musical people; there seems to be music, art and poetry in everything in Italy; the breezes and the sunshine seem to be tuned with song; the children are even musical when they cry. No people are softer and more musical even in their talk than the people of Italy. I like to hear them speak of "Italia," "Roma" and "Neopoli". When I returned home I sought out an Italian friend of mine. Upon inquiry as to why he had not seen me for so long, I told him I had been to his country. He dropped what he was doing and his eyes shone with the light of his native hills as his silvery voice said, "Italia? Roma? Roma my home"! Then he expressed much regret that I did not let him know I was going so he could tell me to find his old father.

The first morning after our arrival in Rome we got in carriages and started sight-seeing. Our course soon brought us to the Tiber. We halted beside the yellow slow-moving stream and meditated. Great old river, far beyond the legend days of Romulus and Remus when there was no Rome you were going on your journey as you are to-day! Of all the rivers that have found their way through the hills to the sea, none can tell the tales you can! What secrets you have buried in your bosom! What treasures you could bring to light if you would! Your banks have lured the wooing lover, and your stream has run red with blood! No stream has ever known such horrors, heard such bitter cries or borne away so many victims. When the secrets of the earth must be given up what stories you will tell! We crossed the Bridge of San Angelo at the end of which stands the massive circular tombs of Emperor Haduan, one thousand feet in circumference. We rode over the seven hills of the city. The most noted of these seven hills upon which Rome stands are the Pincian, Palatine and Capitoline. The Pincian hill is now as in olden times the haunt of high society;

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it is a beautiful park, restful and peaceful, giving little indication of the bloody horrors that it, like the other hills of Rome knew in the olden days. It was on this hill, while the sister of Napoleon rode in her chariot, one of her rejected lovers stabbed himself so near her, the blood spurted on her chariot. Every inch of land here has known dark crimes and vileness. It is said Nero's ghost wanders here now because its history suits so well his taste. I don't think, however, the soul of that vile Roman finds such a pleasant place to travel in.

The Palatine Hill was the part of the city where the aristocrats and royal families lived. From the buried ruins here, recent excavations have brought great wonders to light and more are yet to follow. The Capitoline Hill was the portion of the city devoted to the capital. On it now stands the great museum. Among the great wonders of this building the thing that struck me most was a selection of marble busts made from life of the Rulers of Rome. It was a matter of much interest that thirty-one of these rulers were horribly murdered and two committed suicide. This is another commentary on the vile life of that day. One of the most striking faces in this lot, to me, was that of old Nero with his thick bull-like neck and face. Truly licentious and devilish, he haunted me for days. Of all the men who have made history, none was more depraved than he. He considered himself divine when he was devilish. In the height of his power he used to drive out of Rome along the Apian way with one thousand wagons carrying his baggage while five hundred she asses followed, to supply milk in which Mrs. Nero bathed to preserve her youth and charm. No scene of blood and shame was bad enough to suit this old monster; so in his restlessness for excitement he conceived the idea in his depraved and drunken brain to burn Rome and look upon the drama or comedy of a burning

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city. History tells us he fiddled and sang his silly songs as he watched the horrors of the burning city. He then blamed the fire to the Christians and started the bloodiest persecutions against them the world has ever known. But his day came, and to save himself from a worse fate at the hands of his enemies he fell upon his dagger. His soul to-day wanders in a place not so fair as the Pincian Hill.

Our path soon led us to the Protestant cemetery which is a point of peculiar interest to all Protestants. As its name would indicate it is the resting place of many—some of them heroic souls—who found their sleep by facing their foes. In this beautiful spot upon which nature has turned on the light of peace rests the dust of those two great poetic souls and bosom friends, Keats and Shelley. In other years their souls had struck mine through the songs they had sung and I lingered by these graves with reverent heart to read the words upon their tombs. I copied in my notebook the following from the head-stone on the grave of Keats: "This grave contains all that was mortal of a young English poet, who, on his death-bed, in the bitterness of his heart at the malicious power of his enemies, desired these words to be engraven on his tomb, 'Here lies one whose name was writ in water.' "

Below this his friend Shelley had written the following beautiful tribute:

"Keats if thy cherished name be writ in water,
Each drop has fallen from some mourner's cheek
A sacred tribute such as seek
Tho oft in vain for dazzling deeds do slaughter;
Sleep on not honored less for epitaph so meek."

I was amazed at the scale upon which the ancient Romans built. Their works of art it seems would take all the genius of an age to create and it was said of the Rome of old that there were as many marble statues in the city as there were inhabitants. These are masterpieces and their greatness and pro-

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fusion is so far beyond me I shall not try to write of them. The public buildings, streets and roads were built as if they were to witness the end of the world. With all the faults of the old Romans they did not do things in a half-way slipshod manner. History tells us of one architect who, so poorly built a theatre that it fell, killing several thousand people. All the future history of the builder is summed up in one short chapter, "He was banished." If we had such a custom, doubtless, we would build upon a more lasting foundation!

The water supply of Rome is wonderful. The city is full of fountains, public and private baths. Its great water system is supplied by streams brought down from the mountains. In ancient days the water was brought through massive over head aqueducts which ran into the city like great railway trunk lines. In the old days of Rome it is said the water system was greater than it is now. The per capita supply of water was 110 gallons, the greatest any city has ever had. In this day of sanitation and cleanliness, London has only thirty gallons per person and Paris seventy. The old Romans were badly stained in their morals but they believed in keeping their bodies clean. They bathed more than any people on earth have ever done.

When my feet stood in the Forum in Rome my feelings were such that they could not be recorded. In all the earth there is no place like this; it was the seat of Rome's life and government; here they made history while you wait; here still stands the "Golden Mile Post," marking the centre of the world. From the farthest confines of the then known world, all roads ran to the "Golden Mile Post." Here in the Forum and from it, all distances were measured. Here the world was ruled, kings were made and unmade, kingdoms set up and put down. Here the mighty brains of the Roman Empire in its greatest days, wrought their deeds and

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plans into a mighty structure, whose influence will never leave the earth. Here the flaming tongues of Rome's orators swayed the people. Here Cicero made the speech that cost him his life, his enemies cutting off his head and carrying it to the Rostrum where so often he had sent forth his mighty and lasting orations, which for ages to come were to be the models of eloquence and rhetoric for armies of students to study in their schools. Holding up the bloody head they spat in his face and pulling out his tongue, its eloquence now hushed forever, they cut it to pieces as though it had been leather.

Here they murdered Julius Cæsar "The noblest Roman of them all," and brought his mangled, bleeding body to gloat over. I could almost see the blood stains still upon the Rostrum. Cæsar didn't have our religion and civilization. He was harsh and bloody and yet he stands out as one of the greatest men of the world. He certainly had some great and noble traits; he was not a renegade like Tiberius, nor a sneaking traitor like Brutus; he was a world-builder and a world-ruler to the manner born. When the dire plot was mature to take his life, and in the Forum they bore down upon him like wolves in the night upon a helpless traveler, he fought them single handed with a greatness and a heroism true to him. Men who owed their lives and fortunes to him were slashing at his heart with their knives. The hand of Brutus who owed so much to Cæsar reached forth his hand to take his blood, and as it pierced his flesh the mighty Roman turned his eyes full on him and said "You too Brutus"? Whatever faults Cæsar had, he would not have done to them what they did to him. It made the heart feel strange to stand where all these things were done.

Just below the Forum the street runs into a large circular building which would set your mind to wondering if you did recognize it from the many

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pictures you have seen. It is the great Coliseum, where the streams of Roman life used to come to see the games. Next to Mount Calvary, this place impressed me more than any place I have ever seen. The building is on such a tremendous scale it overwhelms you to look upon it. It is built of stone, several stories high with many entrances. A large part of it is in ruins because many people of modern times got the material from it to build their homes in Rome, but not until they had used powder to loosen them, for the old Romans built it as they did their other works, to last. That portion of the building not preyed upon by the vandalism of man is standing in a fine state of preservation. Passing in one of the entrances we looked upon what might truly be called one of the wonders of the world. Tier on tier rose seats where the life of Rome used to sit until there was room for nearly ninety thousand people seated in the great theatre, all facing the great arena in front, which was in plain view to all. Often, this place was full, and it must have been a sight beyond power to imagine, to see the tremendous crowds of Rome's gay life pouring from the seven hills of the Eternal City into the entrances of this great building which stands where several streets meet. The vision that meets the eye as you gaze upon that brilliant throng in its gayety and gorgeousness, and the great building finished with the art and wealth of Rome's fine hand, and the deeds they looked upon on the stage, produced a scene that has never been equalled in the history of the human race. Passing into the centre we stood upon the arena, where the eyes of Rome used to look down on blood as it flowed in rivers, and in the calm gathering of twilight we prayed. What a difference in this place then and now? Now it is a place of desolation and stillness while peace casts her mantle down. But then what was it that met the gaze of heaven? Yonder is the place where

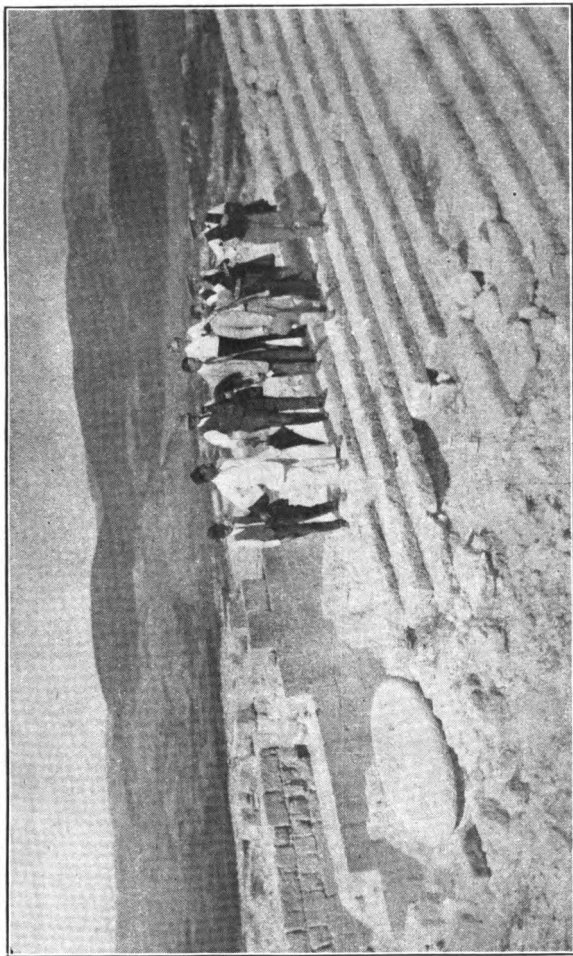
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Nero and his Royalty and nobility sat along with the vestal virgins, who directed the games according to their fiendish whims. When a foe was cast to the ground, if they raised their thumbs he was spared, if they held them down he was thrust through with a sword. Here are the trap doors leading to the dens down which we looked. These dens were kept filled with the fiercest wild beasts that could be procured. Large numbers of men at great expense were kept busy hunting down these beasts in sufficient quantity to entertain the Emperor and his people. What a task it was to gather up these ferocious beasts and get them alive to their dens below the arena? Many gladiators fought to the death on this arena to entertain gay Rome. Several thousand were kept in training all the time. They were glad to run the fearful risk of the awful fate that sooner or later was sure to be theirs in the hope of receiving from those galleries the applause of Rome. What will men not do for a little applause? Many criminals were condemned to the arena where they fought with the beasts as Rome looked on. But the reason this place is dear to every Christian heart and brings to you the feeling you have at Calvary, is not because deluded fools met to shed one another's blood in quest of the approving smile of Rome's fair ladies or because criminals were limbed by lions, while the crowd cheered. The reason is that this is the place where more Christians met their death to vindicate their faith than any where else in the world. It seemed to me as I stood there after eighteen centuries the earth was so black and soaked in blood that you could almost take a handfull of dirt and squeeze it out. The fights of gladiators and criminals became too tame for Rome's fair ladies and gallant gentlemen. Old Nero, having burnt a section of the city, felt an aroused public would hound him down on account of this and other deeds too vile to

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mention. He had poisoned his own mother and kicked his wife Poppea to death for another young face, upon which his crime-soaked soul had looked, and, desiring some new excitement and entertainment he had the Christians accused of the base deeds he himself had done, as well as of many more. They were arrested by wholesale, cast into dungeons, where in starvation, filth and disease they awaited their turn at the arena. Day after day large numbers of them, men, women and little children were cast in the arena for Rome's entertainment and subjected to shameful treatment too awful and revolting to tell. Disrobed, they were tied to the horns of wild bulls and the heels of horses, or soaked in oils and tied to stakes about the arena and set on fire, that their burning bodies might give light for the games. They were put in the arena and those awful trap doors raised so the half-starved lions, leopards and tigers could come out to feed upon them. Rome laughed and cheered at their dying groans and prayers, mingled with the snarls and roars of the devouring beasts and gazed enraptured as the beasts tore their flesh, crushed their bones, drank blood and satisfied, slept upon the sands. It is said it took a small army of men the rest of the time till the next entertainment to clear the arena of loads and loads of mangled forms and blood and put it in shape with clean sand and perfumery and incense, for sometimes the odors were almost too much for the depravity of Rome.

It seemed to me in the gathering night as we stood there, I could almost see a ladder let down from heaven to that blood-stained arena, while down it came an army of angels with Christ Himself the Leader. When the Master's holy feet, still showing the place where the nails were driven, rested on the ground, he raised his hand pierced and bleeding still. As he did from the bloody dirt below, I saw



**A group in the ruins of Ahab's Palace in Samaria: Henderson, Philip, Cullom, Clark,
Dill, Best, Williams, Rowland.**

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an army of souls rise up in garments white and glistening. Their faces were filled with heavenly light and their foreheads crowned with beautiful crowns of everlasting life. They met their Saviour singing "Hallelujah, hallelujah, redeemed by the blood of the Lamb." An angel took each one by the hand and Jesus leading the way, they started up the golden ladder, while from the top of the ladder of gold came a volumn of song that shook the stones of Rome, and the song they were singing was,

"Up to the bountiful giver of life
God's children are gathering Home."

And then I saw another vision: old Nero was making his last retreat, followed by those enraged souls who sought his blood. His throne was lost; his power gone. No one in all the world loved him, but all men hated him. No heart had a tender feeling of respect for him but all loathed him. He was followed by his enemies and by red-eyed devils hot upon his trail to close out the mortgage they held on his sin-soaked soul. The bloody ghosts of all his crimes, that night bore down upon him in an army he could not drive back, while they reached out their bony hands clutching at his throat. And conscience, that great white spirit that cannot be driven off forever but after all crime and sin known to man has thrust him away, will come back to press with a hand of iron his eternal claims upon the soul, was there, white but strong; this dauntless spirit gripped the soul of the doomed victim until his breath was almost gone. In the darkness that gathered about him he drove his dagger into his bloated, polluted, accursed carcass once decked in royal robes; with an eternal darkness falling on his eyes and a multitude crowding down to grind his filthy flesh under their heels in the dust, a legion of devils gripped his soul and bore it beyond

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the confines of hope into outer darkness, shouting in triumph over the trophy that they bore.

It has been wondered how the human race can become so depraved. Without the saving and restraining power of the Gospel of Christ, with all the culture and greatness the world can give, it is a downward course and humanity has fallen to the bottom and it will do so again without this saving power.

On the other side of the Forum is a dungeon. We climbed down these narrow steps into the stifling air of this underground cell, whose only means of light was a little overhead window through which a feeble little stream of light made its way. This was where the Apostle Paul spent his last days in Rome. Here by this feeble light, chained to a soldier, his limbs shackled until they were chafed and raw, he wrote some of that wonderful portion of the Bible that has so richly blest the world. Here, it is supposed he wrote portions of Galatians, Ephesians, Phillipians, Colossians and the Epistles to Timothy. Here, he spent his last days isolated from friends and loved ones. After a life of wandering and hardship he was closing out his days, deprived of the communion and sympathy of his brethren. His only attendant was the Roman guard. He knew full well what his end would be. Perhaps his reason in appealing to Cæsar was to claim his right as a Roman citizen and get the privilege of preaching the gospel in Rome. After preaching with the power of the Spirit to the Eternal City he waited in his imprisonment for his earthly end. The last word he wrote was to his son in grace, Timothy, and through him to the Church for all time. He is speaking his last word; his nerve is steady; his heart is strong; his head is clear. Casting a backward glance along the road he had already come, he writes, "I have fought a good fight"; (you can almost hear the clank of the chains as he

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drags them along in writing). Of course he had fought a good fight; few men under such tremendous odds had fought as hard or a better fight. "I have finished my course." Glorious thing to say. He had run his race and finished the work he had to do. "I have kept the faith"; how well he had kept it! All the power of earth and hell had never been able to make him lose the faith. Blessed is he who can say these three things as he looks back. Then quietly he looks at the present. The axe is in the hand of the executioner and will soon add his blood to the stream that flows in Rome: "I am now ready to be offered up." To all the sacrifices the earth had known, including Calvary, he was ready, glad to offer his own life. "The time of my departure is at hand." The wonderful vision of this man had swept beyond the realm of death; to him there was no such thing as dying; he was just waiting, tired and worn upon the shore, for the ship to come to take him to the blessed home that awaited him beyond the storms and troubles of earth. "My departure," what a wonderful conception of death! Then sweeping the clear and cloudless sky of the vast future, he added: "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the Righteous Judge shall give me at that day." Of course there was. No man who had the past and present experience that was his would fail to get the future reward. "And not to me only but to all them also that love His appearing." Wonderful assurance. Greater than all the greatness of Rome, the Eternal City, is the promise God gives His children in the Heavenly City.

XV.

THE CATHOLICISM OF ROME.

Any account of Rome would be incomplete without saying some things about the life and power of the great Roman Catholic Church, whose throne beside the River Tiber tries to rule the world and comes near doing so in many parts of the earth. I made some rich observations and had some rare experiences with the Catholics of Rome and of a few of them I have a mind to speak.

Naturally, the first thing that would come to the mind in considering the Church of Rome would be St. Peter's Cathedral and the Vatican, or the home of the pope and the rulers of the Catholic Church.

We had not been in Rome long before we found our way to these two great landmarks. To try to describe either with tongue or pen would be a foolish and hopeless task. Few have dared to try anything like a clear and full description, and those who have tried it have failed. Of course the private and Ecclesiastical quarters of the Vatican are closed to visitors, but the larger portion of it is open to the public, and visitors are welcomed when they pay a fee of admission to help fill the money bags of Rome. These rooms and halls are so fine and gorgeous that they stun and confuse the brain. The art gallery is one of the finest of the world, with its enormous collections of masterpieces, of paintings, statues and carvings. The greatness and wonders of it can not even be realized when it is seen. It would take months of study under a master-teacher to get a fair comprehension of such an institution. There is only one painting I shall mention; it is one of the masterpieces of Raphael, "The Last Judgment," and it covers the wall of the Sistine Chapel, where the conclave of the pope and his

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cardinals are held, and where the new popes are elected. There are more forms and figures on this painting than on any picture that has ever been painted. How a brain could conceive so much in one picture, and how a hand could put it on canvas, is beyond the mind of any but a genius to conceive. The point about the picture that is noted more than anything else, is the face of a certain cardinal whom the painter did not like, in the midst of those who are being cast into hell. The picture was so much like the cardinal that everybody noted it and the cardinal became so much annoyed that he appealed to the pope to make Raphael take him out of hell and put him in heaven, the place he thought most suited for the eternal abode of a Catholic cardinal. The pope, with a mixture of irony and other things, informed the unfortunate cardinal he could do nothing for him. Had Raphael put him in purgatory the pope claimed he could have rescued him, but here his jurisdiction ended, and since he had been put in hell he would have to stay there, and he has stayed there for hundreds of years. Raphael is dead and gone; pope after pope has ruled and left his throne, but none have ever yet been able to get the poor cardinal out of his trouble.

There are many more paintings and statues, with history equally as interesting but I cannot linger with them.

St. Peter's Cathedral is at first disappointing to most people. Your mind-picture has put it up above what you first find it to be. The proportions from the front view seem wrong at first and there seems to be too much in front for the size of the dome. The first design was by Michael Angelo and is supposed to be the finest in the world. After his death, the front was added and it does not at first seem to harmonize with the plan of the artist, and yet, when you ponder the great structure for some time and try to take it in like most things too large for the

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mind to first fully grasp, it grows and grows until the more you see it the bigger it becomes. It would take careful study of weeks to comprehend St. Peter's. It stands there with its great half-circular porticoes extending out in front like great arms and hands, until they almost meet, seemingly trying to bring into the grip of the Roman Church all who cross its path. St. Peter's dome is four hundred and forty feet high. In its interior there are forty-four different and distinct chapels or churches, with their altars. There are seven hundred and forty-eight massive columns of beautiful marble and alabaster. Along the sides are the tombs of the different popes, containing the bodies of one hundred and sixty-two successors to Peter's throne. There are three hundred and ninety-eight statues in the main building, the most of them masterpieces. The gold and richness of the altars, the costly luxury of everything and the wonder of the paintings cannot be fully grasped when you see them.

Decidedly the most interesting thing in St. Peter's to me, was the renowned statue of the great apostle. Cold shivers of disgust and of disappointment ran through me when I saw it, for it was more hideous than I ever dreamed it was. It is a rough iron statue as black as night and was at first worshipped as the statue of the Jupiter by the heathen, until it was captured by the Catholics and by miraculous power invested in the pope, transformed into the real image of the great apostle. I do hope poor Peter never looked like that.

A negro preacher in the South, was once preaching on Peter's troubles, and among other things, he said, "I know dis postle Peter wan't no nigger, case if he was dat rooster ud nebber crowed three times. He'd a raised him offen dat limb de first time he heerd im." But the Church of Rome has made poor Peter out to be a Negro. From the four corners of the earth they come by streams into St. Peter's and

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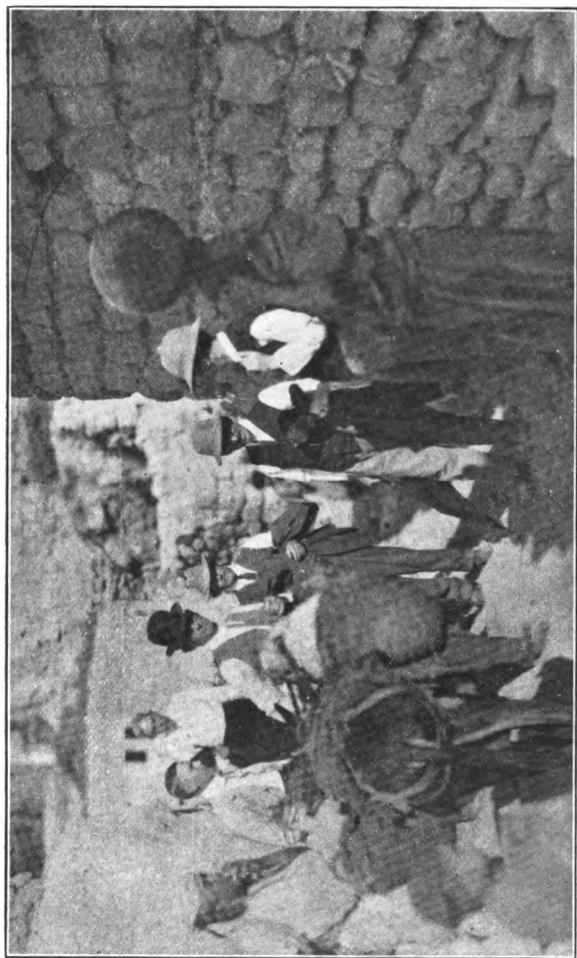
kiss his big toe in devotion and rub their diseased bodies on it for the healing power they think it bestows. We saw many people, old and young, halt and maimed, falling into line, waiting for their kiss. Several were inmates of some infirmary; mothers lifted their little children up to the black foot and put their lips to it. Poor children, what must be their ideas of religion!

There are other things of interest in this great church which I did not see. I quote from Van Dyke's history of "Popery" which is considered authentic: "In the Cathedral of St. Peter's in Rome, they have an arm of St. Lazarus; a finger and arm of St. Anna, the Virgin's mother; the head of St. Dennis." Continuing an account of Rome's mania for such relics, Dr. Van Dyke adds: "In France they have four heads of John The Baptist, eight arms of St. Mathew, and three of St. Luke. In the Lutheran Church at Rome they have the entire heads of St. Peter and St. Paul. In the convent at Bilboa the monks have a large part of the head of St. Peter and a large part of the head of St. Paul. At Burgos they have the tail of Balaam's ass; a part of the body of St. Matthew; a shoulder bone and leg bone of Mary Magdalene; oil from the bones of St. Elizabeth and bones of Sts. Andrew, James, Matthew, Luke, Mark, Timothy and John The Baptist." He also tells us the Catholics have preserved as relics enough of the true cross on which Jesus was crucified, to build a modern dwelling. They also have a portion of Noah's Ark which I saw myself, and the rod with which Moses smote the Red sea; both in Rome and Jerusalem. We bought one of these for fifty cents and brought it home, but in a few minutes they had another. They claim also to have in Rome the Rod of Aaron and the basket in which the body of Moses rested in the bullrushes in the Nile. In other convents they have the stones the devil tempted our Lord to turn to bread, and

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the dice the soldiers used when they gambled over the garments of Jesus; also St. Joseph's axe and saw; St. Anthony's mill stone on which they say he crossed the sea; St. Patrick's staff with which he cleared Ireland of snakes; St. Francis' cowl; St. Ann's comb; St. Joseph's clothes; St. Joseph's boots; a piece of the Virgin's green skirt; toe nails of St. Anthony and St. Edmunds. They claim also to have a vial of Joseph's breath; a bottle of the Holy Virgin's milk; hair from the heads of numerous saints; the rope with which Judas hanged himself; the nose of an angel, and the finger of the Holy Spirit; a wing of the Arch Angel Gabriel; two handkerchiefs on which Christ wiped His face and left the print of his face, and a part of Jacob's ladder. I did not myself see all these things but they have been seen by many reliable people who substantiate Dr. Van Dyke's account, and yet, the Roman Catholics expect us to respect their church! These are only a small number of the fakes and idolatrous vilenesses of the Catholics, but I will leave those of which I heard, to pass on to those I saw.

One of the most honored and worshipped relics we saw was that of St. Bambino. It is the wooden image of a child and has been miraculously changed into the Divine Infant by order of the Roman Church. The sick and unfortunate come from all parts of the world and by paying a sum to the priests touch it and receive cures. The rich hire it and carry it to their homes to relieve distress. All who are benefited by it are expected to make it a gift. When the old priest who kept it opened the cupboard door in which he kept it and took it out for us to see, it was covered with over a million dollars worth of jewelry. When the poor child gets too heavy laden to be comfortable, the kind-hearted priests take it off and send the child out for more! Did you ask me what they did with the jewelry? How do I know? I paid the old monk a small sum



In a street in Samaria near where Jezebel was killed: Clark, Dill, Henderson, Cullom, Williams, Rowland. Notice the heavy-loaded donkey and woman with water pitcher.

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for a picture of the Bambino, which is in my hand. On the back of it is a prayer for the faithful and at the end of the prayer the statement that if this prayer is repeated there will be granted "one hundred days indulgence, applicable to souls in purgatory, by order of Pope Leo XIII, January 18, 1894."

Wonderful church, that every time you repeat a short prayer, can lift your friend out of purgatory for three months! Also on this card is the following history of the image: "The celebrated statue of the Divine Infant was carved in Jerusalem from the wood of the olive trees of Gethsemane, in the fifteenth century, by a member of the Franciscan Order, who brought it to the Capitoline Hill in Rome and placed it for veneration in the Church of the Friars in Ara Coeli; here, it is now known, visited and honored by the whole Catholic world, owing to the innumerable favors which the Divine Infant bestows on those who venerate it. It was solemnly crowned by the Vatican Chapter on the second day of May, 1897." Just think of Pope Leo, great statesman and good man as he was called with his cardinals, crowning a little wooden dollbaby and making a miracle-working saint out of it! The golden crown is still on the doll's head. And yet they expect us to respect the Roman Catholic Church!

Our journey one day brought us to the catacombs, wierd and wonderful relic of the olden days of Rome. The carriages stopped before a dingy hole in a hill just outside the city gates along the Appian way, and we got out to follow our guide, not knowing what it was we were to see. We walked through the door into a place that looked like a cavern and gathered about him to hear what he had to say. It seemed not to occur to any of us that we were in a sacred place, and nobody removed his hat. Of course we would have done so had we known it was a church

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or sacred place, or even the catacombs, for following the instincts of our natures we had bared our heads in these places of grandeur and greatness, even though they were heathen places.

Brother Williams was standing just in front of me. Without any warning, from some unseen quarter, like a lion from his lair, a vicious-looking priest leaped upon Brother Williams, his face red with rage and snorting like a mad bull of Bashan (I reckon when a priest sees a Methodist and Baptist preacher it does affect him like a red shirt does a bull). He struck Brother Williams on the side of his head, knocking his hat across the floor, and before I could get my breath, I felt the headon collision of his right fore hoof against my own upstairs and my hat went glimmering, leaving me seeing things. A Baptist next got a lick. Confusion was turned loose; like the uproar caused by Demetrius, the silversmith; "some said one thing and some another." I felt the fires of Protestant rebellion from Cromwell and from Cork flashing along my ancestral veins until they ran together in my throbbing soul in the land of free America where, under the flowing folds of her free flag, warmed by the mellow light of her Southern sun they burned to a quenchless flame. I had been struck in the head by a priest of Rome! A thousand pickets in my soul rose to the trenches with sword in hand. The priest stood by, still snorting, his eyes aflame with hate, a little saucer-shaped hat upon his head. No, he did not have to take off his hat to anybody, but we, poor dogs, had to take off ours to him!

I took a step toward him, my eye upon his priestly cap upon his head and the Protestant fires running through my arm. Then I asked him if he could speak English. I would not stain my hands to touch some dogs but would give him a little preachment. The others gathered round; fifty American free-born citizens

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with passports signed by William J. Bryan. He said he could not speak English. I felt relieved that with his lips he could not disgrace our native tongue. We got an interpreter and that priest got more Protestant gospel rammed down his throat there in the catacombs than he had ever gotten before. Then some of our men put on their hats and sticking their thumbs in their vests, went walking up and down the room, daring even the pope to tell them to take off their hats, and nobody asked them to take them off.

I soon grew reconciled and felt proud of the fact that among other relics of Rome I could carry home the lick of a priest on my head. Few people have had the distinction of being assaulted by a Catholic priest in the catacombs of Rome. But the more Brother Williams meditated on the affair the hotter grew his righteous indignation. After awhile he said to me, "I just wish he had hit him on the side of his head." But I think he was mistaken, for he is one of the most peaceable law-abiding citizens I have ever seen. I don't think he has ever cut off a cat's head or a dog's tail. I am sure he has too much religion and refinement to touch a priest. He was merely speaking from a soul that was full of anguish because it had been insulted. I told him he ought to be thankful he did not do it, for suppose he had had a fight with the priest and the news reporters of Rome had gotten it and the American papers had carried it in big head lines—"Methodist preacher and Catholic priest fight in Catacombs, Rev. L. T. Williams and the abbot in deadly encounter: Last heard from, had disappeared down one of the dark, unexplored tunnels of bones, still fighting! Friends make search but have not located them! The only thing that has been found is the priest's beads and a piece of the Methodist preacher's coat tail!" Such a thought made him glad it was settled so easily.

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In the hotel at dinner the matter came up again and was discussed, all expressing in strong terms how they felt. After the others had their say they called on me. I proposed that we relieve ourselves by telling some stories, whereupon, I recounted this one. Out West lived a rough and rugged character. He had fought in wars with Indians and Mexicans and had gone through many dangerous experiences with hair-breadth escapes. He sailed the high-seas for years; came through many storms, sailing on the verge of eternity but coming unhurt from many wrecks. At length he settled on a ranch in Texas and one day a donkey kicked him in the stomach, inflicting a mortal wound. His friends took him into camp; the doctor examined him and told him he must die. He turned his face from them and wept like a child. His friends reproved him; they were shocked. Many times he had faced danger and death with a smile and now why did he weep? He brushed away his tears and turning to them said, "Boys don't misunderstand me, I am not crying because I've got to die. It does not bother me because death is coming, but what does bother me is that after I've had so many fine chances to die I let them all go by and had to be kicked to death by an old hee-hawing jackass."

A Roman relic that thrills all Protestant hearts is the Sacred Stairs. To quote from the back of a picture I bought from the priest who was in charge, will make its meaning clear: "The Scala Santa (Sacred Stair) is one of the most venerable monuments in Rome. It is believed to be the stairway that led up to Pilate's hall in Jerusalem. These steps were trodden by our Lord and hallowed by his precious blood that trickled down his sacred body after the cruel scourging. St. Helena caused it to be transported to Rome. The devotion of the Scala Santa is practiced by going upon one's knees from one to the other of the twenty-eight steps, meditat-

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ing and reciting prayers. An indulgence of nine years, applicable to souls in purgatory is granted to those who perform this exercise (a cheap way to get out of hell; nine years freedom for your friend for climbing twenty-eight steps!)—by order of Pius VII, October 24, 1819. His Holiness Pope Pius X., February 26, 1908, grants a plenary indulgence in perpetuum applicable to the souls in purgatory and to be gained *totus quoties* by any one who meditating on the passion of the Blessed Lord ascends on their knees the Holy Stairs." No wonder his subjects loved Pope Pius! Wonderful old fellow! More charitable than all his predecessors! He grants absolute freedom forever from the clutches of Satan to any of our friends if we climb twenty-eight steps on our knees repeating a prayer formula! Hell ought to soon be depopulated and the devil put out of business at that rate. We are told the Catholic Church is not what it was in the dark ages for they have done away with those disgraceful customs, and yet this was done by a pope, I saw myself, and the year was 1908, seven years ago! It cannot be a fake for I bought the information from the priest who keeps the Sacred Stairs.

But it is not on account of this heathenish foolishness that the Sacred Stairs is dear to the heart of Protestant Christians but because a few hundred years ago Martin Luther a devout monk of the Roman Catholic Church (they have devout and sincere worshippers who know no better because of their raising) was climbing these stairs on his knees praying; when about half way up, the Holy Spirit filled his heart with heavenly fire and the scripture "The just shall live by faith" came to his mind. He arose a converted man; walked down the stairs praising God and shocking Rome; shook his fist in heavenly defiance at the seat of the pope across the way and started out with the torch of heaven's fire in his hand to set the world aflame

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with the Reformation that gave birth to the Protestant Church. It made the heart throb with a mighty spiritual wave when looking on the Sacred Stair with that history in mind.

Another exhibition of Roman relics we will not soon forget was what we saw in the Church of Capucian monks. Many lazy, dirty-looking monks and priests were lolling about half asleep here as everywhere else in Rome. The basement of the church has been for centuries used as the burying ground of the monks of this order. All the space in the ground has been buried over times without number. Bodies were buried and left in the ground until flesh was decomposed. Then the bones were taken up to give a resting place for more dead monks. The earth was so filled with decomposed flesh that it was a menace to the health of Rome and some years ago the Government passed a law requiring the Church to stop the outlandish and abominable practice. Five thousand skeletons of these monks look at you from this room. Many are dressed in the garb of priests and are standing in rows; others have no clothes. The walls and ceiling are covered with bones, fixed in designs of many kinds. Picture frames, etc., are made of these distinguished bones. Pyramids are built of sacred skulls who look out of thousands of hollow eyes at you as their white teeth give forth their ghostly grins in the half dark room. If Rome or any other institution has ever gotten a more ghostly, wierd and indecent exhibition of filth and heathenism I don't know what it could be. You can buy these bones for sacred purposes! And yet we are asked to respect the Catholic Church!

On Sunday Brother Williams, Mrs. Bickett and myself being Methodist went to the Methodist church for worship; the others going to the Baptist church where special services were held in honor of our party. We were anxious to see what the Methodist church was doing under the shadow

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of St. Peter's and the Vatican. I had seen enough of the Italian people and breathed enough of their atmosphere to feel there was a great independent feeling rising in the people's heart against the folly and tyranny of the Catholic Church. I had seen the Waldensian Church under course of construction, which is to be one of the greatest Protestant churches in Europe; built in Rome by the devotion and sacrifice of the much persecuted Waldensians from Northern Italy. We had listened to our guide who was a brilliant professor in an Italian institution but spent his summers lecturing for parties on things in the Holy City. He had made thrusts at the Catholic Church even in the Vatican. The words he said would not be allowed in Washington, D. C., where our government now has High Mass on the Capital grounds. So we asked him if he was a Catholic. He said he was not, and when asked what he was he said "Nothing, I am seeking the light." We then asked him if there were many in Italy like him, he replied that there were a great many. So feeling these things, I wanted to see what the people called Methodists, were doing. We found the church without a guide. First we attended the Italian service. It was a hot summer day when in our cities the congregation is small and the service drags. The house was full of worshippers and never have I found a better service than that. We were met by men and women who welcomed us, conducted us to seats and gave us hymn books. They were fine looking people of the better classes. The men were manly-looking, the ladies were charming and the children bright. If in some cities missionaries reach only the inferior classes it is not true in Rome. The Lord was in that service and the people worshipped Him. They were devout and reverent and how they did sing the old hymns in their native tongue! I hear now ringing in my soul the mellow musical voices singing words we knew

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not, but in the old tunes of "Rock of Ages" and "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

After this service we went into another auditorium and attended the service in English; after services we met the preacher and he gave us an account of his work; we asked how many members they had; he said, in and about Rome they had over four thousand Methodists. Four thousand Methodists around St. Peter's! I almost shouted hallelujah! Then he charmed us with a wonderful recital of the work of the Methodist mission among the women and children sick, poor, etc., closing with the statement that so much concerned was Pope Pius over the spread of the Methodist and Baptist churches in Rome that he issued an order some months before calling upon the Catholics of Rome to have three days fasting and prayer for the destruction of their missions. The Pope, Holy Father, successor of St. Peter, Vice President of the Universe, representative of God, praying for the destruction of other children of God. So I concluded if the Methodists and Baptists of Rome had the pope and his prelates praying for their downfall and doing without their rations to do it, they must have them on the trot. Wonder how much they think the Lord will answer those prayers? And yet we have folks who defend the Catholic Church and ask us to respect it!

Two more great monuments of the independent spirit of Italy were the monument of Victor Immanuel and Garibaldi. Victor Immanuel was king and the Great Garibaldi was his general, they organized the Italian people, put the government on a firm basis and in one of the most heroic campaigns the world has seen wrested the temporal power from the pope and drove him into the Vatican, where, since 1873 he has been a prisoner pouting and mourning because he has lost his civil power. Until then he ruled over the king; since



Four Syrian girls we met in the Lebanon mountains. Helen Sobina, Mozera Tarinices, Sophia Bootras, Martha Taurinis. Dr. Best is fixing his Kodak and J. M. Rowland is standing with the girls.

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then there has not been much love between the pope and the government, however, they have kept from further splits. When the Triple Alliance was made, it was really an effort to trade the Ecclesiastical power of the pope and his Catholics (Austria and Italy being strong Catholic and Germany nearly half) for the power of the German military machinery thereby forming a combine that would when the opportune moment came, as it did last summer, would conquer the world. Far-seeing statesmen thought this would heal the breach between the pope and the government, but Italy got out of the Triple Alliance on the side of the Allies, showing the independence of the people was stronger than ecclesiastical chains. So the breach is still there though covered up, and never will the pope rule the Italian nation any more.

To show what the people thought of their heroic deliverers and the real force of the anti-papal power of Rome, the people with hearts of love, built a great equestrian statue of the great Garibaldi on top of the Jauniculiem hill. Now every time the pope looks out of the window on that side he sees the stern old general who wasted no love on the Vatican, watching day and night his window, and if he goes to the other side for a view and a breath of air he must look upon the statue of Victor Immanuel watching his window, as he stands upon the greatest and most massive monument built in modern times. This also was built by the love and sacrifice of Italy's independent souls. It was dedicated some months ago with a great speech by the great orator Salanda, soon after which Italy was on the battle field with the Allies. It is impossible to describe the greatness of this monument of marble. I climbed until I was worn out trying to go up its steps from one porch to another. I have not seen a thing more thrilling or significant than the statue of Garibaldi and Victor Immanuel in the heart

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of Rome, with their eyes on the prison of the pope,
from whose hands they wrung the government of
Italy.

XVI.

A VISIT TO THE POPE.

I did not write the pope I was coming to Rome, for I did not want him to go to any extra trouble for me. In fact I hardly expected I would go to see him for I did not take any low-neck clothes or pontifical pantaloons, and felt I did not have sufficient duds and dusters to be nosing in such quarters. I ventured to visit the king of Italy in his gorgeous palace, and drop in to look at the dazzling house of the Kaiser and even peep through the premises of the Sultan of Turkey, with such clothes as I wore, but then the pope of Rome is different! He puts himself up above all kings of the earth and sits down on the throne of God to be ruler of heaven and earth. Besides my clothes, I didn't have credentials. It is true I had a passport as an American citizen, signed by William J. Bryan and other certificates to tell from whence I came and who I was, but what are such poor papers in the presence of the pope of Rome? I knew no priest or cardinal to sign my pass to St. Peter's throne, and while there was a strong blue stream of good old Irish blood coursing through the crimson tide of my life, it was that tide you do sometimes find in the Emerald Isle that bears on its flood no cargo of love or homage to him who sits on Peter's (?) throne and holds the keys in his hands. In case I should see His Foolishness, I had the rheumatism of Protestant independence in my joints and could not bow to him, and I had a fever blister of unexpressible contempt on my lips and could not kiss his toe, no matter how clean it was. So being thus handicapped by circumstances and heredity, I did not write him I was coming, but thought if I did go to see him, I would take him by surprise. However, one of the most unexpected and highly enjoyed pleasures of

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my visit to Rome was seeing the pope. It did turn out to be a pleasure and this is how it came about and why it was a pleasure.

One Sunday afternoon, the great Italian Mureski was to sing at St. Peter's. During the week we had heard him sing in St. John's and so thrilled were we that we desired to hear him again. His voice is one of the most wonderful of the world's singers. It sounds like a big choir of female voices completely filling the building. So when told he was to sing in St. Peter's on Sunday afternoon, we finished our dinner and Williams, Gibson and myself made our way toward St. Peter's. Enormous crowds of people, on cars, carriages and afoot were moving that way, among them a large number of priests, more than I had ever before seen in my life. We thought they were going to the service in St. Peter's but when we saw the crowd going into the right wing of the Vatican instead of the Cathedral, we enquired the meaning of it and were told in Italian that the people were going to see the pope. For a while we thought it was one of the fakes they serve you so often in these countries and we paid little attention to it until we were assured by several, who seemed to know, that it was true and the pope was giving a public audience in the court of the Vatican. We were still in doubt and felt that if he was to be seen, we must be counted out as we had no ticket and had no pull to get one, but with that curiosity that makes one follow a crowd we fell in, determined to go until we were halted. This was not long, for we ran into two Swiss guards, dressed up like dancing monkeys with drawn sword. They demanded us, in Italian, to halt. At least, that is what I suppose they said though they may have told us they were glad to see us. Anyhow, we halted. We finally understood we could not be admitted unless we had tickets, and not being able to get any intelligent information as to how

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and where the tickets were to be secured, we turned back toward St. Peter's. Presently we met a stout Italian, who, in a whisper, asked us if we wanted to see the pope; we said we were trying to see all the ruins of Europe and would like to count him in if we could, but could not see him because we had no ticket, and didn't know whose coat to pull to get one. The rascal then informed us he had some tickets, and while it was against the law to do it he would sell us some for two liras (it is proper to name foreign money "liars"), 40 cents each. This made us indignant and we turned away in disgust. But on second thought decided it would be worth while for us as free-born American citizens to pay the forty cents and see one of the greatest circuses of the earth—a deluded multitude bowing down to their man-god. And looking back upon it now, I consider it one of the best investments I ever made. So we paid the fellow and took the ticket which I have saved as a souvenir, for I somehow got by the guards without giving up my ticket. Here is the ticket:

No. 4355.

Gratis.

Anticomera Pontifica

Permesso per assistere all 'Udienza di Suc Santita nel gromo di Domenicia 2 Agosto alle on 17,30 5½ P. M. Dal Vatican 31 Luglio 1914 L'engress e dal por—Vittorio Ameded Rannuzzee De Beanche tone di Brongo. Arcevescove tit de Tiro.

Maestro De Camera De Sua Santita.

Notice it is gratis. Of course Rome could not afford to advertise such a monkey show of the pope and charge for seeing him perform. So to save their heads they pretend it is a free religious service in which the pope partakes, and that it is against the law to sell tickets, and that the blame for the selling is on those who secure them illegal-

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ly and sell them themselves. But how do the men who get them, get them in such large quantities? No, Rome, there is no use to add another lie to the pack already full. You just couldn't afford from common decency to put your pope in a monkey cage and charge admission, so when you need finances you trot him out and sneak the tickets out and sell them to replenish your coffers and fatten your priests, and deluded souls buy them. My number was 4355, which means I was the four thousand, three hundred and fifty-fifth fool, and there were twice that many more almost that followed. And yet the pope is welcome to my forty cents and I will not even ask him how he spent it. I got the worth of my money, saw some more of Rome's rascality and learned more lessons for forty cents than I've learned in some schools. But, Rome, don't come to me advertising your monkey show as a gratis religious service, and then have the town full of ticket agents selling to everybody (all we heard of, paid the price). I always did get hot when anybody tried things like that on me for if they think I will believe it it looks like they take me for a hollow-headed idiot.

After we bought our tickets we fell in line with the crowd that grew larger every second and were borne on the tide through the door of the Vatican, out into the large and beautiful court. Everything was grand and imposing. Such an array of cardinals, priests, seers and bead counters could not be found anywhere else in the world. All about us Catholics were counting beads and clasping costly crucifixes in their hands; on one side of us was the company of Swiss guards with uniforms of gold and glory it would be hard to surpass, and heavily armed. On the other side was the Royal Italian guards with costumes and swords in keeping with the occasion. Officers and guards were lined up all about the enclosure. The crowd from behind

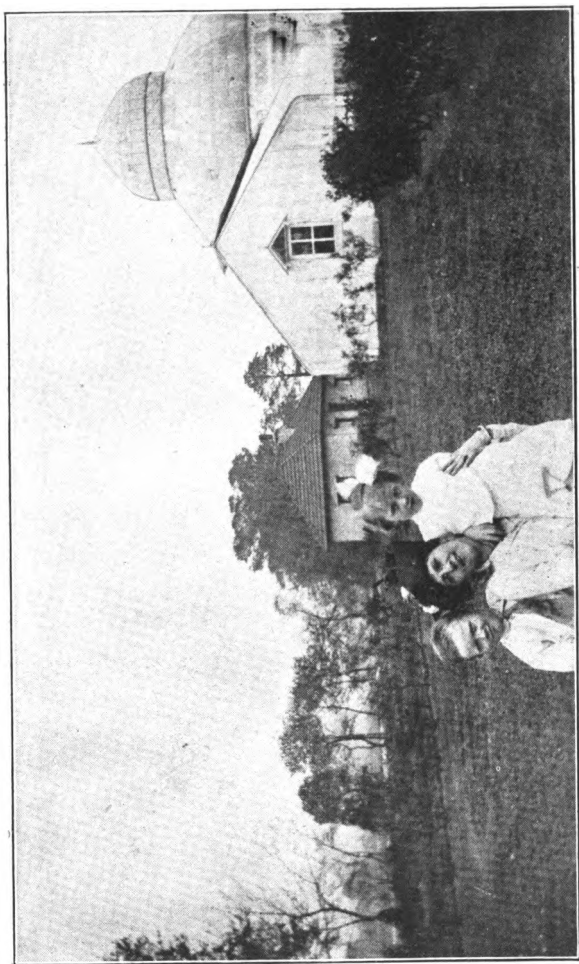
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pressed us until we were near the center of the great enclosure. Above us on the first balcony stood the red-hatted cardinals, prominent among them, Merry Del Val, who, on one occasion locked horns with Roosevelt and Fairbanks. And whatever faults you find with Mr. Roosevelt, and you can't put your finger on him without touching them—let us remember in passing, he gave the pope and cardinal a good stiff black eye when they served notice on him that he would have to refuse to speak in the Methodist Church or not come to the Vatican. We all know how he went to the Methodist Church and cut the Vatican. Some statesmen would not have done it.

After a while the great court was full, containing perhaps ten thousand folks. Several bands began to play music that charged the air and thrilled the soul. There was a flutter in the balcony in front and a still greater flutter through the crowds, men bowed their heads and moved their lips, women closed their eyes, hugged their crucifixes tighter and counted their beads. Then a silver trumpet appeared from a window above as if an angel from heaven had come to blow it; for, looking into it, I saw no man. Then out upon the air, from the mouth of that silver trumpet came the sweetest strains of music it seemed to me I had ever listened to. All eyes were lifted to the door above and the crowd was as still as death. Then into the doorway stepped the snowwhite figure of Pius X, pope of Rome. When the crowd saw him it almost took my breath away, for I had not expected what happened. I had supposed they would be still and reverent. I have never seen anything like it. I have seen the political conventions of the olden days; I have been in the crowd when Roosevelt came to town, and among a hundred thousand I have seen him show his teeth; I have seen Bryan send up his guns from the trenches in a multitude that shook the earth;

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but I have never seen anything like that Sunday in the Vatican. It seemed to me a dozen bands turned loose an explosion of accumulated music that jarred the Vatican, and the yells and screams that rose from the crowd seemed to make the Tiber tremble. Above the roar I heard many cry, "Papa Papa," which in their language meant rather or pope. After Pius had received their acclaim for a while he bowed his head and raised his hand, and as though a hand from heaven had paralyzed the crowd, their music ceased, their lips were still, and hugging to their hearts their images, they fell upon the ground as if struck by lightning. They threw kisses at him, since they were too far away to kiss his foot, and mumbled out their prayers to him as though they had suddenly met the Lord God Almighty face to face. While the preliminaries were going on we held a conference to know what to do. All were supposed to bow. Guards and soldiers, as well as priests and fanatics, were all about us. If we declined to do homage to their god we knew not what they might do to us. There come charging through the floodtide of my blood the Protestant fires back along my ancestral lines from the days of Cromwell; there rose before me the silken colors of my country's flag, and above all there rose the Christ of God who died for me and alone deserved my worship. I am sure my brethren felt as I did. So when the crowd went down we rose straighter and stood higher, looking beyond the white form of the pope of Rome to the pure, free skies above his head, where God our Father receives from earth the worship of His children. We three were the only ones in that part of the great crowd we saw standing. There may have been others behind us, but none in front stood. Many Protestants stood for a few seconds, but could not endure the strain and went down. All the time I expected a blow on the head by an officer or wor-



Watching for father to come home.

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shipper because we did not worship with them, but it did not come. When he had whined out his droning Latin prayer the people arose; the pope, leaning on the arm of his body guard, passed back into the Vatican, and the crowd dispersed, scattering itself through the streets of Rome. We made our way back to the hotel happy. We had seen the pope of Rome, and our knees had not bowed down to him.

XVII.

ON THE SHORES OF CANAAN.

The long looked-for moment in the journey had come. On the morning of July 6, 1914, our boat cast anchor off from Joppa, and our eyes rested on the hills of "The Promised Land." Before us lay that wonderful little strip of land that has wrought its name in the fabric of human history as no other land the sun ever shone on. Other lands have been great in the world's history because of the might of their brains and the skill of their hands; they have built lasting monuments and left their names written forever on the pages of history; but whatever other lands have done since the world swung out fresh from the hand of God, it remained for this little plot of earth along the Mediterranean Sea to earn in the record of history the title, "Holy Land." In the soil of these hills God selected the place to plant the Tree of Faith, whose shade was destined to shelter the world. Here is the only place of which history has any knowledge that the Lord God walked and talked in living form with men. Around these hills and historic mountains He tied the mighty chain of His never-failing love and moored the world to His eternal throne that it never could drift away; here He built with man His nation and set up His kingdom, sitting in all the councils of His people, giving them their laws, and handing down from heaven the patterns by which they should build; here was the cradle of His church; here His own Son was sent to save the people, and they shed His blood upon the hills God loved so well.

Every hill, stream, stone and tree in this land has a history of joy and sorrow, light and shadow, life and death, that would fill a book. Upon these hills the Bible was made, and its mighty

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characters lived in flesh and blood and wrought and died. Is it strange that this land should be so near to the heart of a Christian? Is it not natural that to look upon it and set foot upon its shores should give feelings that cannot be recorded? So we felt that morning, gazing on that shore, that we were coming now to the goal of all our travels, and it seemed we could almost see the living figures of the giants of this land standing on the shore to meet us.

The length of Palestine is one hundred and fifty miles, and its area, both east and west of the river Jordan, is equal to one-half of the territory of South Carolina. That this little country should have had a history above all lands is of course due to the fact that in gaining the title, "Holy Land," it records the history of man, God and the devil contending for the mastery.

Is it not strange that the beautiful and peaceful hills God selected to plant a lovely garden for His children and build their home, should have been the scene of the worst bloodshed and warfare the nations have known? This country has repeatedly been overrun by armies which have wrested it from one another. It has been invaded by the Scythians, the Persians, the Parthians, the Persians again, the Turks twice, the Mongols three times, by Alexander the Great, by the Romans, by the Crusaders, and by the Turks again, who have held possession for nearly eight hundred years. The wonder is there is anything left after the invading hosts and heartless vandals have preyed upon it so long.

Perhaps this is a good place to remark what more and more seems to me to be a strange stroke of the hand of Providence. We have been taught from youth that "God moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform." How He does take some of the works of the devil and make them work for His

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glory is a mighty evidence that His hand is on the pilot wheel. It seems to me the rankest fatalist could not have the heart to accuse God, our Maker and Father, of being the author of the sin, shame and misery of the earth. None would insult heaven and earth by claiming God was in league with the low and vile government of Turkey, and yet how God has put His hand into the affairs of the Turks and other evil people and worked out things for His glory, is a study great and true. If Palestine had not fallen into the hands of the Turks, who believed in no advancement, and refused to let its sacred shrines and objects be explored by modern merchants; even preserving almost entirely the very life and customs of the olden times, because they believed in nothing new, we might have lost forever from the earth the Bible land as it was. For the greatest value of Palestine to Bible students is that it is not modern, but is almost as it was before the days of Jesus. Modern changes have only recently begun to take hold, but soon will sweep the country as the Turks pass forever from the stage of history and modern nations occupy the sacred hills. What they will do with it remains to be seen.

We were now ready to land and begin our long trip through the holy hills. Long had my heart throbbed in anticipation of the days now before me. The dream over which I had planned and prayed so long was ready to come true. This was really the Promised Land, and now my feet would walk upon it. I wondered if it would be disappointing? I almost dreaded it. Would closer view and real touch take away any of the sacredness of that history? Would what I should see of sin and common clay lower my idea of the Bible and weaken my faith in God and Jesus Christ my Saviour? I had heard of those upon whom this result had come. I heard some of my friends say they did not want to go for fear it would thus affect them. If the

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journey would bring this result to me I wanted then to turn my face the other way and go home. Behind those hills my faith was anchored to the truth they knew. On the mighty rocks out there my soul was moored to the faith that arose one day; the breeze of this land had swept my soul, and its songs sounded in my heart. If aught of charm should pass away; if one whit less the chain of faith should hold me to the truth; if a single cloud should pass across the sun of hope that shone from over these hills upon my soul because of this journey now before us, I wanted to say "good-bye" to my friends and let them go on without me, leaving me to return deprived of the journey, but possessing still the cherished charm of the things of God.

I am glad to say, now that the journey is over and I am back again pursuing my humble course over the hills herding my Master's sheep, that no such result came to my soul. Whatever the result may be to those who make that journey, it has done more for me than my fondest dream had pictured. My faith has been reinforced with the iron bands of living reality; the truth has come for my eyes to see and my hands to touch; my soul has been lightened with a radiance I could find no where else on earth; the Bible and all its history is covered with a charm it never had before. These are some of the results that came to me as I traveled through the Holy Land, my Bible in hand, reading the history, life and gospel it had made in those places, with a prayer upon my lips that God would make it real.

In a journey to Palestine, as anywhere else, a great deal depends upon the party you are with. If you find yourself with a worldly, selfish company, you will miss a great deal. I have not said much about our party on these pages because I have rather tried to recount my own impressions

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and experiences, rather than theirs. A book could be written on the doings and personnel of our party, for we had striking and distinguished characters. Our fellowship was rich and sweet, and the friendships that developed were strong and true. I think the ups and downs of our travels made the most of us attached to one another, for there are peculiar things that develop friendship under such conditions. A Baptist lady took occasion to express her friendly feeling and friendship for Brother Williams and myself, telling us she had a higher opinion of the Methodist Church and felt nearer to it since she had known us. Of course we greatly appreciated this. I am sure we two came back with a broader spirit and a deeper love for our Baptist brethren. One trouble with all of us is narrowness and selfishness. We live by ourselves and move in our own narrow grooves until we fit them. Travel knocks this out.

We were conscious for a time that our brethren were Baptists, and doubtless they thought of us as Methodists, but gradually this passed away, until there seemed to be no difference, and we thought of one another as friends and brothers. I am sure Brother Williams and myself have no warmer friends in our own Conference than we have in Clark of Kentucky, Gibson of Virginia, and Best of South Dakota. While we did not mean to slight others, we five naturally drifted together somehow as kindred spirits. We found our tables together, our seats in carriages and cars together, and the reputation of our quintette was that we let no shadows rest where we went. Wherever life may lead, I am sure there will ever be in my heart the warmest place for these four men. They ever turned the sunlight on; they always had a cheerful voice and helping hand, were pleasant to men and gallant to ladies; they never grew selfish nor sought the chief place; they were

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ever ready to take what hardship came, even when it should have gone to others. I speak of them thus because they were of my own band and I saw more of them. Coming back, I was thrown more with Drs. Cullom and Sloan, and found them as choice spirits as ever lived. They were together all the time—one a Baptist and one a Presbyterian. Is this not as friendship should be? I could and would speak in best and strongest terms of all, but space will not permit, and I speak just of those I touched most.

Another essential thing to a pleasant and profitable trip through Palestine is to have the right kind of a dragoman and guides, for much depends upon them. Our dragoman was Philip Jallouk, and his assistants were his brothers, George, Charlie and Abashia. I don't think it is putting it too strong to say nobody in Palestine or elsewhere ever had a better set of men to guide them. This is proven by the fact that they had charge of Miss Helen Gould and her party a few years ago when she made a tour of the Holy Land, and they received from her the highest commendation. They are Syrians, and descendants of the best families of the days of the Crusaders. Perhaps their race even goes back and takes up the blood of Abraham. They are intelligent, cultured, educated Christian gentlemen, being faithful members of the Episcopal Church. They were kind and friendly, doing everything possible for our welfare and comfort. They spoke English with as much ease as they did their own tongue; in fact, they were at home in any tongue they found in that land. Philip, especially, was one of the most attractive personalities I have met. There was a charm about his manner, his mellow voice, and the warmth of his soul that drew us all to him. He is thoroughly versed in the Bible as well as all the life and custom of Palestine, and his reverence and devotion to his Lord and His

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land was beautiful. We cannot feel too highly our debt to Philip in making our journey a pleasant and profitable one. Philip was the general director and lecturer, while George looked after the business side of the trip, and Charlie and Abashia attended to the personal needs of the party. They all went armed and acted as our protectors and body guards.

Much has been said about the rough landing at Joppa, and perhaps it all is deserved. There is no harbor here, and the water is nearly always rough, since there is nothing to break the waves. The boats anchor out some distance from the shore and little boats came gliding like ducks through the rough and jagged rocks to take us ashore. About two hundred of them ran along side our ships and their owners came onto the decks like rats in a bin, climbing over one another and up the sides of the boat like squirrels. They besieged us and seized us, clattering and clamoring in their jabbering, until we almost had to fight to keep them from taking us bodily away.

After awhile we found our guides, were assigned to our boats, and started for land. The boats lay along side the ship rising and falling with the waves. It seemed to me they rose as high as a house. We were started down the ladder like cattle, and as the little boats rose on the crest of the waves we were shoved into them before the waves receded and they went down. Sometimes people would hesitate, and they were picked up and pitched over like sacks of corn. When our boats were full we made our way through the jetting rocks, guided by the skill of our oarsmen, who saw to it no evil befell us. Yet, in spite of their skill, many accidents occur in these rough and dangerous waters.

Joppa is noted in Bible history for several things. It was in these waters here that Jonah went down in a submarine. He was swallowed because he got on the wrong track, and many men to-day get swal-



Ready to leave Europe.

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lowed because they get on the wrong ship. I recently met an educated (?) youth who wanted to question the orthodoxy of this Bible story. He said a whale could not swallow a man for his throat was only six inches wide. I told him that was easy. If he was to meet a whale in the road it would scare him so he would shrink up until he could go through an inch auger hole, and I guess Jonah did the same thing. I then called his attention to the fact that the Bible did not say it was a whale, but "the Lord prepared a fish" for the occasion. If God could make some things He has made, does it not seem that he could fix up a fish to swallow a sinner? But Jonah didn't stay down. You can't keep a good man down, and I reckon some sinners would taste so bad a fish could not keep them down. My same young friend, who was tainted with higher or lower criticism, I don't know which, was also puzzled over Baalam's experience. He said it was unreasonable to think of an ass talking, and asked me if I had ever heard one talk. I replied that I had a great many times; I was listening to one then.

Joppa is also noted because it is the chief seaport to Jerusalem. From the interior commerce comes to Joppa to be exported, and into Joppa comes a large amount of the imports for Palestine. Here Solomon landed the timbers for the temple in Jerusalem. They were brought by shins down from the Lebanon Mountains. Here also was landed the gold and silver from Tyre. In those days of limited machinery it must have been a task to get these timbers out of the mountains, down to the boats, and then get them from Joppa fifty miles over rough hills to Jerusalem.

We landed in the midst of confusion. Traders, beggars, donkeys, camels, and other things bade us welcome. The poor beasts were groaning under heavy burdens. The men who carried our heavy suit-cases to the hotel packed eight and nine upon

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their backs, when one was as much as I cared to carry. When a woman packs things to last her a whole summer in a suit-case it will be heavy. So, from then until the time we left Palestine we were ever reminded of the text, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11: 28). It is a land heavy laden and full of burdens.

Through dirty streets we made our way, passing camels and donkeys who poked their noses into us uninvited and almost ran over us. We stopped to get a picture of the street cleaning department of the city, which consisted of an Arab boy loading garbage in a basket on a donkey's back. Some buildings we passed we were told were soap factories. If so, the people there must be like our doctors, who will not take the medicine they prescribe for other folks.

We came presently to the house of Simon the tanner, who lived by the seaside; and climbed to the top of the house where Peter saw the vision of the sheet descending from heaven and was taught the great lesson that God is no respecter of persons. God brought Cornelius to him there to be converted. (Acts 10.) This may not be the exact site, but it is surely near it. It was here also, that Peter raised Dorcas from the dead, as her friends gathered about her, showing the garments which she had made for them. We visited her beautiful tomb erected by the Greek Church, which has honored this faithful woman. A greater honor to her memory would be to organize Dorcas Societies here, as has been done elsewhere in the world, and try to lift the people up. But they think the building of great tombs is the greatest way they can honor the memory of people.

Joppa is one of the oldest cities of the world. It was given to the tribe of Dan in the distribution of Palestine, and has been in existence most of the

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time ever since, though sacked, pillaged and destroyed many times. Napoleon seized the city, and the mighty Saladin captured it in the days of the Crusaders. Not far from here, while Saladin's army was camping, Richard led 2,700 prisoners on a hill where they could be seen and cut them to pieces in his sight, the soldiers trying to recover jewels they believed them to have swallowed. Their galls were cut out and saved for medicine. This gives an idea of what has occurred on the holy hills in the name of religion.

Joppa is a busy, active city, and while it is full of filth and poverty, as all these cities are, it has much magnificence. There are two Turkish churches and a Greek church that is imposing. In and around the town are some of the finest orange orchards of the world, as well as other orchards. The crops are raised by irrigation. It is crude, but it answers, and it shows what all Palestine could do if the custom was followed.

We boarded the train at the little station in the edge of the city in the early afternoon, and turned our faces across the Plain of Sharon. Wonderful plain this is. It seems that it could feed the entire country. As far as eye could see was wheat in the harvest fields and flocks and flocks of goats and sheep. These Syrian sheep differ from ours chiefly on account of the big tails, on which the fat accumulates until often it weighs several pounds. Their tails often hang almost to the ground. The fat is hung up to dry and used for cooking purposes, as it is needed. From the moment of our arrival until our departure from Palestine we were hardly out of sight of sheep and goats, and many times our minds turned to the many beautiful and important truths the Master taught from these domestic animals. David's herds fed upon this plain. (1 Chron. 27: 29.) Beautiful beyond description is the plain when in springtime it is carpeted with a mass of many

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flowers glistening with dew in the sunbeams. Chief among these flowers is the Anemones or Rose of Sharon, which tuned the songs of Israel's poets more than once. In Song 2: 1, the Bride speaks of herself, "I am the Rose of Sharon, a lily of the valleys." In Isa. 35: 2, the prophet speaking of the future of Zion, says, "The glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon." In other prophecies the Book deals with Sharon. "Sharon shall be a fold for flocks," and how true that is.

The Plain of Sharon now is being settled by German colonists and Jews, who, under the Zionist movement, are coming back to claim their land. There are now over one hundred thousand settled here. They are changing portions of this great plain under methods of modern agriculture, and if they keep on, it may some day take on its olden life when forest and field made it Israel's pride.

On this plain we first saw the natives threshing their wheat—for it was harvest time—in the same way they did before the days of Christ. They pile their wheat upon the threshing ground and drive cattle over it until the wheat is separated, then they throw it into the air and the breeze blows the chaff away. As we saw this scene there came to our minds the solemn figure of the Lord's description of the Judgment, when the righteous should be separated from the lost.

After a journey of fifteen miles we left the Plain of Sharon and passed into the hills. About us the olive trees were white and green in the sun. Figs, apricots and sycamore fruit were in evidence. At one of the stations I bought a little tin pan full of this fruit for a penny or two. I gave the boy his money, but he began to cry as the train made ready to go, thinking I intended going off with his pan. There is a great deal of this fruit in Palestine and in the days of the country's glory there was still

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more. It is eaten especially by the poorer classes and is similar to figs, the taste is not very pleasant. These trees are small and bushy and were easily climbed by Zachaeus when Jesus passed by. When the Prophet Amos was called to his work he was a dresser of these trees. Amos 7:14. We also saw for the first time the Carob tree or Prodigal son tree. It grows a bean that is used for food by the poorer classes and for feeding purposes, and it was these husks that the Prodigal turned for food as he fed the hogs.

Our route brought us through the scene of the most of Samson's career and with my Bible I read of his rough and shadowed life as we came to the places linked with his name. There was Zorah, where he was born, and his mother dedicated him to God with high hopes for his future. On the mountain side, to the left, we saw the cave pointed out as the place where he met the Philistines as they crowded him and hurled thousands of them down and slew them with a jaw bone. Here was the place he tied the tails of the foxes together and set fire brands on them and burned the Philistine corn. It perhaps would have cleared up the matter to those who have wondered how Samson caught three hundred foxes, to have heard Philip say jackalls have always been called foxes and that they go in large numbers and can be easily caught. Not far from where we passed, this giant met his doom. Like the pure and singing brooks of his native hills, he went a downward course until he sought the low lands, where, though strong and mighty, yet polluted, he entered eternity's boundless sea. There has not been a more pathetic figure in the path of history than Samson facing the Philistines the last time, shaking himself with his old-time confidence as he raised his mighty arm to strike them down, only to find that arm had lost its strength while he slept in the lap of sin.

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Our little train also took us by Bethshemesh, where God slew fifty thousand Philistines because they tried to capture the Ark of Israel. 1 Sam. 6; also the supposed home of Joseph of Aramathea a faithful friend of Jesus in whose tomb Jesus was buried. Joseph and Nicodemus were the only two friends Jesus found in the Jewish Sandhedrin's seventy Elders of Israel.

The course of the train as it made its way slowly through the mountains of Israel crossed the Valley of Ajalon, noted because it was here Joshua ordered the sun to stand still that he might finish destroying the Gibeonites before the night came. These mountains were barren yet, in many places covered with olive trees and showing the ruins of Tenases, where in olden times the trees grew in such abundance as to cover the mountains.

Our train made a halt at a little station near Philip's fountain, where the Apostle Philip baptized the Eunuch. Here we had the laugh on our good Baptist friends. Our guide Philip, was describing the event to us while we listened. All around it was desolate and barren. One of our Baptist brethren asked, "Where is the fountain"? Philip replied there was no fountain here and never had been. Then he added "They didn't baptize by immersion in those days, everybody was baptized by sprinkling."

On we went by the spot pointed out as the home of the old Saint Simeon, who blest the infant Jesus in the Temple at Jerusalem and with wonderful prophetic insight called Him "A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the Glory of Thy people Israel." Luke 2:32. Philip pointed out to us the hill upon which David was when God gave him the signal to attack the Philistines, which was the moving among the mulberry trees. 2 Sam. 5:24.

We had climbed to the top of the mountain plateau and were nearing the Holy City. Our path had brought us through the territory of Dan and the

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section occupied by the mighty Philistines who were the strongest enemies Israel feared and whom they never completely conquered. Palestine received its name from this tribe and was known as the land of Philistia later Philistin land, and then Palestine. What strange feelings came to us this day as we passed over the scenes of this Bible history, but what greater experiences were yet before us? We were nearing Jerusalem! I stood on the platform of the little train and looked out to get the first view of the Holy City! Who could describe the feelings at the first vision of Jerusalem! Around a hill the city came suddenly before my eyes as if it had been let down from heaven. There was the Mount of Olives with its churches and olive trees, the Kedron valley and Gethsemane, between it and the city walls; the city on a hill with the mountains all around; the dome of the Mosque of Omar, the cite of Solomon's Temple. There came to my mind the words of the sweet singer of Israel "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem so the Lord is round about this people from this time forth and forever more." Ps. 125:2.

The train moved slowly into the station and half dazed we got off. A crowd was here to meet the crowd that the train had brought; many pilgrims of Jews and Mohammedans as well as American and English tourists crowded this little train into Jerusalem. In the crowd that surged about the little station I saw two very touching scenes. A nice looking young man worked his way through the crowd, his face full of happy light and his keen, anxious eyes searching the faces before him. Presently he saw the face of an old woman. It was a worn and wrinkled face but it was full of the light of a mother's love that glorified it. She had come to the station to welcome her boy home to Jerusalem, the city of his fathers. The boy had been away to America studying in a Christian school while his

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old mother back here in her humble home toiled and sacrificed her life away to help him. When they saw each other their arms were about each others necks and their tears of love ran down together. I knew no word they spoke and yet I did know, too, it was the language of a mother's love answered by the love of a child. And on all lips is not the language of love the same?

Not far from them was a similar scene, a bright-faced, happy looking Jewish girl was coming home after two years absence in a Christian school and her mother was there to meet her. Oh how she did break down and weep with unspeakable joy! Words came not to her lips. Her old mother's face was full of love and down the wrinkles of her cheeks the tears ran in little rivers. These scenes made me think of another day and another city—the heavenly Jerusalem instead of the earthly one. The old ship of Zion after perilous journeys over many seas and through many storms is nearing the Haven of Rest on the Shores of the River of Life. The host of heaven from the City not made with hands come down to meet the ship that is coming in and welcome those on board to the heavenly home! Those who land are searching the heavenly throng for the faces of their loved ones and those who have watched the ship come in are looking for the faces of those they love. The mother sees her child and they fly into each others arms. Mothers clasp again to their hearts the little ones they have “long since lost but not forgot.” Sisters and brothers, husbands and wives and friends are meeting and greeting one another in that happy land. No tears are in any eyes, no trouble on any face. Above them stands the blessed Saviour with the light of eternal love upon his beautiful face and the words of welcome on his lips while the blood-washed throng of a hundred and forty and four thousand burst forth in singing



Home at last. Ida Elizabeth Rowland and her father.

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“Up to the beautiful mansions above,
Gathering Home! Gathering Home;
Safe in the arms of His infinite Love
God’s children are gathering home!
Gathering Home! Gathering Home.
Gathering Home, Gathering Home;
Never to sorrow more, never to roam;
Gathering Home! Gathering Home.
God’s children are gathering Home.”

XVIII.

IN JERUSALEM.

"Last night I lay a sleeping there came a dream so fair,
I stood in Old Jerusalem beside the temple there;
I heard the children singing and ever as they sang
Me thought the voice of angels from heaven in answer rang.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Lift up your gates and sing
Hozanna in the highest,
Hozanna to your king.
Jerusalem! Jerusalem
Sing for the night is o'er,
Hozanna in the highest
Hozanna forever more."

This great strain of music, one of the grandest ever tuned to song ran through my soul with thrilling force as we made our way to the Fast Hotel near the Joppa Gate, where our home would be while in the Holy City. We found the hotel clean and comfortable and the fare good. Brother Williams and myself were conducted to our rooms, where as we always did at such times we sought our mail. What matters dusty clothes, dirty faces and uncombed hair when far away from home with no word for many days, your mail is placed in your hands! Even the charms of Jerusalem were put aside for a time for this. How good it was again to get messages from loved ones and friends and know their prayers were following us? How pleasant was the sight of a Virginia newspaper even though its date line was nearly a month behind the date! So, refreshed, revived, and washed, we soon found ourselves in the dining room. At a little

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table near the center of the room I was seated with Gibson, Best, Williams and Clark. The food and fellowship of that meal and those that followed for several days in the pleasant dining room of the Fast hotel will linger through the years as sweet music in our souls.

We took a short walk out into the streets after supper but soon returned to get off some mail, and spend the hours till bed time meditating and reading from our Bibles, the portion relating to Jerusalem. What a privilege to sit here in Jerusalem and read these things from the Bible on the ground where they happened? We knelt by our beds and thanked God for blessing us with this cherished privilege, and then we tried to sleep. But who could sleep on their first night in Jerusalem? How pictures arose before our minds! How the mellow voice of Israel's singing Shepherd rang in our souls! How strange things climbed the steps of memory and knocked at the door of our hearts and pulled the latch strings with all their might! Why, right on this spot the Wise Men came enquiring of the Holy Child; here David and Solomon ruled; here Jesus walked and talked and died. Who could sleep when such history of many centuries clamored for attention? So we went to our window and looked out on the city with its flat top houses, and down on the white road that wound like a ribbon from over the hills of Dan into the Joppa Gate. Caravans of stately camels with measured tread and uplifted solemn heads were coming into the city with the products of the land, just as they had been doing since the world was young. All night long we heard the jingle of their bells and the call of their drivers under our window.

We were up early the following morning with a mind and heart to see Jerusalem, and after our breakfast of cold bread, butter and coffee, we set out to see it, Jerusalem! Is there in all the world

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any city like it? In classifying the cities must we not put it in a list all alone? Other cities belong to empires and kingdoms, Jerusalem belongs to the world. Other cities belong to certain races, Jerusalem belongs to the human race. Other cities have shrines for certain faiths, Jerusalem is the Holy City for all. The Jew loves it, sings his home-sick songs about it in exile far and wide; speaks it with accents of devotion and when he comes to it weeps over it like the Saviour did whom his people rejected as their Lord. The Mohammedan often spends all his means and strength and gives his life in his effort to make long pilgrimages to behold its sacred scenes and worship at its shrines. The Armenians, Abasynians and Copts count it the greatest joy of their lives to pass beyond its walls. The Catholics, both Greek and Roman, have so adored it that they bow down in worship to its emblems and objects. Far and wide the hearts of Protestant Christians have brought them here to sit upon the ashes of its former glory and call up before them visions of things dear to their souls. It is even used as a type of heaven. Jerusalem gains this distinct place in history because it was the city where heaven and earth touched, and the spot where the life of God and the blood of man met together in the body of Christ in the greatest sacrifice history ever knew. Thus the world was forever linked to the throne of God with a golden chain of Eternal Love sealed with the Blood of Christ.

The history of Jerusalem runs far back in the beginnings and loses its trail in the shadows far away. The name is a combination of Jebus and Salem. It is supposed to have been founded by Jebus, the son of Canaan, who was Noah's grandson and for a long time bore his name. Then it took the name Salem and that mysterious character, Melchizedek, was its king. Its first name signified "trodden down" and Salem meant "City of

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Peace." Well do these names blend in Jerusalem, for while it stands for peace it has been trodden down as no city on earth. It has been besieged twenty-seven times and in and about its walls rivers of blood have flown. No city ever founded has experienced so many unspeakable horrors as the passion of the nations inflamed with the fires of hate have charged within its walls. Jerusalem has about 120,000 inhabitants crowded in its borders, eighty thousand are Jews, nine thousand are Turks and the rest from other nations.

Our hotel was just outside the Joppa Gate in the section of the American colony, so naturally our first steps would be through this historic gate into the city proper. In the big gate we saw the little one called "the needle's eye" which was open for footmen when the big gate was closed to the traffic. It is supposed this is what Jesus meant when he said it was easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. A camel could squeeze through this little gate if he removed all his baggage and got down on his knees. So if the rich man does that he can enter the gate of the Kingdom. Traders and beggars in abundance were at the gate waiting for us, but we passed them to the American colony stores, where are products of the Holy Land, which can be bought at a very reasonable price. We halted only a moment as we were out for other things and would go shopping later. We did return to look over the goods and make purchases. Mr. Vester, the manager, was very kind to us. Here you can buy beautiful pearl beads made by the native children from pearl from the Red Sea, from fifteen cents to a dollar, and other things too numerous to mention. Pictures, post cards, wood souvenirs, fancy work, canes, flowers and a multitude of other articles are there to tempt a traveler.

The German Emperor drove his royal chariot into

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the city in 1898 to take part in the dedication of the German Catholic church which he built and gave to the people. A place in the wall near the Joppa Gate was torn down to admit this royal outfit, as the gate was not large enough. The breach in the wall is still shown. I could but contrast this entrance into the city, its military manner and gaudy glitter with the entrance into the city through the Golden Gate on the other side, of One who came riding on an ass. But then, if you follow the figure, there are many ways in which Emperor William and Jesus Christ differ.

We visited Mt. Zion, the portion of the city occupied by David as his headquarters. Zion means "sunny" and this point being the highest ground in the city, was full of light and sunshine, thus well-suited for the fortified home of King David. Near here stands the Tower of David. It is an old castle whose history is in doubt and it is now used for barracks for Turkish soldiers. The walls of the city at this point show clearly three eras of building, Hebrew, Roman and Modern. We then passed down David Street and Christian Street, two prominent streets of the city. They are like all the streets, very narrow and crowded with venders, beggars, tourists, camels and donkeys.

Our next visit was to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, one of the far-famed shrines of the world. It is not my purpose to say much about this church. It may seem gross sacrilege to those who count it the most sacred spot of all the earth and would die to stand on its holy ground, but I must say I took little interest in it. I came to Palestine determined not to deal in question marks of faith-destroying criticism. My eyes and ears were not to give their precious time to those places and things that mar and spoil and stain the real life and meaning of the Holy Land and its glorious history. I would look beyond the spoils and desecrators of the Temple and

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the Tabernacle; I would throw the ashes aside to find the buried gold; I would look beyond the clouds to the sun that shone in light and life, and above the growl and grumble of fanatics and dirty beggars' empty hands; I would hear the voice of God speaking and see the bleeding hands of Christ. So the Catholic shams and lies bothered me not. The fact that they grouped in this church all the world's history was no concern of mine. I saw Adam's grave and his skull, the real cross on which Jesus died, the rock on which his body rested, his tomb and all his history; here in a dark church where many candles in golden candle sticks burned, casting solemn rays on gold and silver crosses and altars whose glitter and profusion might bemuddle a cardinal; but beyond all this prison, I looked to the hills where Jesus lived the outdoor life and died the outdoor death. There never was any convent dust or monastery mildew on the garments of Jesus Christ. There was the smell of the fields on his garments, the dust of the road on his cheeks. The Master was no monk, he was a man; a manlier man than any of the masters have painted Him or Theologians have pictured Him. His life was in the market place, fields, lake side, high ways and not in dungeons and cloisters, and yet the Catholics have taken every thing sacred they could find, built over it a gloomy, dark old church, sprinkled about it their incense and lighted their pitiful little candles, instead of turning on the sunlight and incense of Nature's sweet atmosphere. So I must be excused if I took little interest in these prison churches but looked beyond their gloomy walls to the great Outside.

There is one thing, however, that did impress me about the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is the joint property of the Greek-Catholics, the Roman-Catholics, the Armenians and Copts. These religious bodies have fought many a bloody battle here on its shrines in jealous rage to control its altars. The

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dome was dirty and needed cleaning but they were unable to decide who could be trusted with the work. Every Easter people are killed in their fiendish contention about its shrines. The Turks hold the keys and only by their consent can these worshippers get access to their own altars. These Turkish soldiers are ever on guard to see that the devout worshippers do not kill one another! Wonderful and pathetic products of the Roman conception of Christianity!

We then went through the city to St. Stephen's gate, out of which the enraged crowd thrust the young saint and stoned him to death because he preached the Holy Ghost. Here was the very place where he knelt down under the shower of crushing stones that mangled his body, praying for those who did the deed, committed his spirit into the hands of God, while Jesus stood at the throne of God (at other times He is represented as sitting) to welcome the martyr home. For a long time the gate that was baptized with his blood has borne his name.

We visited the scene of Pilate's Judgment Hall, where Jesus was tried and condemned to death. A Catholic monastery and orphanage is now on this site. The sisters in charge were very courteous to us, received us kindly and put before us many little things made by the children. Many of them showed skill and were very attractive. Our party gathered in the chapel that is said to be on the spot where Jesus was condemned and scourged, and had a little prayer service. It may seem odd for us to have service in a Catholic church, but we did. We even had brass enough to do it without asking permission.

Our next move was to leave the city for a visit to the Mount of Olives. Wonderful, beautiful hill is this Mount of Olives! The finest vision of Jerusalem is seen from this hilltop. When Jerusalem was in her glory, sitting as a queen upon her hill there,

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with the rising sun shining upon the sides of Solomon's Temple and all her greatness, it must have been like the city John saw let down from God out of heaven. You can always get better visions from a mountain or elevated place; you feel more in a spirit for seeing and things are more prepared to be seen. What visions do rise up to the soul standing on Olivet! How Jesus loved this hill and how oft he found comfort and communion in the shades of her green olive trees! There are a great many of these beautiful trees on Olivet now, and in the days of Jesus, when the country was more flourishing than it is now, Olivet must have been covered with olive trees until it presented one of the most charming pictures to be seen anywhere. These trees were His friends.

"And still they stand above the Holy City
A rugged road of hoary-headed trees
Among whose boughs the wind with heedless ditty
Bloweth from out the far off skies.
All thought is here of Him, and fancy sees
The love-lit face the nights beneath the trees
In prayer for us; we hide rebellious tears
And pray that his sweet spirit
May guide our faltering years."

What he thought and the feelings that went through His soul in the days and nights of His retirement here, is well worth our pondering. This was the Master's rest room, His study, His retiring place. He went over into the city to do His work and face His battles, but down the slope across Kedron and up Olivet he came to the quiet of the olive trees where His soul could find peace and where His Father could speak to Him while the leaves of the trees made soft music to His listening soul. It was from this place, somewhere, when His soul was full to overflowing and His heart full to bursting with Jerusalem's hard-heartedness, he cried out, "O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! How oft would

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I have gathered thee together as a hen doth gather her chickens under her wings but ye would not."

Standing on the Mount of Olives, I read this passage from my Bible, and coming down the sides of Olivet we saw a hen spreading her wings about her little brood.

It was on Olivet or somewhere near the crest where we stood that His holy feet left the earth and He ascended into heaven. Luke says, Luke 24:50, 51—"And He led them out as far as Bethany and lifted up His hands and blessed them, and it came to pass while He blessed them He was parted from them and carried up into heaven." It would seem from this He ascended from Bethany as many suppose, and yet Olivet being so very close to Bethany, He could have parted with them at Bethany and coming up Olivet to reach the highest point where the Holy City could be so plainly in view, He mounted on the chariot of God's love up to the gates of heaven. And yet, what doth it matter whichever theory of the doctors is right? We looked upon the spot where His feet last rested on earth, for it was somewhere near here. It is a wise provision perhaps that the exact spot is not known. The Catholics would cover it with a dark church and sprinkle incense over the shadows they cast. Let the spot be unknown. What might crazed fanatics do if they really knew?

Looking west from Olivet we saw almost at its base, Bethany, the home of Martha, Mary and Lazarus, the faithful friends of Jesus, who ever gave him a place in their home for rest and comfort. Near Bethany we could see Bethphage, where the disciples got the ass upon which Jesus rode into Jerusalem. His course was one of the three roads, either over Olivet; around the Southern slope near the foot; or the road still further west. What an assembly that was! The Saviour of the world was in the dress of a Galilean traveler, riding upon an

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ass at the head of that great company, while palm branches were spread in his way and the men, women and the little children shouted (of course the children did) "Hozanna to the son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord, Hozanna in the highest!" Matt. 21:9. Perhaps yonder through the Golden Gate, just near the temple, the procession entered the city. The Turks closed up that gate hundreds of years ago because of a report among them that a conqueror would come from the East, over Olivet, some day and enter Jerusalem through this gate and take possession of the city. What a sermon that closed gate preached to us that day! Of course a conqueror is coming from the East to rule not only over Jerusalem but over the world, and how his conquering coming will differ from His humble entrance to the city before! Do the silly Turks think they can wall up a gate and keep Him out? Cannot He who entered through the locked door to the prayer meeting of his Apostles pass beyond all the walls man may build?

On beyond Bethany, down beyond the foothills ran the blue stream of the River Jordan winding its crooked course to the Dead Sea. It seemed as it burst upon my vision it could not be over four or five miles away, but again I was fooled by the clear air of this land, for I knew Jordan was over twenty miles away.

We visited the two Catholic churches on Olivet and attended the services in one of them. The most striking thing about these churches were the windows. The words of the Lord's prayer were arranged in striking design on thirty-seven windows in thirty-seven different languages.

Passing from the Mount of Olives we visited the tomb of Herod the Great, also the Tomb of the Kings which is one of the most noted burial places about Jerusalem. These large tombs and chambers are hewn out of a solid rock. There are two stories and

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many rooms in these tombs. Their history is uncertain. Perhaps they were for the Roman kings, or maybe the Jewish kings. I could but wonder as I beheld all these ancient burial places, what distinguished forms were put to rest within their walls. It would be interesting if the mind could call up the pictures of all these burials.

We drove along the road over the slope of Olivet around to the Damascus Gate, passing two caravans of camels and a flock of sheep. They followed the shepherd and obeyed all his calls. A little lamb was tired and unable to finish the journey, so the shepherd took him in his arms and carried him on. Many times the Master saw scenes like this and from them He drew the finest lessons of the Father's love and care for His little ones.

From the carriages as they went along that afternoon, our eyes rested on a knoll outside the city wall northward of the city. It took no word from the guide to tell us this was Mount Calvary, where Jssus died upon the cross. Who could, with word or pen, describe his feelings as he looks upon that skull-shaped hill where our Saviour hung upon the cross and died for our sins? Doubtless all of us were thinking of the day in the years gone by, far away from there, when groping through the shadows of sin, our souls sought the cross of Jesus. All broken, tired and sick with sin we came to let the blood that was shed on Calvary cleanse us of our sin. The children of God in the church of our childhood seemed to be singing again:

“Just as I am without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.”

We felt ourselves coming again to the altar of the old church six thousand miles away, with broken heart and tear-filled eyes, and kneeling at the altar of our fathers, that had known so many tears of

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sorrow and joy, the soul, hungry and sick, sought the dying Saviour in penitent prayer, while the verse came sweet and low—

“Just as I am Thou wilt receive;
Will welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe;
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.”

And when the seeking sinner and the seeking Saviour met, and the Saviour had spoken “Peace”—the sweet peace of forgiveness to the seeking soul the people sang:

“Just as I am Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone;
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.”

In our hearts we had been to Calvary before, but now we were standing by the real spot where the Lord was crucified. I tried to picture the scene but it was a poor effort, for my soul was too overcome to picture or describe anything. The three crosses were there on the crest of the hill; the soldiers were on guard near by. The surroundings would afford a splendid theatre where the great crowd that had come into the city to Passover could see the acts on the stage in the center. The mass of people crowded around to see the performance—the public crucifixion of three criminals who had proven themselves unworthy of living among them. Yonder, near the cross, was a little company more touched than the others, a poor, bent and crushed woman wept but she had not left her Son.

“Near the cross was Mary weeping;
There her mournful station keeping;
Gazing on her dying Son;
There in speechless anguish groaning,
Yearning, trembling, sighing, moaning;
Through her soul the sword had gone.”

Then comes one of the most tender touches of all the history of men. The dying eyes of Jesus were

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turned toward that bent and troubled figure. In the midst of the most intense agony the body and the soul have ever known, He did not forget His mother; He was all she had, and she was all He had. He had no home or earthly store to will those He left behind. He need not even think about who would take His garments, the only earthly possession He had, for the soldiers who killed Him would take His clothes for the trouble. Yet He made a will, an additional will to the one He made in John 14, when as a last will and testament He left His friends a legacy of Peace and Titles to Mansions in the skies. This is a very peculiar will. There is no case like it. When the eyes of the Saviour saw Mary His white lips moved "John, behold thy mother, Mother, behold thy son." He had willed his mother to His best friend and willed His best friend to His mother. Mary, leaning on the arm of her new son John, went down from Calvary. What tender pictures we would see if we could follow them through the rest of their earthly life and see how each one tried to carry out the Saviour's dying request.

I think the greatest description of the crucifixion I have ever seen is that of General Wallace in Ben Hur. Over and over in my mind ran the words He uses and rose the pictures He draws as we stood about Calvary. It is not strange that the lips of those in our carriage ceased speaking and tears ran unhindered from the eyes that watched the scene that day.

Calvary is occupied by a Mohammedan cemetery and no alien foot is allowed upon its top. People have been killed for trying to reach it. While the Christian heart revolts at the thought of Turks owning Calvary, it seemed to me that it was better so than for the Catholics to own it and cover it with a gloomy church and let lazy priests sling incense where Jesus died. Now it is bare and the sun shines on it while all who come can see it. Surely, no build-

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ing ought ever to be put on Mt. Calvary.

From Calvary we went to the Garden in which is located the tomb where Christ was buried. Of course, great controversies have waged over the location of these places. The Catholics have maintained all of them were to be located in the Church of The Holy Sepulchre within the city walls, while the great weight of Protestant scholarship has placed the crucifixion and the tomb outside the city walls. It is not the purpose of this writing to trace the arguments for this position. I wish we could go into it at length. After much study of these authorities and looking upon the scenes with my Bible in my hand to see what it says, there is not a shadow of doubt that "Gordon's Calvary" and "Gordon's Tomb" to the north of the city walls are genuine. They fill all conditions and no other place could. These spots have General Gordon's name associated with them because by his labor and money the weight of evidence was secured that located them as the real places where Jesus died and was buried. Let the Catholics have their fake sites; better this than for them to claim the real ones.

The garden in which the tomb is located is a beautiful one and is owned by some very devout Episcopalians from England. The old gentleman, who was the garden keeper was indeed an attractive Christian gentleman of culture and spiritual force. He seems to live in the atmosphere of the garden where Jesus was crucified and buried, providing an opportunity for followers of Jesus to visit these sacred spots and devoutly meditate, rather than using the garden for commercial purposes. How different was the atmosphere of this garden to other sacred places occupied by lazy Turks and Catholics who drone out their Latin and scatter about incense! It was refreshing to find the tomb where Jesus was buried, occupied by devout Episcopalians rather than Turks and Catholics.

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We greatly enjoyed our visit to this garden and the lecture by the keeper. We entered this tomb that had the name "Joseph" carved on it and read there the gospel account of Christ's burial. What feelings came to our hearts, as standing with bowed heads in the empty tomb of Jesus, we reflected on the scene so dear to Christian hearts! We could almost see the weeping women coming in the gray dawn of the first Easter morning, their hands full of sweet spices, their hearts full of a sweeter love, and their eyes overflowing with tears. All others had left Him. Fearing naught that might be in their path, they sought His tomb with a question on their lips as to how their weak feminine hands could roll the stone away, but with a faith in their hearts that somehow God would attend to that. Then they went back with the first message of a Risen Saviour for a waiting, hungry world upon their lips. Peter and John were so stirred that they braved the dangers and ran with questions in their soul to see for themselves. "So they ran, both of them together, and the other disciple did outrun Peter and came first to the sepulchre, and he, stooping down and looking in saw the linen clothes lying, yet he went not in. Then came Simon Peter following him and went into the sepulchre." Jno. 20:4-6. John outran Peter I suppose because poor Peter was so weakened by his suffering since his awful sin of denial, and his eyes were so blinded with tears he made a poor runner. When they reached the tomb John halted for fear, but Peter overtook him, passed him and went into the tomb where his Lord had been. What must have been the feelings of their hearts as they came to the grave of the best friend they had ever had and found it empty, knowing that no power could open it and get the body away but the power that went in with His body when it was buried?

Of course the authorities tried by bribery and

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lies to prove his disciples stole His body away while the soldiers slept. But who would believe it? The disciples could not open the tomb; they were too frightened and timid to try. The soldiers would not sleep, for it was a death penalty to sleep on duty and then the entire company would not have slept at once while such a bold robbery went on; besides this, if there ever was a time when soldiers or any body else would not sleep, it was following the death of Christ and the unheard of supernatural demonstrations that followed. Weak and foolish theory was this. So the people knew it was God's hand and the disciples surely knew they did not rob the tomb. So strange feelings came to them as they stood there knowing their Friend was risen from the grave and soon they would see Him again.

What tender feelings came to our own hearts as we stood by the empty tomb! Many times I had preached to poor souls as they stood by the graves of all their buried treasures. I had assured mothers across the seas that their little babies were not dead but sleeping, and soon the Lord who rose from the dead, Himself would bring them from the grave and put them again in their mother's arms. I had assured children they would see their parents again. I had said it was all wrong to say they were dead. They were only sleeping. I had comforted myself thus beside the graves of my own loved ones and friends along my pathway many leagues from here. What a privilege to have our faith strengthened by a visit to the empty tomb and to look in upon the place where He arose and sing:

"The rising God forsakes the tomb;
In vain the tomb forbids His rise;
Cherubic legions guard Him home
And shout Him welcome to the skies."

XIX.

ABOUT THE WALLS OF ZION.

We spent several days in the Holy City and were busy all the time to make every precious moment of this trip count. Of course I am not trying to give anything like a full account of all we saw; it would be impossible for me to attempt such a thing; I am merely giving some impressions of some things.

One morning, just after breakfast, we all assembled in front of the hotel for a donkey ride around the walls of the city. There were fifty-two of us and when we all got together it seemed to me I have never seen such an array of donkeys. We discussed the matter of how many donkeys were along, but were never able to determine..

Palestine and Egypt cannot be disassociated from the donkey. He is its national flower. He is everywhere. If you go out into the fields, he is there browsing and happy; if you go in the alleys, he is there asleep or in deep study over some solemn subject; if you go into the houses, he is there; if you walk the streets, he is stepping on your toes, rooting his nose in your neck, rubbing his back on you and switching his tail in your face when he has energy enough to do so. You can't get away from him. There are ten thousand in Cairo alone. You can hire him for a day's ride for a song or if you want to buy him you can do so for something like five dollars. He is usually mouse-colored but sometimes black. He is so small that your feet will almost drag the ground when you mount him. But notwithstanding his insignificant looks he can and does carry immense burdens; for one of the most pathetic sights of the country is the way they burden their beasts. And when you get on his back you will get one of the most pleasant and comfortable rides you ever had.

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The world has never given the donkey his dues. It has honored the horse in literature and even mounted its heroes upon him on their monuments. It has immortalized the dog in eloquent words and touching stories that have touched the heart and dimmed the eyes; it has honored the bird and praised the cow, but what has it ever done for the donkey? He has carried man's burdens and never uttered a word of complaint save when Baalam tried to drive him where he knew he ought not to go. Sure-footed, careful and strong he has carried man where other animals could not take him; he has carried his owners' children, cared for them and hurt them not. For all this service he has been beaten, half starved, and his name used to curse with, for when we desire to put a person down as low in the scale of brain and character as possible we call him an ass. But the donkey does not deserve such treatment, he has traits that are not commendable, the main two being laziness and hardheadedness, but in the East he is the poor man's friend and in our land he ought to be.

We all selected our donkeys and mounted them in great confusion. The confusion, however, was among us and not them, for a donkey never gets confused, he is at home anywhere and under all circumstances, he is nature's most cool-headed animal. He didn't even get excited in the Ark. I selected mine, going by such marks as I thought I knew and mounted him. His name was something like Mohammed, and I think that was his faith, for he had some traits very much like that prophet. He did not believe in progressive doctrine but was a stand-patter. He also, like the prophet whose name he bore, believed in predestination, holding that whatever was going to be would take place whether he was there to see it or not, so he need not hurry. But he also believed in the perseverance of the saints, believing that when he did start he would keep on

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until he got there even if the program was over.

The vision of that donkey party made impressions on the slate of my memory that will never wear off. The solemn little mouse-colored donkeys with fringes of many colors on their saddles, long legged men with feet nearly dragging the ground, dignified D. Ds., professors and bankers, laughing lassies and solemn school marms, stout ladies and thin ladies with the bare-foot, baggy-panted donkey-boys, produced a picture I have hung high on the walls of my soul.

After all necessary preliminaries, we started around to the south of the Joppa Gate and down the Valley of Gihon, that moves on the south side of the city until it becomes the Valley of Hinnom and runs into the Valley of Jehosaphet, which is formed by the brook Kedron, which runs between Olivet and the city walls on the east side. Thus the city is almost entirely surrounded by these valleys which vary in depth from almost a level where they begin to over six hundred and seventy feet at the juncture of Hinnom and Jehosaphat. A ride along these valleys, around the city walls, over ground historic as no other ground can be with landmarks that stir your soul, is a privilege never to be forgotten.

I got along very well with my donkey, Mohammed. I hope I will not be considered sacreligious or disrespectful to the prophet when I shorten his name to "Ham" for all of it is too much to say when hurried. He was very hard to get started, for he seemed to have a great deal of pious meditating to do before he began his journey. But after you had exhausted about all your energy to get him under way you had equally as much trouble halting him when and where you chose. He was like one of the old-time freight trains before the days of air brakes. You had to begin to put on brakes as soon as you saw the station and then you were sure to go by it and have to back back to it. To pull on the reins was like pulling on

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the guy-wire of a telegraph pole. It seemed to make no impression on him. To speak to him was worse, for he did not seem to understand English, or if he did he paid no attention to it. I did not try Turkey talk to him, for I never did like to use that language. I did devise a method of management before the day was done. I had wondered what his long and ponderous ears were for and I thought I would experiment some, so when I wanted him to stop at the Hill of Evil Council and he seemed bent on a through trip to Jehosaphat with no stop-overs allowed, I caught a big ear in each hand and swung back on my stirrups with all my might. Ham stopped with grace and dispatch. After that I dispensed with the bridle and when I wanted him to "haw" I pulled his left ear and when I wanted him to "gee" I pulled his right one and when I wanted him to "whoa" I pulled both, and I had no more trouble save in getting him started. I didn't learn how to do that. One of the donkey-boys ran up while I was swinging on to Ham's ears to keep him from going into a cavern and protested. I think he was trying to tell me in Arabic that this was not the proper way to manage a donkey. I argued to him in English that it answered the purpose and I proposed to continue it.

Our dignified divinity, Brother Williams protested because of my treatment of my donkey and said I ought to talk to him in his native tongue. So he called a boy and asked him what to say to the donkey to get him to stop. The boy said it and the doctor repeated it all day. At the end of the journey the guide smiled and asked if he knew what he had been saying to the donkey, he replied he had been telling him to stop, like the boy told him; imagine his feelings when the guide told him he had been telling the donkey to "go to the devil" all day. I told the doctor I'd rather pull his ears than to cuss like that.

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Doctor Gibson had turned out his whiskers for reasons best known to himself. Perhaps he had associated with goats until he wanted to look like one. When his donkey got to the highest place in the Valley of Hinnom (from which we get our word "hell") he started down the precipice. I told the doctor I had seen a good many things but never saw a Baptist preacher on his way to hell on a donkey before. It was suggested that the donkey looked back and saw the whiskers and thought his passenger had some interests in that place, and he wanted to take him home.

One reason we had trouble guiding our steeds was we did not have enough donkey-boys. Each donkey is accustomed to having a boy following behind him, beating him with a stick to make him go and using his tail as a rudder to guide him in the true course.

We paused to view the hill of Evil Counsel, where Judas met the Chief Priests and the Scribes and in secret planned the destruction of Jesus. What a sad side-light on human nature? The leaders of Church and State, in secret plot to kill the Son of God when they should have been helping Him do His Father's work! And saddest of all, Judas, one of the Apostles whom He had trusted, loved and befriended, sneaking through the city in the night to join the company to sell his Lord for a little silver! What sadder verse has the Scripture recorded than that that says of Judas "He went out and it was night." Yes it was night, a dark and awful night to his soul and to the world. Their deeds could only be done in the night. The devils creep forth at nightfull to ply their trade, for as Jesus said of them, "They love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil."

Not far from the Hill of Evil Counsel, further down the valley is Akeldama, or the Field of Blood. What a history this barren, rocky field has? Bought with the money for which Judas sold his Lord, it

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furnished the grave that was to hold the body of the Traitor himself! Many men buy their own graves with the money they have loved more than they love their Lord or their souls! What thoughts came into our minds as we beheld this awful place! Judas Iscariot! What a history he has? How strange such a black chapter should come into the history of the beautiful life of Jesus? What is the meaning of it all? Strange, sad mysteries! It is strange there will grow in the same soil, fed by the same rain and sunshine a food that gives life and the poison that destroys it! It is stranger still there will grow up in the same home, reared by the same parents a child that will honor his parents and one who brings their gray heads down in sorrow to the grave! But stranger than all is the fact that in the family circle of Jesus Christ there should be a Judas and a John!

The great lesson that comes to us is—If from the side of Jesus the devil could drag one of his apostles down to ruin and hell, there is no place on earth where his fiendish feet may not go, and no mortal who may not fall a victim to his assaults. Judas did not go the depths at one leap, but sure and swift were the steps he took down the stairway of his doom—covetousness, jealousy, listening to the jingle of the money more than to the words of his Lord; resenting his Lord's correction, keeping company with his Lord's enemies; putting a price on holy things and he had reached the bottom. But the money burned him. He had gained his paltry purse, but on the other side of the balance were the things he lost, his peace, his reputation, his place in the church, his soul.

Poor Judas, thy accused dust will be here in barren Akeldama until God calls time on the world! No vandal's hand will bother thee; all who go this way will pause with a feeling of revulsion and disgust;

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not even a child or a dog will even bear thy name. Friendless, lost, abandoned, thou hast gone down the valley of darkness. While the judge crowns Peter for his martyrdom and John for his life long love he will reward thee for thy treachery and suicide. What a scene that judging time will be! The men thou didst help will have no sympathy for thee and in hell the devils and the damned will sneer at thee while across the great gulf in the city of God angels will welcome thy comrades to everlasting peace.

Another thought came to me in this dark place. It somewhat crowded out my condemnation of Judas. If he fell from the place he held I may fall from mine. Who is exempt from hell's assaults or proof against its alluring lead? May God help us to be true, and if we can never do great deeds for Christ help us not to sell our rock-ribbed loyalty for any glittering bribe. Some men say they hold aloft from Christ and the church because of the hypocrites that are among his people, but somehow more than ever that day as I reviewed the career of Judas on the ground where it was enacted there came a stronger band about my soul that bound me to my Lord because of his failure. If your mother had two sons and your brother brought the family in disgrace and sorrow to her grave after a life of vileness and shame, would you leave the bent form of your weeping and broken-hearted mother at the grave and go off to disown her because of the sin that was in your family? Wouldn't you rather put your arm about her broken-hearted form, kiss her weeping face and say, "Mother, your other son has disgraced you and broken your heart, but I will stick to you closer and love you better because of it." So I felt like saying something like that to my Saviour as I stood by the Field of Blood.

Just below the field of blood is the valley of Hinnom from which comes the words Gehenna and hell. Jerusalem represented heaven and the valley of Hin-

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nom represented hell. Into this valley the garbage and filth of Jerusalem was dumped, and set on fire. Here, also, the offal from the slaughter pens nearby was thrown. The fires never went out here. The worms died not but ever preyed upon the putrifying mass. The wild dogs and jackalls came up in the night with their hungry howls and gleaming eyes seeking prey. This was in outer darkness for the valley is deep and no light shone save the fires that smouldered and sent up the awful odors toward the skies. In this valley was inaugurated the worship of Moloch. In the arms of a great iron god made hollow so internal fires could heat it as a stove the people placed their little children.

These things account for the references Jesus made to the home of lost souls. Hell was to be the dumping place of all the filth and vileness of the Universe. Everything that was not fit for heaven would be cast into it, and set on fire. If Russel or anybody else can get any consolation from the contemplation of such an eternal abode they surely have accommodating minds. I could but notice how fitting it was that the Hill of Evil Council and the field of blood should be so close to Gehenna.

Our journey around the city walls carried us by the village of Siloam and the pool of that name where Jesus made the blind man go and wash that he might receive his sight. Also we made stops at the Virgin's fountain, the tomb of Zechariah and St. James, reputed to be the burial places of these distinguished characters. Not far from these we came to the pillar of Absalom, a rather imposing, yet gloomy looking, monument. This is supposed to be the grave where Absalom was buried and when the natives pass by they usually spit at it and throw stones at it to show their contempt for a son who treated his father so. Now and then the piles of stones cast about the tomb become so great they have to be cleared away. Near this tomb is the tomb

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of Jehosaphat where the good king is supposed to be buried. From this fact comes the name of the valley. We left our donkeys outside and made a visit to Solomon's quarries. The entrance is not large and one would never think of the marvelous scheme of this underground work. There seems to be no end to the caverns and tunnels which the workmen of the great King Solomon dug under the city. Some of them open into large rooms which are very high. It is said the full extent of these underground passages has been explored by very few, if anybody, and much of their regions, is unknown. Here is where the stones were secured for the building of the Temple, and all the stones were quarried so that in putting them together there was heard no sound of instruments. The stone is light gray granite, almost white, and everywhere is seen the signs of the workmen's hands, where the stones were hewn out and in many places half finished stones are found. The whole earth under Jerusalem seems to be filled with this stone. When the force of Solomon's workmen was at work getting out these stones, bringing them up the incline to the entrance and conveying them to the temple grounds it must have been a wonderful sight. We visited a Masonic lodge in one of these caverns. A visit to the Jews' Wailing Place brought strange feelings and made lasting impressions on all of us, for there is not a more touching place in or about Jerusalem than this place where the Jews come to shed their tears, sing their songs of lamentations and pray to the God of their fathers. There are those who see in this nothing but an exhibition of ceremonial ritualism, but it did not seem so to me as I looked upon it. There may have been a few in the crowd that day who were there just from custom or because of other reasons than sincere devotions, but the large majority of them seemed to me to be pouring out of hungry and sick hearts

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sincere lamentations and prayers. It was a sad sight. An hour in which there was no note of rejoicing, naught of peace in any heart, and no smile on any face, and is it not a sad hour for any people when their worship comes to that?

The wailing place is just inside the city beside an old wall of the ancient city which is said to be a part of the original wall of Solomon's temple. It is the beginning of the Temple Area, now held by the Turks who will not let a Jew pass over the ground. Their fathers used to worship there. Their incense went up on the air to their God; their songs went wide and sweet upon the winds; their prayers in streams flowed heavenward in the good days of Israel's glory and now the heathen Turks will not let them enter the grounds. So they come here every day, but in large numbers on Friday and mourn and pray, kissing the stones and placing their foreheads against them. When we were there they were chanting like a solemn dirge the words of Isaiah 64:9-11, "Be not wroth very sore O Lord, neither remember iniquity forever; behold we beseech thee we are all thy people. Thy holy cities are a wilderness, Zion is a wilderness, Jerusalem is a desolation. Our holy and beautiful house where our fathers praised thee is burned up with fire and all our pleasant things are laid waste."

They repeat other such expressions equally as sad and mournful from the major and minor prophets. Psalms and lamentations are poured forth from their lips with tones, manner and looks of the most intense interest. Some of them seem to be going through severe internal sufferings.

How history and prophecy rolled down upon us at this sad place that evening. For everywhere you go in Palestine you are impressed with the literal fulfillment of the prophecies. The glory of Israel had departed, and her beautiful land laid waste. These devout Jews were coming back to Jerusalem,

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the city of their fathers, and praying for restoration of their greatness and were trying to reoccupy Palestine. What a great thing it would be for them to accept the Lord they rejected and then claim the Promises of God! They are flocking to Palestine in thousands. Some day they will turn to their Saviour and again be the people of God, if not in greatness and glory, in spiritual reality.

The day was drawing to a close and we made our way back to our hotel feeling that it had been a day of peculiar interest and pleasure. It being sometime till supper, Brother Williams and myself walked out about the Joppa Gate to study the life we saw there. The usual amount of begging and trading was going on. Almost every stand was supplied with stale bread and watermelon seed which were bought by the poor people for some miserable-looking pennies. Upon these they made their meal. Four Bedowen had partaken of this poor meal and were sitting down upon the ground talking. They were children of the hills, shepherds of a few sheep, roamers far and wide. They had come into the city on some mission, and like we were doing had come to the gate with the crowd to take a little interest in life. They were rough-looking men and they were unkempt and dirty, yet their faces were friendly and their eyes were kind. Three seemed to be happy and one sad. It was easier to guess reasons for the sadness of the one than it was for the happiness of the three. The three were busy trying to cheer up the sad one. They laughed at him, slapped him on the back, called his attention to everything of interest in sight. They told him stories and laughed at them themselves, but the sad man did not laugh, nor did he smile. He did not even look up or take any interest in what was going on. I was thinking their mission to the city was in some way in behalf of their troubled friend. We could not, of course, understand any-

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thing they said, but we could read the meaning of what was going on.

We had watched them with much interest because there was much of human life in the picture. I was standing near them with some smoked glasses in my hand. The sun was sinking over the Holy Hills and throwing the beams of its good-night upon the city. The light was soft, the glare was gone, and I had removed the glasses which all travelers must wear to keep the glare of the sun from burning out their eyes. One of the men saw the glasses in my hand and called the attention of the troubled one to it. They all then began to talk to him about me and they became so interested they stood up and came nearer. One of them reached forth his hand for the glasses. I gave them to him and he put them on the eyes of his troubled friend, and as he did, I saw the cause of the man's sadness. His eyes were red and water was running from them. One of the great curses of the land, blindness was pressing down upon him. From constant contact with the burning sun and glare of rock and sand as he looked after his sheep, having no protection for his eyes like hundreds of others they were being burned out.

When he put the glasses on he looked over the hills of his fathers toward the sunset. His friends were speaking to him. From his troubled face the shadows were passing and in his red, sad eyes a new light was shining. One of the men reached forth his hand and took mine, giving it a vigorous shake. He then took the hand of his afflicted friend and put it in mine, the while making signs and speaking in his native tongue. I understood it all. He wanted the glasses for his afflicted friend thinking this invention of Western civilization would have magic power to save the poor man's eyes. Perhaps his friends had come with him to Jerusalem to seek some aid for their friend in his afflict-

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tion. I shook the man's hand and also the hand of his friend, which according to the custom of the country was sealing the bargain in the presence of a witness that I had given him the glasses. He went his way rejoicing in his gift and hoping it would save his eyes. I went my way feeling happy that I had had the privilege of taking part in such a little act of kindness at the historic Joppa gate. But my mind turned back to the one who used to pass in the gates of the city and when he saw such poor afflicted eyes he touched them with his fingers and spoke a word to them, bringing to them the blessing of sight. Oh that he were here to-day to bring the same help to the many eyes this glare was burning out. And then there came the thought that our poor, blind souls coming to Him receive sight and see the blessings of forgiveness, peace and everlasting life. So we went to our supper from the Joppa gate singing:

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now I'm found,
Was blind but now I see.

XX.

ON THE SITE OF THE TEMPLE.

Two nights during our stay in Jerusalem we had the privilege of listening to addresses of Rev. Archibald Forder, a missionary in Jerusalem, who by special request spoke to our party and other tourists who were stopping at our hotel. Mr. Forder is a Wesleyan Methodist from England and for twenty-five years has wrought with heroic faith and zeal, on his own responsibility most of the time. To hear him speak how God has delivered him from dangers, provided for him in his days of extremity and honored his labors is like reading a second book of the Acts of the Apostles. We were strengthened, refreshed, entertained and edified by hearing this valiant soldier of the cross recount his battles.

Our hotel life in Jerusalem was the most home-like of any we found. By this time in our journeys we had begun to feel like a big family, and somehow the other tourists at the hotel were of the same mind. So our fellowship was very pleasant. Our dragoman, Philip, and his faithful brothers left undone nothing that would add to our comfort and the hotel authorities were as thoughtful, kind and attentive as they could be. The waiters were unusually attentive to us, so much so that one day at our table we gathered up a tip for our boy. He was a pathetic looking Armenian who seemed to feel that his standing on earth and Heaven would be determined by his attention to his table. When the boy received the tip he went to the chief waiter with the matter. The chief waiter came to us at once and informed us the boy would have to return the money or be dismissed from the hotel, for the rule of the management was that no tips were to be accepted by any employee. This was a new thing under the sun to be found in hotels, and we felt like

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taking off our hats to the Hotel Fast, and yet we were sorry for the poor boy who wanted the money, and no doubt needed it.

The water we drank was very good but hard to get. They seemed to be stingy with it, as they are everywhere, and well they might. Still when we demanded it we got it in such quantities as we wanted. It is hard for the people to understand the thirst Americans have for water. They drink very little, perhaps the main reason is that it is so scarce and hard to get. It is much easier to get wine than water. One day I asked the hotel man where his supply of water came from. He told me to come down to the entrance the next morning at six if I was up, and he would show me. That morning a company of Arab girls came up the Bethlehem Road by the Joppa gate with large stone water pitchers on their heads. These pitchers seem to hold four to five gallons, and they keep the water cool and fresh for a long time. The girls filed into the hotel and putting down their burdens received their pay of a few pennies, and went on their homeward way. The hotel man informed us this water came from a cool, pure spring near Bethlehem. Think of girls carrying water on their heads in huge pitchers for six miles! When I learned that I was ashamed that I had been such a pig as to demand so much of it to drink.

All over Palestine we saw the women and the girls on those long journeys with their water jars, carrying water home. We also saw hundreds of men carrying water, but they were carrying it in goat skins. It is considered a gross breach of conduct for a man to carry a pitcher. Thus when Jesus sent the disciples to find the ass upon which he would ride into Jerusalem he told them to follow a man whom they would see carrying a pitcher. Had he said "bottle" they would have been confused, as they would doubtless see a large number carry-

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ing these skin bottles, but when he said pitcher it was clear, for it would be so unusual to see a man carrying a pitcher that it would attract much attention, since it was likely the only such case they would see.

It was a mystery to me how they got the skin off the goats without so far as you could see any rent in the hide. The head and the feet were cut off and thongs of hide tied to them, and these thrown over the shoulders. The neck or a leg was used as a mouth to let the water out. I thought they scared the goat so he jumped out. The most of these carriers of skins of water seemed not to be carrying it for family use, but for sale to public places or on the street by the glass. We saw a great many of these goatskins and once we saw a man selling water on the street in a dogskin. No, I didn't drink from his bottle ("not as I knows of," as a colored witness said to the court), and don't know how it was, but those who knew said it was fine and there seemed to be a great demand for it.

We spent part of the hours in the evening and during the mid-day hours when it was too hot for much travel about the city in writing postcards and mailing them to our friends. I sent about five hundred, mailing one into every home in my church and to all my relatives and friends that I could. These cards, beautiful souvenirs of Palestine, cost us seventy cents a hundred, and the postage when less than five words were used was a cent and a quarter (one matelick), which made the card delivered to friends at home cost a fraction less than two cents.

We also spent some pleasant hours in the hall and hotel lobby examining the beautiful display of goods of every description from the American Colony stores, and one or two other firms. It was fine to have the goods brought to us at the hotel where we could at our ease select our presents for those

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at home without the trouble of going shopping.

We spent one Sabbath in Jerusalem and it was a Sabbath long to be remembered. We attended service in a Greek Catholic church, and in an Armenian church, and also in a Christian Alliance church, which is one of the strongest missions in the city. We enjoyed this day of worship with these people who were from our own home land. It was the closing exercises of the school, and the Sunday-school hour was given to the children, who did credit to themselves and the cause. At eleven o'clock the pastor preached an appropriate sermon full of spiritual force and practiced religion from Elisha succeeding the prophet Elijah. We spent the rest of the Sabbath walking over holy ground and in reading from our Bibles things that occurred in the city of Jerusalem.

The visit to the temple area is always of peculiar interest to every Christian traveler. The section occupied by Solomon's Temple, courts and chambers connected therewith occupied a plot of thirty-seven acres in the most commanding section of the city. The temple stood in the center of this section and faced Olivet and the sun rise. To picture the glories and splendor of this temple and its surroundings in the time of Solomon is beyond the power of man. We visited the temple area early in the morning and took our time going over the sacred ground and thinking of the history that was made here in gold and glory and blood and fire. What spot on earth has witnessed over and over such a train of mighty events? Its first history comes to us from that pathetic chapter in the life of Abraham when God ordered him to take his son Isaac (Gen. 22) and take him to Mt. Moriah and offer him as a sacrifice. The home of Abraham was then several miles to the south. He came to Moriah which the main authorities of Bible History now agree was here in Jerusalem and was the crest of

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the hill upon which the temple of Israel was destined to stand. God had a plan and purpose in these strange events which are well worth our careful thought and meditation.

Isaac was the only son of Abraham. In a peculiar sense Abraham, the father, stood for God our Father, and Isaac, the son, represented Christ the Son. Abraham took his only son to Mt. Moriah and was in the act of sacrificing him to his God when ordered to stay his hand. This was on the very spot where for centuries the sacrifices of Israel would be offered; all these things pointing to the time when on the hill of Calvary a few leagues away. God would allow His son Jesus to be offered up as the fulfillment of all prophecies and accomplish the salvation of all who henceforth had faith in His blood.

The next mention we find of the temple site is in 2 Sam. 24. It is now called "The threshing floor of Araunah the Jebusite." God tells David to go to Araunah and buy this spot for an altar. David did so and built there an altar unto the Lord and offered burnt offerings and peace offerings and called upon the name of the Lord and he answered him by fire. 1 Chr. 21:26. Then David said, "This is the house of the Lord God and this is the altar of burnt offering for Israel." 1 Chr. 22:1. This settles beyond question the fact that King David, who instructed Solomon as to the building of the temple, also selected the place and he did it not of his own fancy, but by the order of God. This threshing floor is declared to be the site where Isaac was to have been offered.

The first temple that ever stood here was Solomon's Temple, the first permanent dwelling place of God among the people after the Tabernacle passed away. The active work of building was eight years. The principal material was rock from the quarries under the city, cedars from Lebanon and gold, sil-

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ver, brass and cypress from Tyre. Large numbers of the most skilled workmen to be secured in the world were busy bringing to completion this the most wonderful building of the world. The height of the temple was two hundred feet. Its body was of white granite. The floor and the roof were of gold. Its pillars were of brass (hollow), two of them were twenty-seven feet and their circumference sixteen feet. The altar was of brass. For the temple service there were twenty thousand silver cups and forty thousand of gold, and ten thousand golden candlesticks. There were also eighty thousand vessels for water for purifying; one hundred thousand golden vials and twice as many of silver; also eighty thousand golden dishes for kneading flour and twice as many made of silver. Of large basins for mixing unleavened bread there were sixty thousand of gold and twice as many of silver. The golden censers for carrying incense to the altars were twenty thousand and those for carrying fire from the altar were fifty thousand. The garments of the priests were of white and covered with a thousand precious stones. There were ten thousand pretty garments of fine linen, two hundred thousand trumpets and as many white robes for the choir of singers. What was it to hear the music of such a choir? This gives but a faint glimpse of a part of the glories of Solomon's temple. Critics have said there was a far too free use of gold and silver, but we must remember in those days it was not money but "goods" and the supply was great and it was all in the hands of a very few who alone could use it.

What a picture this temple must have presented to the view of all the surrounding hills as the morning sun rose over Olivet and shot its shining rays upon its walls of white and domes of gold! Or sinking behind the hills of Judea it threw upon all that marshalled glory the soft light of a dying day!

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Travelers coming from afar could behold the vision. On the banks of the River Jordan and the shores of the Dead Sea over twenty miles away people could see the white temple and crown of gold shining in the sun. From far and wide pilgrims and caravans as well as shepherds who watched their flocks would rest on a hill and shade their eyes with their hands as they gazed on the glories of Israel there upon the hill and in their hearts longed to realize their highest hopes and stand within its courts.

The dedication of Solomon's temple was an event of such magnificence and display that it has never been equalled in the annals of the nations. People came in multitudes from all parts of Israel's domains and there was hardly room to pitch another tent on any hill around. The Bible tells us Solomon used as sacrifices one hundred and twenty thousand sheep and twenty-two thousand oxen. The blood from such a multitude of slaughtered victims must have run like a river down the Kedron Valley. That much meat on the markets to-day would sell for about seven million dollars. There are those who think these numbers too high and yet in the days of Israel's highest wealth and prosperity it is not at all unreasonable to suppose the people could have secured from their pastures as many sheep and oxen, and that so many priests in several days could sacrifice them. It must have made a wonderful impression on the people of Israel to see all these slaughtered victims and the blood that was flowing and feel that it in some strange way represented a sacrifice God would make to save their souls.

The prayer of dedication delivered by Solomon ranks as the longest and one of the most eloquent and touching prayers in all literature. The Lord was surely near the king when with uplifted hands he prayed. Standing near the spot where he must have been with the Bible in my hand the last sentence of that prayer came so clear to my soul that

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I could almost hear the voice of the king ringing over the hills, "If they sin against thee (and there is no man that sinneth not) and thou be angry with them and deliver them in the hand of the enemy, far off or near; yet if they shall bethink themselves in the land whither they are carried captive, and turn again and make supplication unto thee in the land of them that carried them captive, saying, "We have sinned and have done perversely, we have dealt wickedly;" if they turn unto thee with all their heart and with all their soul in the land of their enemies, who carried them captive, and pray unto thee toward their land, which thou gavest unto their fathers, the city which thou hast chosen and the house which I have built for thy name, then hear thou their prayer, and their supplication in heaven thy dwelling place and maintain their cause; and forgive thy people who have sinned against thee and all their transgressions wherein they have transgressed against thee; and give them compassion before those who carried them captive that they may have compassion on them (for they are thy people and thine inheritance which thou broughtest forth out of Egypt from the midst of the furnace of iron); that thine eyes may be open unto the supplication of thy servant and unto the supplication of thy people Israel to hearken unto them whensoever they cry unto thee; for thou didst separate them from among all the people of the earth, to be thine inheritance, as thou speakest to Moses thy servant when thou broughtest our fathers out of Egypt, O Lord God." 1 Kings 8:46-53.

It would be hard to find a more touching and thrilling prayer anywhere. It must have greatly affected the great concourse of people. Does it not seem from the tone of the great king's prayer his soul had in a sweep of prophecy seen a vision of the time when his people would forsake their God and be scattered over the world while the glory he

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now beheld would be blown away on the winds?

I could but feel deep in my soul the contrast between those days of Solomon and now. There came a time when Israel's glory was departed and not a vestige of her greatness left behind. Her proud priests and prophets were led away in chains; her fair daughters sold in the market as slaves; her children dashed to pieces on the rocks; her temple prostrated in the dust; her sacred vessels bartered for merchandise. Unhallowed feet of an alien race walked in her Holy of Holies where once the High Priest of God went to pray for the sins of the people; heathen curses rose on the air where once the sweet incense from Israel's altars rose on the winds to God. In the courts of the temple where the Jewish maidens once sang the song of Miriam arose the heartrending cry of the souls as they were borne from the hills they loved so well to return again no more. Over to Babylon they went footsore, tired and weak until after a long journey they sat down by the river of Babylon and with their faces buried in their hands and their heads between their knees they wept when they remembered Zion, "Upon the willows in the midst thereof we hanged up our harps. For there they that led us captive required of us songs, and they that wasted us re-required of us mirth, saying, 'Sing us one of the songs of Zion.' How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth." Ps. 137.

No they couldn't sing the Lord's song in a strange land. The days of their singing were over and their harps were hung up forever. Strange people, lonely, homeless in the earth, driven from among men, persecuted, oppressed and ridiculed, they have been unwelcome anywhere but have gone everywhere. They have ceased to herd sheep, but have hoarded the nation's gold. Sneered at in every mart

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of trade, they have had a mighty hand in the commerce of the earth. They are a byword among nations and outlawed from social circles and yet their fathers were priests and prophets in the service of Jehovah when our ancestors were naked savages in a wilderness that knew no law. All of this was caused by sin, that fatal scourge that has wrought its havoc and desolation in the earth since the time it broke down Eden's garden gate. Everywhere you turn in Palestine you see the literal fulfillment of the prophecy which foretold Israel's doom, because of their sin.

These were our meditations as we walked about the Mosque of Omar, the Turkish temple, that now stands on the site of the wonderful Temple of Solomon. It gives one a strange feeling to see these dirty heathen where Israel's glory reigned. They met us at the door and put dirty, germ-laden slippers on our feet to keep us from defiling the holy place. This mosque is one of the most noted buildings of the world, not only on account of its location and history, but also on account of its construction. No attempt at description will be undertaken. It is gorgeous and gaudy and imposing. The windows were designed by the finest expert to be found and tradition goes that so well pleased were the Turks with his work and so fearful were they that he would duplicate it somewhere else in the world that they had him killed.

The most interesting thing in and about the place is the Rock Moriah. It is something like sixty feet long, fifty feet wide and ten or twelve feet high at the highest point. This is the very rock on the crest of Mt. Moriah where the uplifted hand of Abraham was ready to sacrifice his son. On this rock was Israel's altar and here the blood of the sacrifices ran through an opening in the rock out to the Kedron Valley. On this rock the blood of Saracen and Christian has flown in streams as they slaugh-

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tered one another in multitudes and piled about the sacred place their mingled bodies. What a rock! What a history! How it represents that Rock, Christ Jesus! All through history God speaks of a Rock, solid, great and mighty upon which the truth, hope and life of the world must rest and on which men and nations must build. This rock has been wet with the blood of sacrifice. Nearby that Great Rock was placed on Calvary with the promise that the gates of hell should not prevail against it. What a glorious promise this is. Enemies have prevailed against Israel's rock of law and sacrifice. Solomon's Temple was swept from it. Zerubbabel, after years of toiling, built another which was borne off in a storm. Herod then built one which also fell a prey to enemies. Now for nearly seven centuries the Turks have had their temple here. But the promise comes to us that no enemy can sweep the Structure of Truth from the Solid Rock. As long as our faith rests on Him we are safe.

The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide,
A shelter in the time of storm;
Secure whatever ill betide,
A shelter in the time of storm.
O, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A shelter in the time of storm;
Be thou our helper ever near,
A shelter in the time of storm;
O, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A shelter in the time of storm.

XXI.

IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

"Choose thee out a cell
In Kedron's storied dell,
Beside the streams of love that never die;
Among the olives kneel
The chill nights blast to feel,
And watch the moon that saw thy Master's agony."

We visited the Garden of Gethsemane more than once during our stay of several days in Jerusalem, but in many respects the most impressive visit to me was that made by a few of us at night. The moon was full and the city was still. It seemed to me I had never seen such light from the moon. It was bright and soft to a degree I had never witnessed before as it shone through the clear Syrian atmosphere upon the white limestone rocks and the many historic spots we passed. The night was enchanted and a voice seemed to call from the long gone ages the mighty souls who had lived upon these hills and was marshalling them and their wondrous history before us. We met them in the road and brushed their white garments on the way that night. We made our way to the garden gate.

Almost overcome with feelings I sat upon a rock. Perhaps there upon one of those rocks my Saviour fell prostrate as with breaking heart and white upturned face he prayed to Heaven, and met single handed all the evil spirits of earth and hell and here upon the world's great decisive battlefield fought to set our souls free from the bondage of sin. The troubles of all the souls of earth were pulling his tender heartstrings. The weight of all the hearts of earth were resting on his tender soul. To add to his cup already full there was no sympa-

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thetic voice to whisper comfort, and no friend's hand to hold His as he went through the flood alone. He trod the wine press alone, and what that awful word means we will never fully know until we see Him face to face. The disciples were sleeping and his mother was gone. His was a bitter loneliness. There is a loneliness that is sweet and soothing and there is a loneliness that breaks the heart and crushes the soul. Oh, to be lonely when the heart is bleeding and the soul is being crucified upon a bitter cross! Then the cold, trembling hand reaches out in the dark for the warm clasp of the hand of a friend; and then it is the eyes look through the shadows, for the light of a sympathetic face. If only in the darkest hours of trouble we could have the companionship of a sympathetic friend! But so often the hardest battles must be fought in a lonely place where no one can come to help.

In the awful hours there was a foot fall in the Garden, and a man came stealing cautiously through the shadows of the olive trees. It was one of his disciples. Ah, blessed be the sight of a friend at a time like that! How much lighter it makes the burden. He comes to the prostrate form of the suffering Galilean and speaks to Him, "Hail Master." The white face looks up at the man. In those eyes shine a light the world had never seen before. It was the light of a Saviour's dying love. For a moment the man hesitated, and then he stooped and kissed that white face! Ah! beautiful sight of tenderness and love! How sweet is the kiss of a friend in the Garden of Trouble! How comforting to know a friend will seek you out in the shadows of suffering and place a kiss of love and trust upon your face!

Beautiful act did I say? That kiss was the darkest act of treacherous infamy ever born in hell. If in all the annals of crimes the devil has found one thing to be ashamed of it is this! It was the trait-

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or's kiss instead of the kiss of a friend! It came from one who had been befriended and helped by the Saviour. Dark night when the hand of a friend becomes the hand of an enemy and thrusts a dagger into the trusting heart of Love! Awful hour when a kiss, that seal of purity and trusting affection has behind it a plot of shame and ruin! And yet how many faces in other places than Gethsemane have received the kiss they thought was love's sweet seal only to learn it was the sign of their sale by the traitor they trusted?

How that kiss burned the face of Christ with a fire like that of hell itself! Of all the pains and insults heaped upon Him this was the worst of all, but the Saviour bore it without a word, nor did he rub that burning kiss from his face. Then the soldiers came to take Him. Cowards of perdition! They could not, they dared not do it in the day, but chose the night when he was alone and the city was asleep. A whole company of armed soldiers coming to take a lone meek and unarmed Galilean! Wonderful bravery! In keeping with the reputation of Roman heroism. When they saw his upturned face they fell back in confusion, and well they might! He could have raised His eyes to heaven for help and every stone in Kedron's Valley would have been turned to a soldier to defend Him. That upturned face would have made the Roman Empire tremble and no wonder it startled them. There was a light in that face they had never seen before. There was no resistance there but tenderness and love. And oh, what marks of suffering! Upon the white features tricked drops of blood instead of sweat! The agony of the soul had broken his heart and His blood was running out through the pores of His skin. The sight of that face was enough to startle anyone. Then the unexpected happened. Peter who with James and John had been asleep instead of keeping friendly watch as He

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had expected of them, aroused by the noise of their intrusion in their sacred haunt, leaped to his feet with his sword and single handed leaped into the conflict to fight all the cohorts of Rome and defend his Lord. Whatever blame you heap on Peter for sleeping, and later denying his Lord and being unstable and impetuous you must give him credit for a bravery that few men have. It may be poor judgment to leap single-handed at the throat of Rome for unkindness to a friend, but surely it is the act you do not look for from a coward. But the Lord ordered the sword put up and even stopped to heal the wound that was made, and ever since then the swords that have been drawn in His name have been drawn against His will. Then they took Him in the night and led him away from the garden he loved, to come back to it no more.

Great old olive trees are growing in the garden and they are very old. If they are not the trees that witnessed the Saviour's agony surely they have grown up from the roots of the ones that did. It was a great event on a night like that—a night like the one when He was here—to see the moonlight shining through the olives. At other visits we read the account of the Lord's agony in the Gospels; to-night we meditated and prayed while running through our mind were the words:

“Into the woods my Master went
Clean forspent, forspent,
Into the woods my Master came
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olive trees were not blind to Him;
The little gray leaves were kind to Him;
The thorn tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.”

Who could describe the feelings on a visit like that to Gethsemane? Not even Calvary touched my

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soul more than this. Sweeter, clearer, stronger came the Master's love to me that night. And the peace that was in my heart as I climbed the hill to Hotel Fast was softer and brighter than the light of the moon that flooded the city that night. There is no money could buy the great privilege of that visit. May its influence ever abide in my soul, and may I have the power to impart some of it to others. As we turned from the garden to my room, my soul was singing with the angels:

"Paschal lamb by God appointed
All our sins on thee were laid
By Almighty Love anointed
Thou hast full atonement made
All thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt me and God."

XXII.

BETHLEHEM AND HEBRON.

"O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light,
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in the night!"

We took one full day for our drive to Hebron. Some of the party chose to remain in Jerusalem, but enough to make up two hacks full were ready after an early breakfast, for the twenty-mile drive through this historic Southern border of Palestine, and I am sure those who took this trip felt it one of the best we had. Our guide was Joseph, Philip's cousin. The others had to remain in Jerusalem to look after the rest of the party we left behind, and make preparations for the long trip through the northern section of the land which would begin in a few days. I climbed in the hack and seated myself beside Joseph so I could get full benefit of the trip. No boy ever plied the question marks on an exasperated parent with more constant vigor than I hurled them at Joseph that day, and the things he told me made it truly a red-letter day. I informed him my name was Joseph and henceforth we were as brothers.

Our horses turned their faces across the valley of Gihon up that highway toward Bethlehem. Oh, if these stones and hills along this historic road could speak! Who could they tell us they had seen pass along the way our horses went? Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, David, Solomon and armies too many to count. Here is the valley of Rephaim where David fought the Philistines.

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Yonder is the hill where old Goliath marched up and down letting off steam and defying Israel. David, a shepherd lad, came down to bring his brothers food and taking some stones from the brook yonder he drove one into the head of the bragging giant and brought his proud form to the dust. God uses little people and weak instruments to lay the giants low every day. Better throw a small stone, guided by the hand of God, than be a giant with a staff like a weaver's beam and blow off gas for the devil. God will guide our feeble efforts and make them bring down the giants of sin.

Not far from Jerusalem we passed the Leper Hospital and colony where the poor victims of that awful disease are kept until they die. If the earth can produce a more horrible sight than a group of lepers I know not where it would be found. The sight will haunt you to the end of your path. What a powerful truth the Bible teaches when it compares sin to leprosy? It is contagious; so is sin. It is loathsome; so is sin. It starts from a little spot and spreads through the system until it destroys the entire being; so does sin. It separates the victim from the congregation, friends and home; so does sin. It is a scourge that could be prevented; so is sin. There is no cure outside of the direct hand of God; so it is with sin. They came to us begging for backshish, holding up stumps for hands, and crying from lips and throats half destroyed by the ravages of the disease. Their fingers, hands, ears, noses, eyes, palates and other portions of their bodies were eaten away. All stages of the disease were in evidence. Some were almost to the point where death would bring a merciful deliverance, others had yet a long seige of suffering, until their bodies were sufficiently rotted away for the disease to reach the vitals and end their misery. Long will we remember the weird, pathetic cries from half-destroyed vocal organs and the diseased hands held

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up for help. There was a time when Jesus walked these hills and with a look, a word, a touch cured these suffering souls. Thank God for the thought that the disease of sin that wrecks bodies and damns souls can now be cured by Him.

Joseph pointed out to us a well called the "well of the Maji," where the star reappeared to the wise men, and also a monastery built where Elijah slept when fleeing from Jezebel. At least these are spots which tradition ever hungry for spots and places have fixed upon. While of course these places along with many others pointed out are perhaps not exact, yet they do help the mind and heart to call up the great events that did occur very near by. The well of the Maji is surely near the spot where these strange men from the East as they pursued their journey searching for the newborn Saviour saw their guiding star returning and welcomed it again. And if this monastery is not on the exact spot it is somewhere near here that Elijah overcome with exhaustion, overwork and nervous strain fighting the devil single-handed in the form of Jezebel, Ahab and Baal, came overwhelmed with despondency and blues and God sent an angel to find Him and put him to sleep like a loving mother would a wornout child. When the old prophet awoke refreshed, God first taught him that in our zeal we often get faster and more violent in advancing His kingdom than is best. Thunder, lightning, earthquake and fire have their uses in the kingdom of God, but His best work is done by the still small voice of the Spirit. When God gave him this lesson he sent him off on a vacation and then sent him to work to help other folks. What a wonderful treatment for disordered souls! Communion with God, sleep, food, vacation and work. Half way between Jerusalem and Bethlehem we passed a strange little chapel by the roadside which Joseph told us was Rachael's tomb. This is beyond

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doubt correct. It was here poor Jacob in his wanderings watched the beautiful face of his dying Rachel. In his checkered life this was the darkest shadow he had faced. There is nearly always something beautiful about every life if we will but see it. With all of Jacob's unreliability and unstability he loved his sweetheart Rachel with a strong and beautiful love from the first time he saw her watering sheep until the last time he saw her giving her life for her little one. Poor Jacob watched the beautiful eyes of the girl he loved close forever to earthly things as she went through the shadows to be gathered unto her fathers leaving him looking into the face of helpless little Benjamin. Standing on this hill we could clearly see Jerusalem behind us and Bethlehem in front of us.

In a few minutes we came to the town where Jesus was born. To the left of us lay the fields of Boaz now, as in days of Ruth's beautiful story, full of harvest. Here the Moabitess Ruth came from miles away clinging to her mother-in-law with those immortal words upon her lips, "Entreat me not to leave thee and return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me and more also if aught but death part thee and me." Ruth 1:16-18. Thus leaving her own land she joined the people of God and was rewarded by becoming an ancestor of Jesus Christ. It was here on these plains,

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around."

Little Bethlehem is alive with history of the
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years. To the right of Bethlehem at a city in sight was the home of Saul; around here David wrought mightily and drove back the Philistines who besieged the city. Here still stands the well called "David's well," because he liked the water so, and in the thick of a battle nearby one day being thirsty, longed for water. "Oh that one would give me water to drink of the well of Bethlehem that is by the gate." 1 Chr. 11:17. Three of his mighty men forced the Philistines who then occupied the city and brought the water for their king. But he was so touched he refused to drink it, and poured it out on the ground as an offering to God. On these hills here one day rose a pathetic heart-rending wail from the troubled mothers because old Herod sent soldiers to kill all their babies so that Christ whom he dreaded might be included in the number. "A voice was heard in Ramah weeping and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they were not." Matt. 2:18. Rachel herself is represented rising from her tomb and weeping over the slaughter of her little ones.

But all other history of Bethlehem fades away in the light of the one event that will make the little town live forever. It is the birthplace of Jesus. Here heaven and earth came together in the strange blending of God and man in the life of the child Jesus. One day a tired and travel-worn Galilean came over the hills to Bethlehem walking beside his donkey upon which rode his young wife. That journey must have been a hardship to Mary. It took us two hard days driving over good roads from Jerusalem to Nazareth, and Bethlehem is six miles still further. In those days when there were no roads over the rough hills it was a long hard journey for the Virgin. They reached Bethlehem, their native city, and sought shelter, but the hotels were closed to people of such humble station, and the

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city being crowded on account of all the natives coming back to their tribe center to be taxed they sought the quarters where the cattle lived, a thing the humble classes do even now, many of them living in the tents and caves with the animals. "There was no room for Him in the inn" (Luke 2:7). And there has not been much room since for when the world, the flesh and the devil have been accommodated at the hotels there is not much room left for Jesus Christ.

That night to the tired woman away from her home in these humble surroundings came that heaven-sent Visitation that left in her arms her first-born child. Like babyhood has always done, the child's little blue eyes looked into the face of His mother; and like motherhood has always done, Mary looked into the face of her little one, and as she looked the eternal fires of motherlove were burning in the heart and the light that first burned in Heaven was shining in her eyes. As she looked upon her baby's face as mothers have always done, she took those little hands in hers and wondered what in the providence of God those hands would do out in the world some day. And as she felt the beat of the baby's heart, as mothers have always done, she wondered what that heart would bear and do in the battles of the world. Strange things had been said of her child and motherlike "she kept all those things and pondered them in her heart."

Nobody can ever tell the possibilities that lie hidden in a baby's little hand and brain and heart, for all the mighty men of the race were once helpless little bundles of infancy with no power to lift their heads and hands and with no language but a cry. But who dared to dream that night what lay before Mary's child? Those little lips would speak the Sermon on the Mount, that would live when Roman Royalty had gone to dust. They would speak parables of light and life to thrill souls for all time

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down by the blue waters of Galilee. They would rebuke disease, sin and even death and at their rebuke these monsters that had cursed the world so long would sneak away; they would even cause words of comfort and peace for troubled hearts in all lands and for all time. That little throbbing heart that made his mother's heart so glad when she saw it was living, would bear the weight of all the world's sin and shame in Gethsemane and break and bleed in sacrificial love to bring a lost world back to God. Those little hands and feet would be nailed to the cross, but those same nails would forever fasten a lost world to the loving heart of God so strong that no storms could tear it away. It is best mothers never know what is before the helpless little ones; they go down into the valley of death to bring them up to the hills of life, and it is best they do not know what their future is.

Strange visitors were there to welcome Him to the new world into which He had come, but none there understood that those little hands resting in His mother's helped God make the world, hang up the stars and strike the spark of life. Mary looking on was Love. The cattle standing by was Nature. Then the wise men from afar came to look on His face, lay down their gifts and go back over the hills rejoicing. This was Wisdom. Then the shepherds came to behold Him who was to be the shepherd of us all. This was Labor. Then the angels hovered over as they do at every cradle, and that was Heaven. But there was another visitor. Out in the shadows sneaked the Devil, for he never sees mother-love looking in the face of a new-born child that he does not march about that scene with the tramp and tread of hell and set the blackest spirits he can find to the task of blighting that picture if he can. Especially was his eyes on this baby, and back to hell he went to perfect a plot as black as the walls of perdition, to destroy the life of the baby in

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Mary's arms. Those were the representatives about the manger watching the sleeping child, Love, Nature, Wisdom, Labor, Satan. These were the thoughts that came to me as I stood in the Church of the Nativity, and these thoughts outshone the light of the Roman, Greek, Armenian and Catholic altars with their burning candles and sullen priests here in the place said to mark the birthspot of my Saviour. So much absorbed was I in these thoughts and the pictures that arose before me that I scarcely noticed the room in which Jerome spent his years translating the Scriptures, nor did I listen long to the story of Joseph that the Turkish soldiers we saw were there to keep the priests from killing one another. Religious hatred here where the Christ of Peace was born, is so strong that not long ago they fought to a bloody finish and left nine dead bodies near the place where the manger was. These things, along with all the tinsel glitter, musty air and incense of the superstitious creeds that built their gloomy church over the spot mattered little to me. This was where Jesus my Saviour was born, the first Christmas gift to the world. My heart went back to that day and the day when the gift of His Peace and Love came into my poor soul.

We visited other spots in Bethlehem and found the people more kindly disposed toward us, and with all better looking and brighter folks than we had seen. Mission work has told on the people here. After finishing our visit we turned our faces southward toward Hebron. On this journey we had a fine opportunity to see the life of Palestine as it is to-day. Sheep and goats by the thousand were grazing on the hills; large black lizards, over a foot long, were sleeping in the sun; caravans of loaded camels were coming and going along the road and paths; fierce looking Bedowin wanderers were passing and repassing us; women with big rings in their ears and noses and water jars and other burdens on

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their heads were journeying to and fro. Here and there the threshers were treading out the grain. Far and wide the gray and green of the olive trees glistened in the blazing sun that poured from a cloudless sky. We passed two or three wells where women were washing their clothes. They drew up some water in a goat skin and poured enough on the garments to wet them. Then putting them on one stone they beat them with another. Then they poured on a little more water, wrung out the garments and spread them on the grass to dry. Their clothes are so dirty that no Chinese laundry could ever get them clean. We tried to take a picture of one of these laundries, but only succeeded in bringing down upon us a rain of condemnation from the women who assaulted us with unknown tongues and threatened to cast stones at us. It is bad enough to have a woman quarrel at you when you understand what she is saying, but it is beyond all endurance when she expresses her opinion of you with fire in her eye and you don't know a word she says. But I didn't blame the women for not wanting their pictures taken in their present poses. It showed they had womanhood in them to resent it. What woman would want to have her picture taken without a chance to comb her hair and peep in a mirror?

About nine miles from Jerusalem we came to the Pools of Solomon, which that great king built nearly three thousand years ago for the purpose of supplying Jerusalem with water. This provided a water system which would be considered first-class to-day, and in those days must have been a wonder of the world. There are three of the pools or reservoirs, each one being below the level of the other. There were strong springs or fountains in the hills which ran into the first until it was full, then it over ran into the second until it was full and the second overflowed into the third. From the third pool the water was conducted to Jerusalem through

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a covered flume built of stone, like a mill race around the hills. These pools are well built on a massive scale, and are in a good state of preservation. The lowest is the largest, being six hundred feet long and two hundred feet broad. The second pool is four hundred feet long and two hundred feet broad. The upper one is five hundred feet long and two hundred feet broad. The capacity of these three pools was about ninety million gallons.

From the pools we continued our journey southward to the valley supposed to be Eschol, the place visited by the spies who came to bring to waiting Israel a report of the land. From this valley they carried back wonderful samples of the land's fruitfulness, among them a great cluster of grapes two bore on a staff between them. The valley was full of vineyards and heavy laden with grapes as we went through it.

The end of our southern journey was Hebron, one of the most noted places in all the land of Israel. This is a sacred city to Mohammedan, Jew and Christian. Here Abraham lived and reared his family, and here the Father of the Faithful and his family are buried. Here David was anointed king and at first had his capital during the seven years he was king over Judah, moving to Jerusalem when he became king over all the tribes. Hebron comes down to us through an unbroken history since the settlement by Abraham. It was occupied by Abraham's descendants without a break until twelve hundred years ago, when it was occupied by the Turks, who have held it ever since. The meaning of the name is something like "confederation" or "society," and it took the name because it was the home of Abraham, who received the greatest honorary degree ever given to man, "The Friend of God." With Abraham and God living on terms of united friendship, how fitting to name the old patriarch's home Hebron or "Society," and what a

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society it was! How far it outshone all the society the mighty of the earth have even invented!

• We ate our lunch in the shade of the oak of Mamre, where Abraham entertained the angels. We turned to the eighteenth chapter of Genesis and read; "And the Lord appeared unto him by the oaks of Mamre (Mamre means vision, and what a vision Abraham must have received here!), as he sat in the tent door in the heat of the day." It was the heat of the day—oppressive heat—when we were here and sat in the shade of the oaks. The tent was a tent of goats skins, and we imagined it was just there before us. "And he lifted up his eyes and looked, and lo, three men stood over against him; and when he saw them he ran to meet them from the tent door and bowed himself to the earth and said, My lord, if now I have found favor in thy sight pass not away I pray thee from thy servant; let now a little water be fetched and wash your feet and rest yourselves under the tree, and I will fetch a morsel of bread, and strengthen ye your hearts."

The old tree, worn and shaken by the storms, there before us, is said by wise men to be the tree. Others claim it would be an impossibility for a tree to stand so long if the hand of man would let it alone. It is a very old tree—one of the oldest to be seen anywhere. Its main trunk has died away from age, and on one side of it another tree is growing. If this is not the real tree that has died away more than once that a new branch might grow on from its dead body, it is surely near the place before us where the Patriarch did entertain the three angels who had come as messengers from heaven to tell him his wife should bear a son. The angels also brought with the joyous message, one of sadness, as God's messengers often do. Sodom, the wicked city where Lot had gone, would soon be destroyed from the earth.

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It was at this point the Prophet of God rose to the highest point his character had reached, and only once did it go beyond that, and the time was when, on the road to Moriah, he went to lay on the altar of Jehovah his only son. Out there somewhere before us, near that old oak, the old man fell in the dust, and turning his anxious face up to God, threw his soul out on God in such a challenge of intercessory prayer as the world has seldom witnessed. It is no sign of greatness for a man to pray for himself in the face of danger. The smallest and the meanest do that. But it is a sign of greatness for a man to throw himself between another sinner who has wronged him and divine judgment, and with a mighty faith and pleading prayer stay the hand of Judgment!

One day out there the young man and the old man stood gazing over the hills. The forks of the road had come, as it always does, to the old and young. Henceforth their ways must go apart, as ways so often must. The old man told the young man to take his choice. One road led through the hills, rough, rugged and sometimes bare; the other led over the hills to the plains so black and rich. The fields were heavy with harvest and the people gay with life. As the young man gazed first along the hillside road and then the river road, a woman came—as women often do—to help him make his choice. Her hand was trembling as she caught his arm, and her breath went hot upon his face as she whispered in his ear for him to take the river road. Its luxury called her; its society lured her more than the society of the old man and his angels. No man ever rose to heights of success or fell to depths of ruin that there was not somewhere in the shadows nearby a woman whose hand did its helping.

So the young man took the River Road as young men often do and turned his back on the old man

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as young men often do. Youth gets tired of being bothered and bored with old age, but sad is the day for youth when it turns away from age and thinks it needs it no more. The young man pitched his tent toward Sodom. No he had no notion of going there, but the river road was a downward road as it always is and on a downward road we never know just where we can stop. He lived near the city and with his flocks and herds went into the dairy and meat business with the city people. His family got a taste of city society and grew tired of the suburban life. So one day Mrs. Lot and the girls decided on a fine home on Society Boulevard and they moved in. The girls became society favorites and daughters-in-law of Sodom. Mr. Lot was elected to the town council, and often in their home on the avenue and going to and from society functions, they smiled in joy and blessed the day they left the country to come to the city and wondered how the old man fared, whose old-time notions kept him in the hills. What greater society advantages had they in the city of Sodom, over the old man alone in his tent in the hills with his imaginary (?) angels! Yet the old man's home was Hebron, which meant society—yes, Society Hill—and what a society it was! In his tent he dined with angels. But people have different tastes. Some prefer Sodomites to angels!

Back in the hills the old man met God with promises in his hand. And in the light of those promises the old man lived and died. But the old man never forgot the young man; he missed him and he prayed for him. Any young man is to be pitied who goes to the city and hasn't got an old man in the hills who closes his eyes and turns his face heavenward in prayer for him. When the storm came, it was the old man back in the hills

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who saved the young man down in the city as he came, white-faced and weak from his agonizing prayer. Even his prayers did not save the young man's wife and the characters of his daughters.

These thoughts ran through our minds as we lunched that day under the shade of the oaks of Mamre, and when we finished our lunch we went to the grove where Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Rebecca and Jacob are buried. There is no doubt about the locality. The Turks for over a thousand years have guarded it and if a foreigner's foot crosses the line, the price they pay is death. It gives one strange feelings to stand at the grave of these great saints. And yet I thought that their souls were not here. Abraham had been seen in heavenly company on the Mount of Transfiguration. He who had angels for his company in life, surely now is with them in the Better Land!

In front of Abraham's tomb is a Mohammedan cemetery, the dearest place on earth; no flowers or plants; no inscriptions. Bleak, barren mud-covered graves, with mud-made head stones as gloomy as the Turks can make them. Nowhere is the superstition, degradation and filth of the Turk more in evidence than here about the tomb of Abraham. Strange Abraham, The Friend of God, should rest in the midst of all this shame, while the heathenish Turks control his tomb.

XXIII.

JERICO, THE JORDAN AND THE DEAD SEA.

"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho." If he got there he certainly went down, for the descent from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea just beyond, is four thousand feet in a distance of about twenty-five miles, being an average of one hundred and sixty feet fall to the mile that the road must make.

Unfortunately, our journey was on about the hottest day of the summer. The wind was from the hot sands of the desert, and felt as if it was blown from a hot stove. The scorching sun beat down from a sky that offered nothing to temper its heat, but our spirits were as warm as the sun, and we made the journey with success and happiness.

Our first stop was Bethany, the home of Lazarus and his sisters, Martha and Mary. We visited the supposed spot where they lived and the tomb from which Jesus called Lazarus from death to life. In all the life of Jesus there is nothing more tender and touching than his connection with this home. It brings out the homelike nature of the Lord, and shows the kind of a friend and guest He was. Who can tell what He meant to this home and its three members, and who can tell what this home meant to Him? What will be their reward for giving Him a home when God makes up the count? The Master appreciated this home, for He did not have another like it.

Fresh to my mind came that beautiful twelfth chapter of John as we stood in Bethany. It has long been one of my favorite chapters, so full of real every day living interest and touches of heart and soul! I had often preached from it and tried to carry its messages to the troubled and the struggling. Now it was a privilege to read it here in

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Bethany, and see the scene before me. One day over on the Jordan in a crowd, a man pressed in and said, "He whom thou lovest is sick." Of course that message would touch Him. Who has not felt the force of it in his own heart? "It was that Mary who anointed the Lord with ointment and wiped His feet with her hair whose brother, Lazarus, was sick." Yes, all the tender things they ever did for us come up before us when they are going through the shadows.

Then a strange thing happens. "He abode two days in the place where He was." Over there beyond Jordan two days busy with other folks, and his friend sick and dying, and these sisters broken-hearted. Why doesn't He come? Why does He wait so long? Why is His program, with its dates and numbers, not like mine? But we went over a verse. "Now Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus." Oh, that is the keynote to all the storms of life! If He loves us He will come—maybe not at the time we set, nor in the manner we desire—but in His own way and in His own time, He will come. So Jesus turned His face toward that home. It mattered not that His disciples warned Him of previous plots to take His life back there. He would not let any danger deter Him when His friends were in trouble. So He came walking, doubtless, for he seemed to go that way over burning sands up steep hills, over rough places facing dangers and enemies for about thirty miles to help His troubled friends. Beautiful picture! And is it not true with us? Does He ever fail to come to help us in our trouble when we send for Him? Martha met him down the road there before us, and "Mary sat still in the house." Trouble dazes and crushes some hearts, so that all they can do is to sit still in the house, while it drives others out down the road to meet the Lord. Jesus looked on them; on the grave and the heartless mourners wailing around and

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"Jesus wept." Shortest verse in the whole Bible, but what a meaning. Why did he weep? Not for form despair, or mourning. Maybe because of His sympathy for them and because death had come into the world, but surely because of the way they looked at death and His relation to it. "I am the resurrection and the life, whosoever liveth and believeth on Me shall never die." It was because their hearts did not take in this that He was weeping. Then He called his friend forth from the grave and turned Him over to His loved ones. What if one would come to the cemetery to do that for us to-day? He is coming to do it to-morrow! Blessed be the thought!

On down the road which is very good, we drove toward Jericho. It was the way of the wilderness, and a more barren desolation would be hard to find. No house or tent did we see until about half way we came to a rock house called "The Good Samaritan Inn" because it is reported here was where the poor fellow fell among thieves. There is no doubt about the genuineness of the place, for there are many who can claim the distinction of falling among thieves along here most any time, although we escaped because our party was too large and our guides and drivers too well armed for the sneaking cowards to attempt to harm us. We saw a number of them walking the road and sneaking along the ravines. In traveling these roads you must go protected or you can pay the Turkish authorities a ransom and they will divide with the thieves and you can go through unharmed.

And awhile and refreshed ourselves and the horses at the "Good Samaritan Inn." It is occupied by kindly-looking Arabian sons of the out-of-doors who treated us with politeness and consideration. After doing all they could for our comfort at a reasonable price they favored us with the Bedouin dance given in honor of our party. I don't

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know how it compared with other dances, for I am not up on that form of depravity, but I don't think I want to see another one. The music was from drums made with a sheekskin on a pitcher, and bones which caused a continual din that strained the eardrums. The dancers were men who carried their bodies through many contortions, and made many grimaces and muttered many things.. But the chief feature of it all was the way they handled the long, sharp swords. They flourished them about their heads; dangled them upon their fingers and whizzed them around and around, cutting the air so close to our heads and ears that we felt ourselves wiping the blood away. As we bobbed our heads to save our scalps, it seemed to amuse them more than it did us.

The last six or eight miles of our journey was through the plain so rich that if it was irrigated it would feed all that end of the world. It was here Sodom and Gomorrah, cities of the plain were destroyed for their wickedness and so complete was the destruction that nobody has ever located them. Some great volcanic earthquake must have destroyed the cities and changed things so as to form the Dea Sea and curse the land with salt and other solutions. The Dead Sea is in this plain. It is thirteen hundred feet below the level of the sea and at its deepest point is said to be almost as deep.

A few of us took a bath in the Dea Sea. We waded out into it as far as we could wade and then we waded further. Being the heaviest salt solution on the earth you cannot possibly sink in it. You can lie on your back and sleep and read floating about like a boat. If you stand up your feet will rise so high, pushing your body out of the water until you will fall on your head, getting your eyes, mouth and ears full of the water which is very unpleasant and painful. All you have to do is to tread water enough to keep your head out of it.

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The bath was delightful. No surf bathing I have ever experienced was equal to it, but after it was over trouble came. The salt and other solutions began to burn the skin and run about on it like grease. We felt as if we had been rubbed with red pepper and anointed with melted lard.

The Dead Sea is a beautiful body of water notwithstanding things that have been said about it. It is so clear that pebbles can be seen twenty feet deep. It has a beautiful sandy shore covered with pebbles and shells, on which ebbs and flows a little tide. It is fifty-three miles long with an average width of ten miles. There is no life in it. No fish swims its waters, and all that are carried in by the Jordan soon die. We saw some dead fish floating on the waters. No living thing lives on its waves or along its shore. Beyond the sea high and rugged rose the blue hills of Moab, the land of Ruth; further up the hills rose Pisgah and Mt. Nebo, where with an angel for an undertaker the Great Moses was laid to rest after looking over into the Promised land toward which he had so long been leading his people and into which he was not permitted to enter. Back behind us rose the hill upon which Jerusalem sat and the green slopes of the Mount of Olives. As I stood there listening to the waves of the Dead Sea that washed the sands at my feet, my mind was calling up the tragic history enacted upon this plain as a theater. The scene was preaching great sermons to my soul. The cities of sin were gone, as they all must go. Where once surged the gay and sinful life of these rich cities of the plain now was desolation and death. The river Jordan journeying through the hills of Canaan poured a great volume of fresh water into the Dead Sea, while from the hills of Moab lesser streams did likewise. This old sea swallowed it all and gave out nothing but desolation and death. It has no outlet save from evaporation. In spite of

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all the fresh water it drinks up it is never made fresh or sweet. How like many lives is this sea? They devour all the rivers of life and blessings that flow into them from the hills of God and they give out nothing but poison and death. No life is in them or about them save the life of their own stagnated selfishness. All their ambition has been to get blessings and they have never heard God's command to Israel to "be a blessing." They are like one of our great millionaires who undertook a few years ago to make a Sunday-school speech. He spoke of all the blessings he had received and said, "I have just been a sponge, drinking in blessings from God." Poor old sponge! How many there are in the world, just absorbing all about them and holding it until the life is squeezed out of them. Dead seas drinking in all the blessings of God's rivers and turning them to salt. He must have been a sponge or he would not have said so. And yet what a reputation! What an accomplishment! An old sponge! How we detest and abhor them! What must God think of the sponges and Dead Seas in the human souls of this earth?

Leaving the Dead Sea we crossed the plain to Jericho where in a hotel of that name we lodged after visiting the places of interest about the town. It would be hard to find a more desolate and filthy town than modern Jericho with its little black mud-huts where on the dirt floors live people, donkeys, goats, chickens, dogs and smaller fry, too numerous to mention. The name means fragrance, but it is hoped the fragrance used to be better than it is now. What a contrast between the present appearance and that in the days of all its royal glory when it was known far and wide as the City of Palm Trees and was the winter resort of Herod, who leased it from Cleopatra who received it as a gift from Mark Anthony.

What a history Jericho has! That night after

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a good supper I was unable to sleep from the flood of history that beat at my door along with the jackalls howling under our window and the salt crusts over my body and an oily substance that came from the Dead Sea bath (which could not be washed off for lack of water) along with scorching heat and other "little things." So I reviewed before me the history of the scenes old Jericho had known.

Great and beautiful was this city of continual summertime in the olden days. It marked the first battle of Israel after their entrance into the borders of their Promised Land. Seven times about the walls the host marched and then blew their ram's horns and God threw down the city walls. Rahab was saved by a scarlet thread in her window because she had cared for the spies who came to view the land. I could almost hear the blast of the ram's horns, and I brought one home with me. I don't suppose however it was one Israel used that day. Here Zaccheus lived and somewhere nearby he climbed a sycamore tree. Not our kind of a sycamore but a tree whose limbs run near the ground and can be easily climbed. Jesus called him down from the tree where he had placed himself to get a view of Christ and he seems to have been converted between the tree and the ground. Here Jesus healed the two blind men recorded in Matt. 20: 29-34.

The most interesting thing in Jericho to me was Elisha's Fountain. It is a large fountain or spring running out of a little hill with a stream strong enough to turn a mill. The surrounding country is supplied with water from this spring. All the rest of the water being brackish and this alone pure and sweet. The water runs a short distance and is swallowed up by the plain, but it shows what the country would be if it was watered; for the little journey this water goes a beautiful oasis springs up about it. This fountain is conceded by Bible

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scholars to be the fountain Elisha healed with salt. 2 Ki. 2: 19-22. "Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters; there shall be from henceforth no more death." And ever since this spring has been sweet and the others brackish.

Just beyond Jericho rise high mountains and the wilderness. It was perhaps there Jesus met his forty days' temptation after his baptism in the Jordan nearby. A projecting pinnacle is pointed out as the place where the devil took the Saviour and showed him all the kingdoms of the world and the glories of them and offered them to Him for His allegiance. In the fertility and richness of this vast plain at that time it was a beautiful picture that met the eye from that mountain. But what was all the glories of the plain and its cities to Him who came to lay down His life for His little ones? It stirred my heart to think there in those hills my Saviour faced the devil alone and weak from hunger for forty days to show us how to be victorious in temptation. Then came the blessed thought that when he was victorious and the devil left Him angels came and ministered to Him.. They always do.

We visited the Jordan before our return to Jerusalem, and meditated on its banks on the history it has known. Wonderful river! What could these banks tell if they would? Near here Jesus was baptized by John the Baptist. Near here Israel, after forty years of wilderness wandering, crossed the flood into their long sought Promised Land, with only two of those who started from Egypt. How their hearts must have swelled with joy and peace as they crossed the river with the water standing up on either side and set foot upon the shores of Canaan! As they left Egypt, the land of bondage, the waters stood up and left a path for them and then rolled together behind them. Now at the end of forty years of trial the waters part again to let them pass over and enter their promised land. We

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bathed in Jordan's waters, and let our hearts roll on with its tide through the hills and the years. Some day we would stand upon the banks of another river on the shores of our Promised Land for which we had been marching and struggling through a wilderness for many years. Then there came ringing through our souls the old hymn we heard across the seas back home. From our earliest days we had heard it from happy souls who caught a vision of the other land in the meeting. Many lips that had sung that hymn were hushed and many souls that had been thrilled by it have passed over the river and are resting under the shade of the trees. So on Jordan's banks that day as the sun was going down beyond the hills of Judea we sang:

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

O the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to me sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the sun forever reigns
And scatters night away.

No chilling winds or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

When shall I reach that happy place
And be forever blest!
When shall I see my Father's face,

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And in His bosom rest?

Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay!
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

XXIV.

OVER THE HILLS TO NAZARETH.

Early on the morning of July 13th we drove out from the Damascus Gate and turned our faces over the hills toward the north, for the journey of eighty miles to Lake Galilee. We paused a little while for a parting view of Jerusalem and the hills about it. Our parting gave us a sad feeling. The several days we spent in the Holy City had drawn us to it and it made us sad to go. The rising sun over Olivet was filling the city and hills with light. Calvary, where Jesus died, lay barren in the sun. We cast a last look upon that hill and then on Olivet and Gethsemane as the carriages swung around a curve in the road and left the vision behind us.

So rich in history was that journey! The first part of our journey was through the land allotted to Benjamin. We came to Gibeah, noted for its abomination and vileness (Jud. 19: 12-30), and also because it was the home of Saul. Here the young king grew to promise and on these hills looked after his father's flocks. We also stopped at Mizpah. Here was one of the points where Samuel judged (1 Sam. 7:16) and here Saul was crowned king (1 Sam. 10-17). It was near here after Israel had defeated the Philistines Samuel set up a stone and called the place Ebenezer, which means "the Lord helps us." From this stone many churches in our own land received their name, and at many an old Ebenezer souls have been happy in the Lord. We also passed Nob, and Ramah where Samuel lived and where Jeremiah was cast in prison. We next came to Elbirah, said to be the place where the parents of Jesus first missed him, after they left Him in Jerusalem. We also passed Ai where Abraham once had his tent and where Joshua won such a great battle over enemies of Israel.

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Our road also took us by Shiloh, noted because here the tabernacle was pitched and Israel camped. We tried to imagine how the scene looked. Also this was the seat of government of Israel at one time, and here the priest, Eli, lived and died. Here little Samuel was dedicated to God and began his service in the tabernacle and heard the voice of God call him in the night telling him what his work was to be. Here at Shiloh the tribes were gathered together. Josh. 22. On this days' journey no place touched me more than Bethel. This pile of ruins has much rich history mingled with its dust. Abraham built an altar here and worshipped his God; here Joshua fought a great battle and won a victory for God and Israel; here Deborah judged Israel and closed out her eventful life; here the tabernacle was pitched; here Jereboam established idolatrous worship; here was the school of the prophets; and here the children mocked Elisha and the bears came out and devoured them. But Bethel is not noted for any of these events as much as it is for something else.

Here one day came a lone and way-worn traveler at the close of the day. No house in sight he ate a little bread and drank a little water from the small store he carried with him and laying his tired head on a hard rock he slept on the ground with the stars for a shelter above him. It was a dark and lonely time for him. He had been driven from home by trouble with his brother. His mother's diplomacy was sending him to her people to seek for a wife. To-night he was not only troubled with his own sin, but lonely on account of absence from his mother who petted him and his father who loved him. In that lone place that night God let down a ladder from Heaven and sent angels down its shining steps to comfort and help the lone and troubled traveler, as He will always do. So Jacob received a blessing, and learned that there was no

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place so lonely but that it was at the very gate of Heaven if we but knew it. He set up an altar to God and made a vow that if God would stand by him and bring him home in peace, he would be loyal to God and of all God gave him he would give back a tenth. He then changed the name of the place from Luz to Bethel which means House of God, and wherever the Gospel has been preached others have built God a house and called it Bethel until we can hardly find a community that hasn't a church by that name.

We lunched that day at a place by the name of Sobbonah. Our horses ate some food and we ate our lunch and drank some water from the well that was there. A large and mixed assembly gathered about that well. The maidens were there getting water for home use and some were washing their clothes. Our party of fifty Americans was there trying to get a drink; our Turkish drivers were there trying to water their two dozen horses; and from over the hills came armies of goats and sheep to get their noon-day drink. The scramble and clatter of this mixed host will hardly be forgotten. A few of us stole away from the crowd under some trees to eat our lunch. A mud hut was near and some apples were on the ground about us. The owners came out protesting at our trespass in unknown words. From some unknown quarters a rock was cast hitting Mrs. Dr. Dill and inflicting severe pain. So thinking publicity better than privacy we sought the crowd again leaving the mud-hut alone.

A study of the shepherd life of Palestine and its relation to Bible teaching is very interesting. In the morning the shepherds can be seen on a thousand hills leading their flocks forth in search of good pastures. He inspects the pasture that there may be no poisonous weeds, snakes or wild beasts hiding there to damage his flock. The sheep know his voice and follow him. He does not drive them

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but leads them. He carries his club to defend the sheep and his staff with the shepherd's crook. With this he lifts up those that fall down and guides those who go astray back in the right path. At noon he takes them to water, "He leadeth me beside the still waters." Pours it from the well into a stone drinking trough so they can drink it or if it is a little stream, dams it with dirt that it may be still and deep enough for them to drink it. At night he leads them to the fold, made of a rock wall that protects them. Standing at the entrance he inspects every sheep as it goes in. If one is faint he pours water from his waterbag into the cup that is tied to his belt and lets the sheep drink from his own cup. "My cup runneth over." If the ears, heads and legs are hurt from the briars and flies, he pours on the healing, soothing olive oil from his cruse. "Thou anointest my head with oil." As you see these pictures every day and everywhere in Palestine it throws a flood of light on the twenty-third psalm and the tenth chapter of John.

In the afternoon we came to Sychar and viewed the tomb of Joseph. His body is there embalmed with Egypt's art and some day will be viewed, when the Turks are driven out. Near here out on the plain is Jacob's Well. Jacob dug this well and used it for himself and flocks. Bible students have been puzzled because a well a hundred feet deep requiring so much labor should be dug by Jacob when nearby is plenty of running water. It is quite likely the people refused to allow Jacob and his vast flocks the use of their streams and forced him to dig wells to get water, for there are perhaps more disputes over the control of wells and springs in this land than anything else. Anyway the well is no fake. It is real and it is here, and quite likely it has not been moved from where it was. Being the only well anywhere around it is certainly the

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place where Jesus met the Samaritan woman, recorded in the fourth chapter of John.

It was a great privilege to drink some water from this well and read there the account of the Master's visit. Clearly rose the picture before us. Jesus was tired from his long journey and rested by the well while the disciples went into the town to buy their lunch, when this woman of the world came down to draw water, and he opened up her heart to her in such a way as to make her hurry back to the town saying, "Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did. Is not this the Christ?" Drinking of the water of the well that day our eyes over and over rested on His words to the woman, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water which I shall give him shall never thirst, but it shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

Late in the evening we reached the town of Nablous, which is the modern name for Shechem. It is a town of 25,000 people, a large percent Mohammedans, but some Jews and Christians, and is located between Mt. Ebal and Mt. Gerizim. Here on Mt. Ebal Joshua built an altar unto God (Josh. 8:30), and the people with the ark of Israel were placed half on one mountain and half on the other, and repeated the laws of blessing and cursing until the hills rang. Here in Mt. Gerizim the Samaritans have worshipped since long before the time of Christ, they claim since the days of Joshua. They compose a sect of about a hundred and eighty, all told. They accept only the first four books of the Bible and conduct their worship like the ancient Jews. They have a temple on Gerizim where they conduct much of their worship at the time of feasts and special occasions, and they also have a church down in the town. Here the high priest met us graciously and showed us the ancient scroll claimed

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to have been made by the great grandson of Aaron. It was marvelously new and well kept to be handled constantly without protection for several thousand years. The old fellow looked as if he hardly expected us to swallow the pill.

A number of tourists had arrived ahead of our party leaving room for only a part of our company in the hotel. The rest of us found quarters in a Catholic monastery which Dr. Best very aptly named "Billy Goat Inn." The horses, donkeys and goats used the first story and we used the second. Our quarters and fare was not all that could be desired. The abbot in charge of the livery stable was a talkative old monk who had more regard for ceremony than for cleanliness, and moreover he loved his ease and his wine. We found a company of mission teachers from Egypt en route to Jerusalem and found much interest in the report of their work. Sleep was not what it might have been. It was dog days and also dog nights and there seemed to be a canine convention going on in town with some difficulty as to selecting a chairman. Dr. Henry Van Dyke says there are a million dogs in Shechem and they howl all night. The word of a Presbyterian must be taken.

We found Shechem the first well-watered place we had seen except along the Jordan. There are a number of springs and streams which bless the land and cause to grow much fruit and flowers. This with the striking location between the two mountains make it a splendid location for a town.

Shechem was once the home of Abraham, and later on of Jacob. In later years Joshua wrought mighty works around it. It was set apart as one of the cities of refuge. Here Reheboam was made king. Later Abimelech destroyed the place. Later on it was rebuilt by Jereboam. The dust of Jacob and Joseph rests here, and here Jesus himself made visits.

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As we drove out of Shechem early in the morning a crowd of lepers crowded about begging for backshish. So eager were they to get a few pennies that they paid no attention to the requirement to keep the distance, but crowded about our carriages in a way that was not comfortable. We threw a little money as far as we could and while the poor half-dead creatures scrambled for it we made our escape.

Our first stop of interest was at the town of Samaria. We left our carriages in the road and a few of us went through the modern village, up the hill to the ruins of the ancient city, which was as great and gay as the modern town is poor and dirty. We were now in the territory that belonged to the tribe of Manasseh, having traveled yesterday through that of Ephraim. Here on this great hill that rises above the others round about was the proud and mighty city of Samaria.

From the ruins that now are seen the imagination can picture the great city that once sat upon this commanding spot, and ruled the land around. Standing in the ruins of Ahab's palace we looked far and wide over the holy hills; even out upon the waters of the Mediterranean Sea. It would be hard to find a place whose natural location and beauty was better suited for a city. It was called the "Crown of Pride of Ephraim, the flower of his glorious beauty which is on the head of the fat valley."

The city was built by Omri, king of Israel, and was the capitol of the ten tribes. It was besieged by Ben Hadad until an awful famine came upon it and the head of an ass sold for eighty pieces of silver, and mothers cooked and ate their own children. 2 Ki. 6:29. Again it was besieged by Shalmanezzer, King of Syria, and the people were taken and carried away to the cities of the Medes. It was a city of wickedness and idolatry. Paul and Barnabas preached here as also did Philip, Peter and

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John. There is no record of Jesus visiting the city though it is likely He did, as it lay in His path to and from Nazareth.

It would be hard to find the ruins of a city that have known more blood and shame. Here Herod lived in sin and luxury. Here in jealous rage he slew his wife, Marianne, who haunted him until half crazed, he lamented for her in awful agony when his memory was not drowned by his indecent reveleries. Here he also strangled his two sons. Walking in the ruins of Herod's Palace where he lived in sin and luxury I found a Roman coin that belonged to his day. Perhaps it had been in his sinful hands.

But Samaria is best known as the home of Ahab and Jezebel. Here this weak, depraved man and this devil possessed woman—the meanest that ever lived—wrought their devilment. Here Elijah contended with them and delivered the messages of God. Here they both met their violent death-fitting ends of their disgraceful careers. One day he went out in his royal chariot to battle, and came back with his chariot wet with his own blood. One day Jehu drove by and seeing Jezebel in the window ordered her thrown down. Her body was dashed to pieces and the dogs ate her flesh.

Just after passing Samaria we came upon the new railroad, that is being built from the coast to Jerusalem via Samaria. The most of the work was being done by women and girls, some of whom were as young as fourteen. In the burning sun they were carrying heavy burdens of stone, ties and rails; digging with picks and shovels; laying the rails and spiking them down, while Turkish soldiers uniformed and armed were seeing that the work was properly done. We also saw numbers of men building the carriage road through the country. This as well as the railroad is built by the Turkish government. Men were breaking rock all day in the heat for the sum of twenty cents.

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Passing out of the hills for the time being we came to the plain of Dothan. It is a plain of beauty and productiveness and under modern agriculture like other sections, could produce wonderful crops. The plain was full of grazing flocks, as it was when Joseph came to the aid of his brethren here where they had come to pasture their herds. It was here the brothers sold Joseph to the Midianites and drenching his coat (his dead mother made him) in the blood of a kid took it back to his father with the story that a wild beast had devoured him. I was sitting in the carriage reading the account, "They lifted up their eyes and behold a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh going to carry it down to Egypt. And Judah said unto his brethren, "What profit is it if we slay our brother and conceal his blood? Come let us sell him to Ishmaelites." Gen. 37 26-28. Glancing up to get the setting of the story I saw a company of Arabians with a caravan of camels coming across the plain loaded with merchandise for Egypt. Looking at the dark faces of Ishmael's sons and the stately tread of the long train of camels I could easily imagine how the cruel brothers turned over Joseph to a similar company for a small sum of money and went home to their father with their lying tale, while the lad followed the camels over the hills to Egypt a slave but in God's providence to be their master as well as ruler of Egypt.

Passing from the plain of Dothan we came to Jenin where in the welcome shade of friendly trees by singing streams, we ate our lunch and rested from our journey. The real name of the place is En Gannim which meant fountain of gardens. It was given to the tribe of Issachar. Quite a little town has gathered about these fountains which are perpetual and abundant, but in Bible history the place has little significance and is mentioned only

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once. Our visit however was very pleasant because of the water and shade which are two comforts seldom found in overland travels in Palestine. Often the scarcity of water is a real hardship and at times it must be bought at a good price.

Another thing of interest at Jenin was the mid-day gathering of the flocks of goats and sheep for water and rest. Numbers of different flocks mingled together and lay down for rest after satisfying their thirst from the streams. I have never seen so many sheep and goats, and I was wondering how the owners would ever get their own flocks separated from the others, but when the time came to go back to the pastures with the herds, I saw the Scripture again before my eyes. Each shepherd called his own sheep by name and they arose from their rest and followed him away, not one lagged and none went astray. Oh, that the sheep of the Lord would do as well! Surrounded on all sides by these flocks and their shepherds, we found many things to interest us, and we could have watched them for many hours. In the midst of the flocks we saw two dark face shepherds busily engaged in trade. It seemed one desired to purchase an old bell wether from the other's flock. They went over all the qualities of the goat in question and waxed warm and emphatic in their discussion. The purchaser seemed unwilling to accept the statements of the owner until he grasped his beard in his hand as though he meant to pull it out, and looking him hard in the face propounded to him some more questions in Arabic. The owner of the goat assented; the purchaser, perfectly satisfied, paid the price and led Mr. Billy away by the ear. It is said an Arab will never tell the truth until you catch him by his beard and swear him by that. All other oaths are nothing, but he will swear the truth by his beard. We saw it done many times.

After leaving Jenin we soon came to Shunem,

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the place where the "great woman" lived who built a room on to her house and furnished it for Elisha. (2 Kings 4: 8.) Then turning a little northward we came out upon a hill from which opened before us one of the most thrilling views to be seen in Palestine. It is the plain of Esdraelon—which is also known by the name of Jezreel, Megiddo, or Armageddon. This plain attracts the traveler not only for the richness of its history, but also for its natural charm. The entire plain is made up of the four plains, Dothan, Megiddo, Jezreel and Sharon, which run together with lines of hills breaking through their lines at different places. These plains run from the sea to the Jordan, and embrace nearly fifteen hundred square miles. Their fertility is wonderful. It is claimed five or six crops can be raised in a year. Roving tribes now prey upon it, so that no crop is safe, and it is more a grazing and foraging ground of Bedouins than a home of farmers. If it was irrigated and properly cultivated there is no limit to the harvests it would yield. In all the land there is no rain from April until November. Then it rains constantly until spring. In spite of these conditions good crops are raised, since the porous limestone soil absorbs the rain and gives it back in dews until the crop is made. Yet if the land was irrigated it would, of course, far exceed its present yield.

But the yield of history from this plain has been greater than would be the yield of grain under all the rains of heaven. This plain has been the battleground of the centuries. Being the natural meeting point of travel from all directions, and being well suited for a battleground, it has furnished a stage for many armies to meet and act out their bloody tragedies. Here King Josiah was killed fighting the armies of Egypt; here Gideon, with his three hundred, put to flight the Midianites (we walked beside the very brook where they drank and

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looked on their battlefield); here Israel met their miserable defeat under King Saul, and there before us, on Gilboa, he fell upon his sword. On a portion of this plain the dauntless woman, Judge Deborah, defeated the army of the mighty Sisera. So great has been its history in the wars of Palestine, that many Bible students have understood certain prophecies to refer to it as the Armageddon where the armies of the Lord and the devil shall meet in the last great battle to fight the final conflict for world mastery.

Just before us yonder stands Little Hermon and Mount Carmel, where a battle such as the world never saw before took place when Elijah, single handed, met Ahab and Jezebel with their four hundred priests of Baal, and vanquished them all and gained the day for God. On the top here he built his altar, and the Baalites built theirs. They called upon their god, and the old prophet grew sarcastic in his righteous zeal and told them to call louder, for their god was gone on a journey, was asleep or had grown hard of hearing. Then he poured water on the wood of the altar that they might know he had no magic fire, and turning his face up to God, challenged Him to save His name. The fire came, and the sacrifice, the altar and the water were all consumed. Then he sent his servant seven times to look toward the sea yonder for a cloud, for he was claiming rain in the name of God to break the drought of nearly four years. On the seventh journey the servant reported a cloud like a man's hand, but it was large enough for the old prophet. He ordered the people to hurry down the mountain that they be not caught in the abundance of rain that was coming from the Lord. It is thrilling anywhere and any time to read the heroic deeds of the prophet Elijah, but how much more so to read it at Mt. Carmel?

And yonder is Mount Tabor, rising up in the plain

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like a volcano, though not so pointed on the top. Its top is covered with ruins of fortifications where it was occupied at different times by Canaanites, Saracens, Franks and Turks. It made a splendid fort and gave command of all the surrounding plain. The only living soul on the mountain is a monk, who keeps a Catholic church which is in ruins.

We passed Endor, where Saul in his weakness and sin, sought the witch at night to help him out of his trouble, since he had cut off all access to his God. And also the village of Nain, where Jesus brought joy to the poor widow's heart and home by meeting the funeral procession that bore the son to his grave and restoring him to life and to his mother. How Jesus must have been honored and loved in that home! It would be interesting to know what became of this boy in after life. Did he become a great disciple? What became of all of those souls Jesus helped so much? If we read of them again their identity is not known. They must have stood by their Lord.

It was late in the evening when we left the plain and climbed the hills toward Nazareth. It was a steep, hard climb, for Nazareth is high up in the hills. When we reached the top we paused for a last view of the way we had come. The wide plain, with its flocks and caravans; Tabor and Carmel, and those historic hills so rich in Bible stories standing there before us in the evening light made a picture never to be forgotten. Passing on around another hill, the town of Nazareth came suddenly upon our vision. What thoughts come to the heart when you come to Nazareth! Here Jesus, our Saviour, spent the years of his childhood and youth—years of which we know so little and have wondered so much. What meaneth these great silences in the life of our Lord? How did He spend them? What deeds did He do and journeys did He take about this place? Here He played as a child

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and roamed these hills. Later on He worked, for He was a working man, and with the hands that helped God make the world, He made things with Joseph's tools as He learned the carpenter's trade. Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world, working at the carpenter's trade!

We found Nazareth a cleaner, nicer town than any we had seen. The houses made a better showing, and the people looked happier, brighter, and showed more strength of character. The boys were bright, and the girls were pretty, and everybody was friendly—so friendly that they were sometimes troublesome. This is due to the fact that a smaller per cent. of the inhabitants are Turks; and secondly, because Protestant missions are doing a splendid work among the natives. Nowhere did we see more fruitful evidence of missionary efforts. Our hotel was a clean, pleasant, home-like place. About its doors the women and girls, as well as others gathered to welcome us and offer for sale articles made by their own hands at very small prices. They were persistent, but so pleasant and charming that you could not turn them away. One of them especially, named Marie, with her sweet face, charming smile, big, dark eyes, and yet refined manners, would win her way anywhere and sell things to almost anybody. Those gruff travelers who turn away every other plea, usually surrender before Marie's smile and carry home some lace work from her hands.

After supper, Philip secured for us an invitation to a marriage, and we all went. It was in a home not far from the hotel. We were very graciously received and invited in. We were asked to take our choice of sitting on our feet on the floor or standing. We chose the latter, because we could do it with more ease and comfort, and we could see better. I am truly glad our young folks in this country do not get married like they do over there,

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both for their own benefit and for the benefit of their neighbors. It takes a whole week to get through the ceremony. Nearly all night for that time the neighbors come filling the house and the yard, and the noise they keep up would put an old-time Southern serenade so far in the rear that it would never catch up. They have drums made of sheep skins stretched over jars, and other musical instruments too numerous and hideous to talk about. Whistles, flutes, stringed instruments like fiddles and banjos—only worse—tin pans, bones they beat together, and other things. These are kept going constantly accompanied with a continual moaning, chanting cry from the entire crowd. Many are dancing—the men and women separately. It consists mostly of whirling round and round on their toes or heels like a top, until they look exhausted and silly; but I am sure if I could do the trick at all I would look sillier than they do before I had gone half as far. This goes on for a week, and then the ceremony culminates with the religious rite that ties the knot. I know it is a relief when the couple are gone on their journey. My sympathy goes out to a family with half a dozen girls to get married. If there are old maids and bachelors in a land like that, who could wonder at it? Better be single than go through such torture.

In our room that night Brother Williams and myself read from my Bible the account of our Saviour's life in Nazareth and the time He came back to the home town to visit the people and preach to them, and they refused to hear Him, but lead Him to the precipice near the town to cast Him down to death. We were tired from our journey in the heat, and yet the thoughts of being at the home of Jesus so filled our hearts that we could hardly sleep.

The next morning we visited the places of interest about the town. Among them, the church which is said to be on the site of Joseph's home and his car-

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penter shop. While these places are uncertain, we did not let it detract from the charm of our visit, for we knew it was somewhere near here the Saviour lived with Mary and Joseph in their humble home, and near here was Joseph's shop where Jesus worked. There is one place in Nazareth, however, that is genuine, and over it the Catholics have not built a monastery. It is the Virgin's Fountain, the only source of water supply for the town. It has been here since before the days of Jesus. Here Jesus came for water for His mother, and here often He drank from the stream that flowed then, as it does now, to fill the pitchers of those who came to get its life. It was at this fountain, mentioned in Ben Hur, where the soldiers paused to get water on their march from Jerusalem to Rome with Ben Hur, the young Jew, who was condemned to the galleys for a crime he did not commit. Jesus was at the fountain at the time, and seeing the tired young Jew, he brought him some water from the fountain. All his life Ben Hur could never forget that water and the face of the one who gave it to him.

While visiting these scenes in Nazareth, some one stole my Bible from the carriage. It brought sadness to my heart, for I had lost a friend. With this Book in my hand I had come over the sacred places of the Holy Hills and read the account in the very places where they occurred. I had marked these passages and noted the dates of the visit. I had made many notes and impressions, as well as sermonic suggestions. Over the seas this Bible had been by my side. It was given to me by the Sunday-school of Thomas' Chapel on the Cartersville Circuit, my first charge in the Virginia Conference, and had been my companion ever since. I went on that day with a feeling of loneliness and constantly came to me the words I keep posted in the fly-leaf of my Bible:

"We've travelled together, my Bible and I,

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Through all kinds of weather with smile or with
sigh;

In sorrow or sunshine, in tempest or calm,
Thy friendship unchanging, my life and my psalm.

"We've travelled together, my Bible and I,
When life had grown weary and death e'en was
nigh;

But all through the darkness of mist or of wrong,
I found thee a solace, a prayer or a song.

"So now who shall part us, my Bible and I?
Shall isms or schisms or new lights who try,
Shall shadows or substances or stones for good,
Supplant thy sound wisdom, give folly instead?

"Ah, no! my dear Bible, exponent of light,
Thou sword of the Spirit, put error to flight;
And still through life's journey until my last sigh,
We'll travel together, my Bible and I."

XXV.

ON LAKE GALILEE.

From Nazareth we turned our faces toward the Lake of Galilee, and winding through the hills, soon came to Cana, where Jesus attended the marriage and changed the water into wine. Passing on still northward, we came in the afternoon to the hill called "The Horns of Hattin," supposed to be the place where Jesus preached the "Sermon on the Mount." If this was the location, it furnished a splendid place for a pulpit on the spur of the hill, with the sloping green fields where the congregation could sit and listen.

Here we had our first view of Lake Galilee, and swinging down the road in a brisk trot our horses soon landed us on the lake shore. I hesitate to write of my impressions that day and night on Galilee. It stands out in my heart as one of the greatest days of my life, and as the days go on, memory seems to bring me closer to the life that throbbed in my heart that day.

It isn't the ruins that make the shores of Lake Galilee interesting. In the days of Jesus almost the entire lake shore was full of throbbing, thriving life. Nine flourishing cities were on its shore, and the busy life of fishermen and merchantmen kept the shore line and the waters the busiest place in Palestine. Now all these cities are gone, save dirty Tiberius, and so completely has been the destruction that there are hardly any ruins to look upon. Only in the last years were the ruins of Capernaum located and brought to light. All the boats but one or two dingy ones have passed from the waters, leaving no wreck of their hulls on the shore. The teeming multitudes have passed away, leaving no graves to mark their resting place. The great fishing business is gone, leaving not a strand

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of a net on the shore. As though lifted up on the winds and carried out of the world, all the life, cities and people of those busy days have gone away, leaving no tracks behind them. So it is not in the life of Galilee we take interest, for there is no place quieter and more lonely, although it is just as great in possibilities now as it was in the days of Jesus. The waters are full of fish, which come in schools to the shore and to your boat side, and since Peter and John are gone, there is nobody there to catch them. Who ever heard of a Turk catching fish? To them that would be disgrace.

Nor is it in monuments and relics Galilee holds its charm. Strange as it may seem, modern genius and devotion has done no building here, but has left the spot untouched. The Catholics could not build a monastery over the lake, nor could the Turks cover it with a mosque, so it has remained untouched.

It is in memory's spiritual vibrations that the charm of Galilee lives. Coming back through the centuries, deeds done along this shore live as a film that runs its pictures before your soul. The breeze blowing over the lake is full of voices speaking; the flowers blooming along the shore line are full of faces looking; every wave that rolls over the waters and ripples on the shore brings boats of fishermen, some empty and some full; every rock has a history and seems to be a living form. A Presence strange and real broods over Lake Galilee. It greets you; it grips you; it calls you; it thrills you; it fills you; it puts its hand upon you.

We took a boat ride to the upper end of the lake to view the ruins of Capernaum, and on that trip we got an illustration of what the winds can do when they blow down the gorge and stir the waters of the lake until they seem to be mad. We were shaken by the waves and drenched by the spray, and when we reached the end of the lake the water

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was so rough the boat could not land, and the boatmen carried us out on their backs. When we started on that boat ride on the lake, Philip put in our hands a card given by our hotel proprietor containing a song. Passing over the waves of the lake our party sang:

"Each gentle dove and sighing bough
That makes the eve so blessed to me,
Has something far diviner now,
It bears me back to Galilee!

CHORUS:

O Galilee! Sweet Galilee!
Where Jesus loved so much to be;
O Galilee! Sweet Galilee!
Come sing again thy song to me!

"Each flowery glen and mossy dell
Where happy birds in song agree;
Thro' sunny morn their praises tell
Of sights and sounds in Galilee.

O Galilee! Sweet Galilee!
Where Jesus loved so much to be;
O Galilee! Sweet Galilee!
Come sing again thy song to me!

"And when I read the thrilling love
Of Him who walked upon the sea,
I long, oh how I long, once more
To follow Him in Galilee!

O Galilee! Sweet Galilee!
Where Jesus loved so much to be;
O Galilee! Sweet Galilee!
Come sing again thy song to me!

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Jesus did love to dwell in Galilee. He loved it because of its beauty and charm, but He loved it more because the people were here. The struggling, troubled, hungry, suffering, sinful people were here in multitudes, and His heart drew Him here with them. He did not withdraw from men, save for rest and prayer, nor did he seek the exclusive classes. He sought the masses; where they were He went; His burdens were theirs. Their troubles were on His heart. These things brought Him to Galilee. Here were the masses, the working, struggling folks, and He loved them.

When we returned from our boat ride we found our quarters in the Hotel Tiberius, in the town by that name. It seems strange that the only town that has survived the storm of the centuries since the days of Jesus is this town that bears the name of its founder, one of the vilest of Roman rulers. And stranger still, modern life has actually cast aside the name Galilee for this beautiful lake, so closely linked with the life of Jesus, and given it the name "Sea of Tiberius." All the Christian world ought to rebel against such a shame and see that it bears the name Galilee. The town of Tiberius is as dirty and ugly as a town can be. Missionary work under the Free Church of Scotland has been going on here for over twenty years, but there is a great deal to be done yet. Tiberius is so full of fleas that it has long been called the home of the "King of the Fleas."

Our hotel was a clean and comfortable one, kept by German-Americans for the benefit of tourists. We were hungry when called to the table, and the supper they served us was a good one and well prepared. The following is the menu:

Soup with Sagon.		
Fried Fish from the lake.		
Croquets.	Vegetable Marrow.	Tomatoes.
Roast leg of Lamb.	Potatoes.	Nature's Salad.

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Pudding.	Raspberry Tart.		
Bread.	Butter.	Fruit.	Coffee.

Brother Williams and myself were assigned to a room in the third story, the only room on that floor. Our room opened on a porch facing the lake, which we had all to ourselves up there away from the crowd. Who could sleep a night like that? The moon rose over the hills of Bashan and sent down upon the waters of Galilee a silvery charm. The wind had ceased, the waves were still, and everything about the lake as quiet as though asleep, yet in all that quietness and peace, living forms came to us out of the night, and voices strong and loud were calling to us over the waters.

Out there on the waters memory sailed a boat. A company were coming from the other side. Peter and his friends were handling the boat, and they knew how. A storm arose; the winds roared; the waves dashed as if in the lake a demon seemed to writhe. The Master was asleep and they awoke Him with the question: "Carest thou not that we perish?" He arose from the rest. He was getting in the quiet of the waters after a trying day, and with His quiet, peaceful face looked at the storm. When His lips spoke "Peace, be still," the storm king cowed, rolled up his winds and went away, for what storm can go on when His lips speak "Peace, be still"? Many sinful, troubled souls have heard that voice, and the raging storms that shook their hearts have felt the calm of peace. Our souls, in the quietness of that night, were singing:

Master, the tempest is raging,
The billows are tossing high;
The sky is overshadowed with blackness,
No shelter or help is nigh!
"Carest Thou not that we perish?"
How can'st Thou lie asleep
When each moment so madly is threatening

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A grave in the angry deep?

Master, with anguish of spirit,
I bowed in grief to-day;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled,
Oh, waken and save, I pray!
Torrents of sin and of anguish
Sweep o'er my sinking soul;
And I perish! I perish, dear Master!
Oh, hasten and take control.

Master, the terror is over,
The elements sweetly rest;
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored,
And heaven's within my breast.
Linger, O Blessed Redeemer,
Leave me alone no more;
And with joy I shall make the blest harbor,
And rest on the blissful shore.

"The winds and the waves obey My will,
Peace, be still! Peace, be still!"
Whether the wrath of the storm tossed sea,
Or demons or men or whatever it be,
No water can swallow the ship where lies
The Master of ocean and earth and skies;
They all shall sweetly obey Thy will,
Peace, be still! Peace, be still!

But hark! I see another boat, and over the waves it is coming through the night. This time the Master was not in the boat. On the other side the lake that day He had fed the five thousand men, besides women and children (Matt. 14), from the fisher boy's lunch, showing us how He can help us out of hard places when we trust Him, and also how we can do big things for God on small capital. Night coming on, He sent the disciples back across the sea in their little boat about their own affairs, and He,

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feeling need of refilling his soul with spiritual stores after His exhausting labor, went alone in the mountain to meet His Father in prayer. But His eyes looked out in the night and watched the little boat as He does every little boat in which a child of His sails the sea of Life. Ah! the little boat has struck contrary waves, as our boats so often do, for there are so many contrary waves everywhere. They rack every heart and shake every soul. We can't sail far without striking contrary waves. Yonder is the little boat tossing as though it must be swamped. Now it rides high upon a wave as though it will be dashed to pieces; now it sinks down in the trough of the sea as though it is gone to its grave forever. In the face of that storm the skill of John and strength of Peter are nothing, and Jesus is not in the boat! Ah, if He were here! But so often when we need Him most He seems so far away.

But look! yonder in the night He comes. His white form is walking on the angry waves; his face is looking through the storm. He had no boat to bring Him, nor would He tarry to launch it, but He is coming! He is coming! Through the storm He has seen His children in their trouble, and He has come to their help. And "when He entered the boat the wind ceased." Of course it did. Can the winds and storms shake a heart when he has entered it? Yonder comes the boat with the master Pilot in the bow, and in safety it touches the shore. As the boat came in our souls again were singing:

"When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar,
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
'Fear not, I will pilot thee.'"

But as I looked behold across the lake I saw com-

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ing shoreward another boat. It was not a boat of apostles and saints but fishermen, and they had no Master with them, for he is dead now. The night was gone and the day had come. Over the hills of Bashan the sun was coming up to travel the sky-path I had watched the moon move in. The boat sat light in the water and by that and the tired disappointed look on the fishermen's faces I judged they had toiled all night which was the time the fish will enter the nets and caught nothing. They were busy with the oars, though their movements were mechanical and listless. They said nothing as fishermen do who come in with nets that are empty. No boat was ever lanchoned on the waves for such a momentous trip. The church of the King was in that boat, and the fate of the Kingdom depended upon its journey. Jesus was dead and the disciples had laid down their affairs of church and taken up their nets to fish. Suppose the boat sinks; or suppose this fishing business is successful and becomes their life work instead of preaching?

But they did not succeed. Their nets were empty but their hearts were full. The greatest blessings sometimes is in empty barns, empty nets and adversity. The heart is not apt to be full when the hands are full. We pray for those who are in adversity, but those who succeed need our prayers more. In failure men will seek God; in success God must seek them. We have never known what blessings our failures and troubles have been to us. So the Disciples were better off than if their catch had been good. They were in a better position to meet their Lord. Christ had called them to be Apostles and now they found that they failed at fishing. Their hearts were troubled and their minds went back as minds do when we fail. They go forward when we succeed, and backward when we fail. As Peter put his great shoulders forward against the oars he made a motion with his head and said,

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"Right over there is where the Master saved out boat from sinking, John, remember?" John, who was guiding the rudder, brushed a tear from his eyes and answered, "Yes," and pointing to the Gadara hills, said, "And yonder He healed the man of evil spirits, and fed the multitude."

A voice from the shore called, "Boys, have you caught anything?" A natural question always asked a fisherman, and one a man with empty nets dreads to hear. Peter muttered, "Nothing." The voice from the shore again called, "Let down your nets on the right side of your boat." Thinking he had seen a school of fish working in the water they let down their nets on the right side. Ah! All night they had been fishing on the wrong side. There is so much effort on the wrong side—the side Christ does not want us to work on. They made a pull at their nets and felt the tug and jerk of fish against the meshes, a feeling a fisherman delights to feel. And then they drew in the biggest haul they ever made. John looked up at the white figure on the shore and said, "It is the Lord." Why did he say it? Because there was something in the way the big fish came in that net and pulled against it. And then the heart of John knew his Master's voice. When Peter heard that he jumped in the sea and made for the shore, leaving boat and net. He had denied his Lord, now he had come to own Him.

"But when the day was breaking Jesus stood on the beach, but the disciples knew not that it was Jesus." Yes, he was on the beach waiting at the end of their weary night. He stands on every beach in the night like the great lighthouse that He is. He guides the little boats over the waves to Him. He had come down there just to watch their boat come in—to guide it in. He was interested in His children and His church in that little boat. Beautiful and tender is this touch of life. Suppose

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He had not been on the shore that morning? No, they didn't know Him. Often we fail to know Him, so bent are we on our trades and our troubles.

I saw them land their fish and beach their boat at the Master's feet, fishing as a business ended with them forever; I saw them sit down to eat their morning meal with their risen Lord. The morning light was gilding the hills with gold and throwing a heavenly charm upon the lake. I heard the Master say to Peter, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?" And over the lake I heard Peter answer, "Yea, Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest I love thee." And seeing them all upon the shore together my soul again burst forth in song:

My soul in sad exile was out of life's sea,
So burdened by sin and distress
Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your
choice,"
And I entered the haven of rest.

I've anchored my soul in the heaven of rest,
I'll sail the white seas no more;
The tempest may sweep o'er the windstorming deep,
But in Jesus I'm safe ever more.

With the coming of the glorious day that followed that memorable night, we had our breakfast and took our boat for a cruise along the lake. Oh! the history dear to every Christian's heart that this lake and these hills have known! What stories they could tell if they would speak. Is it any wonder voices are in the air and faces look from everywhere, and the breath comes fast as you walk these shores and ride these waves? That morning in the sunlight a few of the events in the life of Jesus enacted in this sacred place came up before us, but they were only a few. The most of the activities of Jesus re-

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corded in the Bible occurred on and about the lake and in Jerusalem, but how many deeds these hills and shores hold secret that have never come down to us? We sometimes think we have all the words and works of Jesus in our Bible, but if we did have them all, what volumes it would make? "There are many other things which Jesus did, the which if they should be written everyone I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written." John 21:25.

Yonder on the lake shore is Magdala, the home of Mary Magdalene. Along this shore Jesus chose eleven of His disciples, all but one coming from Galilee, the other, Judas Iscariot, coming from Judea; here on one side the lake on the green grass He fed the five thousand and on the other side the four thousand; here He healed a lame man; here He cured Peter's wife's mother of the fever; here He healed the man with the withered hand; a man who was dumb saw Him and spoke; a ruler's daughter was brought to life when she was dead; a leper who met Him with faith went away with life; a woman with an incurable disease for thirty-eight years touched His garment and He touched her soul, and sent her home whole; the Centurion nobleman, who came in behalf of his sick servant, was rewarded with his servant's health. And the Scripture mentions a lame man who saw His face and rose and walked; and a palsied man let down through the roof that got up and carried His bed when he saw the Master's face. It also tells us that here He spoke the parable of the Sower and many more like it. It gives an account of His meeting the demon possessed man in the rugged hills of Gadara and cast the devil into a herd of two thousand swine who rushed into the sea and were drowned. I wondered how those hogs were gotten out of the sea? And I remembered hearing a good old Virginia friend of mine teaching this lesson once. A lady asked him if he thought the devils

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were drowned with the hogs. "I don't know for certain," he said, "but I do know this, if they were drowned they have never been missed." I could almost hear those Gadarenes ask Him to leave their land when He destroyed their hogs. It made me think of some folks back home. I had seen the church of Jesus Christ drive the greedy hogs of Avarice out of a state that they might no longer devour the helpless and the weak in their throughs, their hoggeries, the saloon, the gambling den, the sweatshop of child slaughter, and the brothel; and when the swine keepers saw their herd drown in the sea of oblivion and public condemnation they tried to run the Church of Christ and its servants out of the community. I heard the devils beg Christ to let them go into the hogs. A strange request, but devils must have something to get into and destroy. It is worse than hell for a devil to have no bodily form in which he can ride down to hell and lash it and gash it, and poison it and stain it, and gorge it and damn it. As soon as an evil spirit destroys one body by the burnings of sin, it seeks another forthwith. Perhaps an evil spirit standing with the Arch fiend at the judgment will depend upon the number of bodies and souls it has destroyed; just as the standing of a German submarine commander with the Kaiser depends upon how many boats loaded with helpless souls they send to the bottom of the sea. If a devil can't get a human form to ravish, it will take a hog, a dog, a horse or even some object that has no life. A runaway train, machinery, a gun, a river, a stove, a knife, are these not at times dwelling places of demons? So Jesus let them go into the hogs because it was against the law to keep hogs in this land.

I saw the place—imagined I saw it—where Peter at the command of Jesus caught a fish with gold in his mouth with which he paid his Lord's tax and his own. I saw the place where Jesus pushed the

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boat from the shore and using it for a pulpit preached to the congregation on the shore. I caught a crab from the waters of Galilee, though wise men say they do not live in fresh water. I picked up from the shore beautiful small white shells such as I never saw before, and brought them home. We crossed over the lake, landed near the outlet of the Jordan, bathed in the clear blue waters, and taking a last look over the scenes Jesus loved so well we climbed up to the station of Sanak and boarded the little train whose nose was turned toward the hills of Bashan, while clear and sweet came the voice of John G. Whittier ringing in our souls:

Faith hath still its Olivet,
And love is Galilee.

XXVI.

DAMASCUS AND THE LEBANON MOUNTAIN.

Our little train steamed and snorted up the hills and through the ravines of Bashan like Bashan's bellowing bulls. Bashan means soft sandy soil and after you climb to the top of the great plateau you may think it well named. It is a fertile land and some of it well watered. Our journey all day lay through the hills and plains of this land that was given to the tribe of Manasseh, and then we entered the land of Syria which is not really Canaan, not being a part of the Promised Land occupied by the children of Israel. While this land is not considered Palestine proper it is so closely related to the rest of the Holy land and so links its history with that of Israel that it is generally classed with it.

The greatest city in Syria is Damascus. It is the oldest city in the world and one of the most interesting. They tell a story there that once upon a time three Knights came riding over the plain on fine Arabian steeds and gallantly and proudly entered the city. So charmed were they with the city that they each desired to take the name for his horse; but waxing into a warm dispute over who should claim this honor they submitted the case to a smart lady they chanced to meet. She sat as judge hearing each press his claim and then she rendered a decision to the effect that each had equal right to the name, but it would not do to name all the horses Damascus, so they must divide the name one would be Dam, the other Ass, and the third Cuss.

They tell another story of Mohammed, the prophet of Islam, who came this way to enter the city. Passing over the barren plains he looked upon the gardens and streams, and all the fruit and flowers of the city as he rested on a hill. So over-

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come was he with the beauty and charm of the city that he turned away with a sigh saying, "Man cannot have but one Paradise and I want mine in the other world, not in this one."

The city is beautiful, though its beauty is made more striking because it is the only city in this part of the country, and nestles in an oasis in the midst of barrenness. To enter it you pass over barren plains that make a striking background, bringing out the beauties of the place. The thing that makes Damascus beautiful, yea, that gives its existence is the Abana River. It hurries down from the Ante Lebanon mountains ten miles away as though it must waste no time in bringing its waters of life to Damascus. Just before reaching the city it slows its pace and from one narrow stream it divides itself into seven that flow through this oasis, and Damascus with beautiful flower gardens, and gardens full of fruit, sits like a queen not upon seven hills like Rome, but upon the banks of seven streams. After giving Damascus its beauty and life these streams soon disappeared in the sands as though the work was done and like man when his task is finished find their grave in the sands.

Naaman, the mighty Syrian (2 Ki. 5) lived here and when a little maid in his home who had been brought from the land of Israel as a captive learned her master had leprosy and could get no cure she told him a prophet back in Israel could heal him. He made the long journey with what feelings we do not know, but he went seeking health, and a man will go to the ends of the earth on a slight hope for that. The prophet told him to wash seven times in Jordan, and Naaman grew furious, saying, "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus better than all the rivers of Israel?" It gives us pain to say it, but it is true. Abana is more beautiful than Jordan but not better. At last the proud old fellow was humbled and obeyed, coming from his Jor-

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dan bath healed of the dread disease. They showed us the home of Naaman, where a leper colony is maintained to care for those afflicted with the disease he had. Strange but fitting memorial.

One of the most interesting things in Damascus is the bazaars. They are the finest in the world, being filled with the choicest and rarest products from all the surrounding desert and interior sections—needle work, linens, brass, blades, garments and everything native to the East in endless profusion. Here all tourists look forward to as the place where they will load themselves down with things to take home. The women get hysterical and the men forget politics, baseball and everything else under the spell of the bazaars of Damascus. A person who would not be thrilled and charmed in these bazaars needs to go before a lunacy commission forthwith.

We visited the Street called Straight. Some observant student has emphasized the fact that it was called straight, but was not. It may have been straight once but it is not so now except one section for a short distance. It is full of bazaars, dogs and donkeys, but it is beyond and above all those things this street is renowned. It marks the place of the conversion that changed Saul of Tarsus, the persecutor to Paul the apostle, the persecuted. He was smitten blind on the road into the city and conducted here to this street to the home of Judas where through the prayers of Annanias he found his sight and his Saviour. Every Christian feels like pausing here, for there is no event in the church since Pentecost that meant as much as the conversion of Paul, the mightiest apostle the Church of Christ ever had.

We had a pleasant hotel in Damascus and found some pleasant American travellers there. Our fare was very good, especially the fruit which was plentiful and delicious. It did much to offset the ever-

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present mutton. We visited the points of interest in the city, including the mosques, the grave of the mighty Saladin, the greatest Turk that ever lived, for it was he who conquered all this land for Mohammed more than seven hundred years ago. We enjoyed excursions in the streets where it seemed we found more pups than we did in Constantinople. Our ladies had one privilege we could not enjoy, they visited the harem of one of the rich men, and brought back glowing reports of the gorgeous quarters, and the charming wives. We were left out, for no man, not even near kin, can cross the threshold of the harem. But we didn't care. Who would want to go to an old harem? They were not ahead of us. We could go to our lodge and they couldn't.

Before we left Damascus we climbed a high hill that overlooked the city and gazed down upon it, and beyond the city we looked out upon the wide ocean of sand. Caravans of camels were coming over the sand dunes. They looked like ships sailing over the waves of the sea. Others were going out. Thus they carried on the commerce of the world back beyond Babylon and Bagdad into regions unknown and unexplored by civilized men. For the wide stretch of those unknown sands we call desert because we don't know what it is. It is full of sons of Ishmael, roving desert men. No man owns that land. No man has ever conquered it or them and the prophecies of the Bible say no man ever will. They send horses, sheep, grain and other things out to the world and from the world they get some things, but the world has little they want. They live in tents of goat's hair which the Bible calls the black tents of Kedar. God said of him before he was born, "He will be a wild man, his hand will be against every man and every man's hand against him; and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren." Gen. 16:12. "I will make of him a

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great name." Gen. 17:20. These Ishmaelites have brought down the Abrahamic teachings and in many respects have been truer to their origin than the Jews. Religion is making slow but sure progress among them. The Standard Oil Company has decided to put a lamp in all the tents of Ishmael and the Church of Christ ought to put the light of Christ in all their tents. When the children of Ishmael and Isaac turn to Christ it will be a great victory. A careful study of these strange Bible people is interesting and well worth the time.

Damascus there below us taking in and sending out these ships of the desert seemed a big seaport in this ocean of sand. Strange did it look that day. Torn by strife and war, sacked and pillaged, made horrible by massacre of Christians, besieged by armies, with no defense it has lived on as a city since before the days of Abraham, and it will be a city when God calls time on the world.

To the southwest rose Mt. Hermon, its head ever white with snow, over ten thousand feet above the sea. It is generally agreed by Bible students now that on the side of this mountain was the scene of the transfiguration. You cannot get away from Mt. Hermon anywhere in this part of the country. It even stands as though white with age looking down upon you from the eternal snows while sometimes you are burning in the sun.

From Damascus we journeyed up through the beautiful valley of Coele, Syria, rich in lands and fruits with the Lebanons on one side, and the Ante-Lebanons on the other, lifting their snowy heads high toward the skies, while down in the valley we felt the burning heat of Syria's sun. Our journey for several miles was along the banks of the Abana and Pharpar, whose cooling streams of clear water rushed over the rocks between banks heavily loaded with fruit and flowers.

The Moslems claim that it was from this very

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dirt God made Adam, and we passed through the place they call the Garden of Eden, and saw the very tree on which the fruit grew that tempted mother, Eve(?) Further on we came to the grave of Noah. It is two hundred feet long, yet the Turks claim the old fellow was so large that he is greatly cramped for room, and had to double up his knees and put his feet straight down. If his sons and their wives were of equal proportions the ark was a whopper. But we banished these foolish Turkish legends from our minds and gave our minds to more profitable reflections.

During that day's journey we saw many flocks of sheep with their shepherds, one of which left a picture on my mind I will never forget.. A shepherd with a flock of a dozen sheep was near the track about two hundred yards away. He looked like a poor man and doubtless these sheep made up all his earthly belongings. When we were opposite him our train stopped and the trainmen went out and parleyed with the shepherd, who seemed to plead and protest against their demands. The sheep became frightened and huddled around their shepherd for protection. The trainmen took up the nicest lamb of all in their arms and carried it to the train. We went on our journey, the lamb sending forth its plaintive bleats of fright and complaint, while the sad face shepherd looked first at his remaining sheep and then at the train that bore away his little lamb. We asked Philip the meaning of it all and he told us the Turkish law demanded that shepherds keep their flocks a certain distance from the track under penalty of a fine. The trainmen accused this poor shepherd of violating the law and fined him two mejidos, nearly two dollars, and not having a cent with which to pay, they took his little lamb.

As I saw the shepherd watching the departing train, unable to redeem the lamb that was carried away, I thought of many times I had seen satan

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carry off one of the Lord's lambs and how Christ redeemed the poor little one. Yea, I remembered when borne away by sin myself and unable to pay the price to redeem my soul, my Saviour paid the price and set me free.

In the evening we came to Baalbeck. Here we were to spend the Sabbath, and it was indeed a fine place to spend it. In front of us were the Lebanon mountains with the far-famed cedars of Lebanon, waving their branches toward the skies. Here was the place whence came the timbers of the temple in Jerusalem. Before our hotel stood the stately ruins of the temple of Baalbeck, the grandest ruins of the world. It would be impossible to give anything like a clear description of these ruins, which are on such a mammoth scale that even when you read volumes on its history and structure you are stunned when you pass over its fallen stones to find it so much grander than you thought.

Its history goes so far back in the dawn of history that like Egypt it is lost in the dawning of the ages. Every civilization has built more to it. You can clearly trace the works of Solomon, the Romans, Greeks, Crusaders, Christians and the Turks besides those who come before all these. It is the Baalgad mentioned in the Bible (Josh. 11:17 and 13:5). It meant the City of The Sun, where from earliest times people worshipped Baal, the sun God. Solomon was led off by some of his wives who were Baal worshippers and used his skill to add to the glories of Baalbeck.

While I cannot attempt anything like a description or a history of the ruins there are a few facts I desire to record. The temple covered about two hundred thousand square feet, being five hundred feet long and four hundred feet wide. It had about one hundred and twenty great pillars, many of them red marble, which are said to have come from Egypt as no such stone has been discovered else-

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where. Many of these pillars are over nine feet in diameter and over sixty feet long. How they were ever brought up into these mountains and put in place is a mystery too great for me.

But the thing that dazed me more than anything I saw was three huge stones in the wall of this temple. One is sixty-four feet long, thirteen feet thick and seventeen feet wide; another is sixty-three feet and eight inches long with the other dimensions the same as the first, while the other is even sixty-three feet with width and height the same. These stones are about ten feet from the foundation and are put together with such precision that a penknife blade will not go between them. There is a stone down in the quarry a mile away where these came from that is greater still. It is fourteen by seventeen and sixty-nine feet long, weighing about one thousand tons. It is left in the quarry unfinished. Either the workmen changed their plans or the machinery broke down, either of which would not seem improbable. This temple when finished, and covered with gold, must have been a grand sight setting there upon the high hill facing the sunrise. It could be seen for miles and must have made a great impression on those people who were so easily led to idolatrous worship.

Some of our party almost lost their wits trying to think how these great stones were moved a mile up hill and put in the side of the wall, along with unravelling some other mysteries of the building. Expert engineers of our time have not been able to bid for the contract. We exhausted all the theories we could think of and they all seemed inadequate. It seemed to me something had to be done to relieve the anxiety of some of them, so I gave notice I had worked out the theory beyond all doubt. It was a heathen temple and the Lord didn't have anything to do with it. Man couldn't build it, therefore the devil did it. It had been a long time since I studied

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Logic, but I thought I would risk this. The devil wanted to build him a temple over here that would rival Solomon's in Jerusalem, so he got a big crowd of little devils and middle-size devils to help him, and they dug out these big rocks and pillars and some pitched them up there, while others caught them and put them in place like men laying brick. My theory seemed more plausible than any advanced and was accepted. Before I took leave I purchased from the learned French Professor who has charge of these ruins a book he has written on their history, and in reading the theories advanced as to the construction, to my surprise I found that before the days of Christ it was believed the devil did build it.

Our Sabbath was profitable and interesting meditating in such scenes, and walking beside these flowing streams in the midst of fruit gardens under the shadow of Lebanon. Poor would be the heart that such a Sabbath would not bless. After supper we met in the hotel for a religious service. It was my privilege to preside over this service while Dr. Best preached an excellent sermon.

On Monday we went to the station for our last day's journey to the sea. I was thinking of the days ahead of us when on the Mediterranean, fruit would be scarce and mutton plentiful, so Brother Williams and myself purchased from a man at the station a basket of the largest and most delicious apricots I have ever seen. The basket was a nice one, made in the Lebanons, and held about a peck. We ate those apricots and will never forget them. The basket I brought all the way home and have it on the table now. The price was two francs—forty cents. We divided with some of the ladies who were threatened with seasickness.

While waiting for our train to start, four little Syrian girls came to the door of our compartment endeavoring to sell us some little articles they had.

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We tried to talk to them and learned they know a few English words which had been taught them in a mission school they had been attending. We tried to talk to them about our country and learn what we could about theirs. They were very much interested in our country and wanted to know much about it. We soon learned that they considered America next to Paradise from the stories that had been told them, and one of their greatest ambitions was to come to this land where poor people had a chance to live and Christian civilization conferred such blessings. As we talked their eyes shone and they begged us to go to their homes nearby and get permission to take them home with us. They wanted to be our little girls and go with us. To show their appreciation for the interest we took in them in true Eastern style they took off their bracelets and gave them to us as a gift. We in turn made each of them a present. The bracelet Martha gave me I have now and shall keep it in memory of the poor little Syrian girls who wanted to come home with us, from a land where a girl is a slave, to the American paradise they had pictured in their dreams. As the train moved off they stood beside the track waving their farewells and showing disappointment that they were left behind. Their names were Helena Sobena, Mary Sware, Mozera Tarinos, Sopia Butros.

We took their picture and promised to send them one when we reached home. The picture appears in these pages. I am standing behind the girls looking over my sun glasses and Dr. Best is loading his kodak for a shot while Dr. Sloan took the picture. A glance at the train will show that the doors open on the side from each compartment which seats eight. The conductor walks on the outside on a running-board like those on our summer trolley cars.

Our journey was drawing to a close and soon the

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land of Syria would be behind us and we would sail the seas again. Some of our party grew poetic and expressed their feelings and impressions in verses. One after another submitted their productions. Some were grave, some provoked a smile. I wish I had these poems to give, but none are available. They called on me for a poem. I have a poetic soul, but no poetic tongue or pen and have never been able to get any space with verse, but under the spell of the great Lebanon mountains I thought I might woo the muses sufficiently to make some poetry since the others were so successful. So I gave myself to the task. The result was the following lines, which I dedicated to my friend and fellow-traveller, Rev. L. T. Williams, because he longed so much for the things at home, and could never relish old bread and goat meat.

O Syria, land of ease
With all thy dogs and fleas,
Of thee I sing.
Loud will thy donkeys bray,
Because they need more hay
And always in your way,
While Turkey's king.

O Syria, land of goats,
(So bare of pigs and shoats)
And men so slow.
I'll soon eat biscuits hot,
And coffee from my pot,
With ham I've not forgot
For now I go.

Then I added the following which I hesitate to give. It has no merit save it is written to the tune of America, which shows how homesick I was at the time. And yet it has some facts that I want to express even though it claims no poetic merit. Contrast the truth expressed with that in our national hymn :

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O Syria 'tis of thee,
Thou land beside the sea,
 Of thee I sing.
Long will this awful glare
Fall on thy hills so bare
Of which thy people share,
 While Turkey's king.

O Syria, land of death,
Where freedom has no breath,
 To thee I bring.
A feeling of disgust
Because thy souls are thrust
Down in this filth and dust,
 While Turkey's king.

O Syria, land of doom,
Where children have no room
 To live and sing.
Long will these shadows fall,
And all thy hearts enthrall,
 While Turkey's king.

'The remainder of our journey to the sea was through the Lebanon mountains, many thousand feet above the sea. The historic association, the interesting Syrian life as well as the natural beauty made a journey of unequalled charm. The scenery was as fine as any we have in our land. Several times our train was above the clouds and often in them. We saw clouds walking along the track and paths like sheep. Late in the afternoon we came to Beyrout, the great Syrian city. We had seen many beautiful homes in the mountains near by where the well-to-do residents, most of whom are foreigners, have their summer homes. Looking out from the busy harbor we saw the Mediterranean and our boat waiting to take us on.

I wish I had time to speak of the American

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Protestant College in Beyrout and the great missionary system under its direction in the Lebanon and elsewhere in Syria. I would like to speak more of this city and its surroundings, but I must pass on.

We told Philip and his brothers good-bye, and it seemed like parting with brothers. They took the boat for Joppa and we boarded a ship by way of Egypt. The sun sank lower and lower beyond the waters of the Mediterranean casting its soft mantle of evening light upon the Lebanons and the shoreline of Palestine. For a little time the land seemed transfigured in the twilight as we gazed on it from the deck of our boat, thinking of the things we had seen and felt, and the history that land had written. Then the light faded, the night came, and the stars came out, the land faded from our eyes but not from our hearts. The breath of the night was on our faces, the waves were singing at our boat side, as our ship turned her nose to the out-bound seas and set her strength to the wheel. Our journey in Palestine was ended. No, it had just begun. Until we land on the Promised Hills of Everlasting Life our hearts will travel those paths over and over again.

XXVII.

COMING HOME THROUGH CLOUDS OF WAR.

I am writing this aboard the elegant steamer Canopic, of the White Star Line, in the beautiful, wonderful Bay of Naples. Above us floats the British flag, a fact that gives us comfort, for all about us the clouds of trouble are hanging and the waves of war are rolling. Over to the east old Vesuvius is giving forth more smoke and fumes than usual. Out of that great crater pours a large column of smoke and above the old monster that has so sorely shocked the earth in other years, rests a dark and heavy cloud. Whatever may be the trouble that brings forth the smoke from that old volcano, there seems at this hour to be a greater fire burning in the hearts of the nations of Europe, and unless man or God can do something to avert it there may be an upheaval that will make the burial of Pompei a trifle; at least, this is the mind of many students of the issue over here.

Many think we are on the verge of the greatest revolution that may even blot European civilization from the earth and leave other hands to build upon the ruins as they may be able. Let us hope these forecasts seem darker than they are. Whether right or wrong here are in a crude way some of the things these minds are thinking. The fires have long been burning. Four flames, like the flames in a building or the fires of a volcano have been burning hotter with the years, while many coming and going, their eyes and ears on other things, have not seen or

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heard. These fires are desire for territory, race hatred, self-preservation and religious hatred. In the bosom of the nations these fires have burned until now it seems the waters of arbitration cannot quench them. Business, travel, everything, is paralyzed, while countless brows are throbbing and countless hearts are burning because of what it means to them.

There sits old Russia, great and strong and shaggy as a bear. She claims to be able to muster an army two million strong. She has enough land to last her for centuries yet to come. You could put all the rest of Europe in her confines, throw in the islands of the sea and then have acres far and wide to rent. A fifth of the earth is hers. She does not want any more land, but what she does want, what she needs, and what she is determined to have at any cost, is a port, and she ought to have it. Great and mighty as she is with all her acres so rich in grains and her hills so full of timber, oil and ore, she has no port to send them to the sea, and the nations of the earth will not let her have one, but will force her to bow and beg to ship the things she has. Nor does she need to fight for self-preservation. While she has no seas to sail her ships upon or ports to harbor them if she had them, with all her mighty army, her teeming mass of men, her wide fields and many hills, her vigorous race giving the world a million children every year, she feels no fear of what others can do to her.

But that other flame, the awful fire of hate, has been burning in her bosom. Those mighty Slavs hate

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Germany. They have bitter memories they will not forget, and heavy scores they long to settle, and then they want a port. And that fire, religious hatred, has been burning hot, hot, hotter with the years. The religion of Russia is the Greek Catholic Church. It hates Rome and Rome hates it. The Czar is the head of the Greek Church and they defy the Pope. They are moreover jealous of the Pope. They think the Roman Church has had its day and they want theirs. And they also hate the Protestants. So religiously—the fight, their bitter fight, if it comes, will be against everything Roman and everything Protestant.

And here comes Germany with the first fire burning in her breast. She wants land, she needs land, she must have land. She needs land to live on, land to stand on. Her mighty, vigorous people are multiplying and growing up like a vine that has overspread the ground it is planted on. All her men are soldiers, and her army has been drilling, strutting and clanking their swords in face of the nations until they are tired of it. Germany seems anxious to start something, so when it is started, and the European dogs get to fighting, she hopes to run away with a bone, and, moreover, she believes she can do it.

She would subjugate France and spread out that way, or, in league with Austria, to her south she would overrun the Balkan States, drive the Turks into the Black Sea and plant her flag on the shores of the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus, the greatest port of the earth. This would give her

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miles on miles of fertile lands, all her heart could wish. And Germany has the fire of race hatred burning in her soul. She wastes little time loving her English cousins, and with all the fires of her blood-red heart she hates France and Russia. She raises her husky, teeming children on it. They are taught it at home and at school, and when into the army all her sons go they are thrilled with the spirit of militarism and yearn to destroy the patriotic Frenchmen and drive their hand in the vitals of the Russian.

Hard by the door of Germany is France, corrupt and worldly. More divorces than any people, lower birth rate than any nation, torn by internal strife, steeped in infidelity, lies poor France, once great and mighty. She needs no land for she is not raising any children to occupy it. She can hardly hold what she has. But one thing she must do if it comes to that is to fight or die, and unless she has help she may do both. So she has already called for all her men to take up arms and they are doing it. She will fight to the bitter end.

Austria is closely allied by blood and life to Germany. She is a great nation in possibilities and many of her people have a good strain in them, but the nation is torn with strife, cursed by ignorance and burdened with tax. She needs no more land for she is not using the fertile acres she has. Austria has the same bitter race hatred for the Slav and the French that Germany has, and in addition, she has a bitter religious hatred that Germany does not have. Austria is a stronghold of Roman Cath-

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olicism and it is said, has heretofore held the balance of power in the making of popes. She will fight the Greek Catholic and the Protestants with all her soul. But the main thing that holds Austria in the German alliance is self-preservation. In her weak and torn condition should the nations fight she must or die, and unless she can get help she will die.

Poor Austria! A noble looking son of hers said to me a while ago, "I am expecting any hour to be called home to be killed." He expressed the condition and the feeling of many sons of these European countries in all parts of the earth. Poor Franz Joseph! The old Emperor is called "The man of sorrows!" His brother, Maximilian, was assassinated in Mexico. Later on his wife met the same fate and then his son, while a few weeks ago, as we were passing through his land, his nephew, heir to the throne, with his wife, were murdered, this crime being the thing that hastened the great crisis now upon us.

And England! She has no special race hatred, or religious hatred, nor does she need more land, for the sun sets not on her acres. But she is bent on holding all she has, and keeping any nation from taking any step that would endanger her prestige. England's strength is her navy. If it is crippled she will be a weak little island with scattered possessions she could not hold. So she watches her cousin Germany across the channel to see that England is not injured by any outcome of this war.

And Italy. She belongs to the German Alliance, though she is neutral now. Her people hate the

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Austrians and yet her government is allied with Austria as is also the mighty Roman Church, and yet, strange as it may seem, the Church of Rome and the Italian government are not the friends they once were. So it is quite likely that should Italy enter this war, which many say must come, it would likely cause an internal revolution.

While Japan is not in this present dispute let it be remembered she has her eyes open and should the war dogs of Europe engage in a general fight the Jap will run in with the hope of carying off a bone; for, like Germany, she needs more land, and needs it badly.

Should this great conflict come, none but God can tell what the outcome will be. But in the midst of it all let us pray for two things: First, that in this great day of privilege and enlightenment nations may have sense and religion enough to refrain from such an inexcusable and unpardonable sin against God and humanity. For at this day of the world's progress there is no way under the sun to justify war. Second, that if it does come God will work out through the wreck that is wrought by the greed of man, that which is for His glory, and when the smoke is cleared away it may mean the coming of His kingdom.

Yesterday in Rome a small number of our party was headed toward Genoa, where we were booked to sail on a German vessel for the homeland. Our journey was over and we were longing for the other shore. Before we were out of Rome we learned the German vessels were all at a standstill and that none

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but England could move a boat out of these waters for many days. Down at Naples, one hundred and fifty miles away, the Canopic, an English boat of the White Star Line, sailed for Boston the day following. The office was filling with people whose condition and feelings were very much the same as ours. Among them was a woman who was managing a party of twenty-seven scattered over that part of Italy. She had no time to get them to Rome. Thousands of Americans were in Italy and Switzerland longing for home, and as far into the future as we could see only one boat was going.

Many pathetic cases came to our notice. Many were nearly out of money and could not get their tickets redeemed on the other lines, even if they could get passage on the Canopic. Some had strained themselves to come. Business, home, children called them. We had only a few minutes to get the train to Naples, but we got it and with far greater speed and no less zeal than all the generals charged these hills about mighty Rome in other days of gore and glory, we sped to Naples. A carriage carried us speedily to the Hamburg-American Company, and fortunately, in the same office, was the White Star Company. The crowds from the hills and the vales were coming.

We waited while the ticket man held our fate in his hands. Hard by in the Bay of Naples stood the Canopic—the last boat to America for a long time. Above her floated the Union Jack, the mistress of the seas, the only flag that dared to face the storm and the waves that waged in the

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waters around. A great army longed to rest under the protection of that mighty flag in this hour of anxiety and trouble when we were too far away from home to see the Stars and Stripes. If once we could get on that boat we were safe. If she could not reach Boston, Old England would care for us until we could be sent home. So there came a feeling of peace in our hearts when the ticket man began to write our names. So we got our berth on the good ship Canopic.

To add to the cup of confusion already full, the stokers who shovel the coal in the greedy furnaces below have refused to come aboard. Poor fellows! Who can blame them? They are Italians, and if this vessel is picked up as a prize of war they will be prisoners. I think the men on board are willing to try their hands at the shovels so anxious are they to get home. There, they are coming back. Poor, dirty fellows! They are going down to help us on our journey.

Now we are cutting loose from the shores of Italy. Out of the beautiful Bay of Naples we are steaming. The moon, full, bright and peaceful, is rising over Capri and the Blue Grotto, flooding the waters with silver glory. Old Vesuvius, prophet of war, engine of death, chimney of the Inferno, is sending up her smoke while underneath these nations prophets say a worse volcano is burning. Out we go through war clouds and danger zones, with our prow to the open sea and beyond the open sea to the hills of home, not knowing what

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awaits us, but over us floats the Union Jack, and above the Union Jack stands God.

The above was written looking ahead across the waves through clouds of war, as I waited for the *Canopic* to sail from the Bay of Naples. This is written safe on the home shore looking back. Some parts of the foregoing prophecy have come true. Some of the rest may yet follow. As I take a backward glance to this homeward journey it rises clear and real before me. No other journey is like it, and while I would not sell the richness of its experience for a high price, I am on the market for no more like it at any cut-rate price.

When we landed on our train from Rome we hit the streets running and collared the first son of Italy we saw waiting with a cab and bellowed "*Hamburg Americana*" in his ear with such force that he drove off as if the town was afire. When we reached the office of the German steamboat company we asked the man if his boat on which we had passage would sail. He said every German boat was ordered interned where it was, and none would sail the seas. We then asked him if he would pay us our money back on our tickets. To our surprise he said he would. Gibson and myself were the only two persons who got our money back, and as far as I know none have received any yet. An agent told me sometime ago he had fifteen thousand dollars' worth of unused tickets and could not collect a dollar on them. They received orders to stop redeeming tickets a little while after we left the office.

We then went to the White Star Line office and asked if the *Canopic* would sail as advertised. He said she would leave for Boston or Liverpool, one or the other, at 5 P. M. the next day. Unless England ordered her to come home, she would go on to Boston. If she went to Liverpool, England would care for us until our Government could send for us. But could we get passage? He took his billing book and

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ran his finger down the line. The crowd was coming from the ends of the land. Home was far away and something between us and it we couldn't cross. Down that finger went from line to line, from page to page. I was getting weak and lonesome. That English boat out there was the only boat that could take us home, for nobody knew how long. The finger stopped. It seemed to me it was near the end of the list. "Yes," he said, "here is room for two, but you will have to stay with another man." My heart shouted "Hallelujah!" and I didn't care if he was a black man or a yellow man.

We went on board, found our room and settled for the journey. Then we sought the cable office, for we knew our families at home would be anxious about us when they saw from American papers our boat could not sail. We sent a message home, "Coming, *Canopic*," knowing they would look up the *Canopic* and learn what boat it was and where and when it landed. Our messages were among the last that came under the sea, for the Germans cut the wires in a few hours after that, and nothing was heard from Naples for weeks.

Crowds came seeking passage home. Among them Drs. Sloan and Cullom and Miss Mary Covington of our patry, who secured passage also. The boat was filled; rooms not fitted for passengers being brought into use. At last they would take no more. An Italian count stole by the guard and hid on the boat. His family was in America and he was determined to go to them. He tried to buy passage, but he could not, so he stole it. After we were out at sea he came out of his hiding place and told the captain. The captain could not throw him overboard, so he fixed him a place in a pantry or some place, and let him go on. He proved himself to be one of the most charming men we met on the entire trip.

We saw many striking and touching things. A

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lady professor of the New York Conservatory of Music came all the way from Switzerland to get this boat. She could not get checks cashed, and went forty-eight hours without hardly anything to eat. Another professor from our country was in Italy with a party of ladies. He had persuaded his wife to leave their five children with their grandmother and take the trip with him. He managed to get her on the boat to go home to the children, and he remained in Naples with the party. Many had no money, and could not get checks cashed. Passage could not be bought home at any price. We saw some well-to-do people who went over with us, in the steerage going home. A wealthy man from Cleveland had no money, and had lost all his baggage, as many others had done in their hurry to get out of the storm and get home. He washed his clothes and dried them on the steam pipes over night. Another financier had to walk uptown when he reached home. Mr. A. P. Thaw, wife and two daughters, of Pittsburgh, brother of Harry Thaw, were our companions. We sat by one of the great lady singers of America. Many more distinguished folks made our company, but these poor preachers were about as rich as all the others, and more fortunate, for many of them lost all they had, and we landed with every trinket we gathered from three continents. It was a wonderful time to bring everybody on the level. Never felt so much at home with rich folks and big bugs in my life.

The *Canopic* was a fine boat belonging to the same company as the ill-fated *Titanic* and *Arabic*. The officers and crew were splendid specimens of English life, and it made us feel better than if we had been with the Germans just then. The fare on the boat was all we could wish. I give herewith the menu for our last supper before we landed. The dining-room was beautifully decorated with American and English flags. This is a fair specimen of

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the way the White Star Line feeds folks. There is none that beat it.

Cheese Straws.	
Salted Almonds.	Devilled Raisins.
Green Turtle.	Cream of Chicken.
Salmon.	Tartare.
Iced Asparagus.	Viniagrette.
Filletts of Ducklings with Olives.	
Mutton Cutletts.	Clamart.
Ribs and Sirloin of Beef.	Yorkshire Pudding.
Brazed Cumberland Ham.	Malt.
Turkey.	Savory Rice.
String Beans.	White Squash.
Boiled New and Brown Potatoes.	
Haunch of Venison.	
Plum Pudding.	Gelee Chartrusse.
Chocolate Cream Fingers.	Compote of Peaches.
Ice Cream and Wafers.	
Dessert varies.	
Cheese.	Coffee.

When you wade through this you will feel either better or worse.

There came to all of us some home-sick feelings on this trip. The Germans had laid mines far and wide, and when we went to sleep at night we didn't know whether we would see the light of to-morrow or be blown into Eternity. The German boats blew up two boats just behind us and killed a thousand people. Our lights were cut out at night, and we crept along in the dark so the enemy could not see us. When we got orders to go out from Gibraltar two torpedo destroyers followed us for some distance. It was known far and wide that we had sailed, and a German warship knowing we were to stop at the Azores, steamed off to those islands to lie in wait for us like a tiger and devour us. Our wireless man picked up a message from one boat

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to the other to this effect, and we turned north and dodged our death trap. Calls came from the islands and from vessels trying to locate us, but our boat could not answer without giving our location to our enemies. So the news got abroad that the Germans had captured us, and it was wired to New York and from thence to the steamship office, and they wired the message to my home.

But in the midst of all this danger there were those amusing things that lifted the strain. We found our roommate was a Quaker preacher. I at once informed Dr. Gibson we need not expect to get through without trouble. He was a Baptist and believed in immersion for baptism; I was a Methodist and believed in sprinkling, while the other man was a Quaker and didn't believe in any baptism at all. It was out of the question to expect to crowd such a mixture of theology in one little room for twelve days without trouble of some kind, and we did have trouble. It came about on this wise: That Quaker man was one of the most nervous and fidgety mortals I ever saw. He was opposed to war, as all followers of William Penn should be, and the conflict got on his nerves, which were always out of fix. At home he had to sleep in another part of the house. He snored when he was asleep and did worse when he was awake. He was an artist as well as a preacher (awful bad combination), and spent his vacation in Italy painting landscapes. At least he showed us some of them, and that is what he said they were. If in time of peace his family could hardly sleep in the house with him, how could we stand him in a little room in time of war? It took him by my watch an hour and a quarter to get to bed after he started, and the same length of time to get up in the morning. He came to bed after we retired and rose before we did, since he took naps in the day and didn't need much sleep. He would say his prayers, and when he finished get down and

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add a postscript for something he had forgotten. Not that I criticise him for praying; this was surely a time to pray. He would massage himself with ointments of different kinds, brush his teeth, take different kinds of medicine, go through a series of gymnastics with his limbs; then he would go to a little wall-pocket just over my head and rattle bang in it fumbling for a comb and brush. When he finished with them he would put them back and fumble for a clothes brush. Then he would go to another wall-pocket just at my feet and fumble for blacking and brushes. This was not pleasant, for I never did like for Quakers to tickle my toes when I was trying to sleep. Then he would brush his shoes, after which he would drag out all his landscapes from under his bunk and rattle stiff paper unfolding them and refolding them, after he had looked at them by striking a match. And rattling stiff paper never was pleasant to me at the hour of 3 A. M. In addition to this he would get up at all hours of the night and repeat these antics.

I informed Gibson I intended to break him from that foolishness after it had gone on two nights. He said he would stand by me in anything short of pitching him out the port hole. The next night, about 1 o'clock, he got up and went at his performances as usual. I kept my eye on him until he seated himself on the floor looking at his landscapes with his back to me. Then I gently moved my blanket back and like a raving madman I leaped at him with a yell as full of bloodthirsty power as I could make it. He rose like powder was under him, calling, "What is it? What is it?" and into his bed he went with such force that he almost went through the wall into a lady's room next door. I quietly got back in my bed. The next morning I greeted him with good cheer. He said little, but now and then cast his eye at me to see if he thought I was crazy. He never mentioned the matter to me, but he never

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bothered us any more with his nightly ceremonies.

A few nights after that I heard him groan as though he was sick. I was sorry for him and felt mean for scaring him, and got up to see what I could do for him. I put my hand on his head to see if he had fever, and when I did he hollered. Dr. Gibson, who had awoke, said: "He's got a nightmare, shake him." I gave him a shake and he sent forth one of the most heart-rending yells I ever heard. "Hit him," said the Baptist man. I gave him a hard thump, and he yelled louder and faster, beating his limbs against the sides of his berth and kicking the wall as if he would tear it down. "Hit him harder," said Dr. Gibson, and I did. It seemed to me I bruised him. His yells and screams sounded like a lost soul crossing the river Styx. Then he awoke moaning and gasping for breath. The people were up. Passengers and officers came to see what the trouble was. Women called to know if the Germans had us. When he got his breath we asked him what on earth was the matter.

"Oh," he said, "I am nearly dead. An old bull was after me running me around a tree, and when you hit me I thought the bull hooked me clean through."

"Why didn't you climb the tree?" I said to him.

"I didn't have time," he answered in a pitiable tone.

The picture of a Quaker preacher running around a tree in his night clothes chased by a bull was so funny to me I nearly had hysterics laughing.

The next morning half of the people were laughing at what occurred in our room, but the poor Quaker looked ten years older. Evidently his experience had been real to him.

We all felt the hand of God had led us over our travels and brought us safely back to our homes and our work. God was very near us, and we will ever feel He watched over us and guided us in our goings. In closing I will add some lines I find in my note-

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book written in the middle of the Atlantic:

My soul was singing last night as the salt waves of the old Atlantic dashed its foam along the boat side under my stateroom windows, and the rock of the boat lulled me to sleep like a mother does her child. The song it was singing was "Nearer my home to-day than I have been before." I looked out of the port hole. The sun, wonderful in his golden glory, had gone down in the western rim of the ocean, flooding the rolling sea with liquid gold. When the light of day died out the moon changed the glow from gold to silver, and made it shine on. All the stars came out and poured their beams upon the rolling waters. Breezes laden with sweet spices and sweet flowers from the Maderia Islands blew by, and all these members of heaven's orchestra seemed to be singing to me, "Nearer my home to-day than I have been before."

The stroke of the mighty engines down yonder where in the blazing heat the stokers shovelled coal were churning the flood, and with every drive they made they seemed to strike the tune, "Nearer my home to-day than I have been before."

Out yonder miles on miles across the tireless sea lie the shores of my homeland and all my friends. A little tired woman, already most worn out with the children, is watching and waiting for me to come. A boy full of life and blood wants his daddy home. A little girl with big eyes like the blue of the sky above and the blue of the sea below, said: "I dot no dady now. He went out on the cement across the big boshen and the fishes ate him up." With her lips dropped down, ready to cry, she asked her mother if she wanted water in the night if she would get it like daddy used to do. So as I walked the promenade deck this morning and looked westward, the footfall of the walkers and the lap of the sea gulls wings seemed to strike a silver chord that played, "Nearer my home to-day than I have

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been before." And then my soul answered back
with a song it loves so well:

"Through many dangers, toils and cares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will safely lead me home."

THE END.

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